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REVIEW

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1957



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Good  
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**The  
Salvation  
Army**

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 611.—JANUARY 1957

## Art. 1.—THE PRESENT CONSERVATIVE OUTLOOK.

OF necessity the Publisher of the Quarterly has to ask for his material some time ahead: in the present sequence of swift-moving events it must always be difficult to prophesy.

Mr Eisenhower has just won the U.S. Presidential Election, but the fact that it was imminent was a powerful factor in the wobbling of the United States over the Suez Canal situation. The present disruption of Anglo-U.S. relations is tragic and I refer to this later on. But America should not try to blackmail us with oil over Suez. Twice have they come into war too late and twice have the blood, sweat, and tears of this country saved them from German attack through South America and the necessity of implementing the Monroe doctrine. Dollars are one thing: lives another. But this does not mean that American troops did not fight with great gallantry when once in the battle.

But perhaps the recent unmasking of Communism in Hungary for what it is, and the hollow pretence of democracy backed by tanks and machine guns, may show some of our parlour pinks what is in store for them if it ever happens here. It almost seems that America is, even now, not fully aware of her strength and position as a Western world leader; a position which two wars in this century have made it impossible for us to maintain. But Suez has really become a lesser factor in the situation, although still very potent to damage our economy. Is not the real question now before us the infiltration of Soviet Russia (i.e. pilots to the Canal) into the Middle East, fanning the extreme Arab nationalism that has arisen? But, after all, we have spent fifty years telling countries that we are only in them for their own good and that self-government is our aim; we are then rather hurt and surprised when they ask for it.

These larger aspects of future policy are ones that the Government must always have in mind, and it is to be

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## 2 THE PRESENT CONSERVATIVE OUTLOOK

hoped that by the time these words appear in print some creditable way will have been found out of the impasse which appears to have arisen. To the ordinary observer it seems that the Government, who at first appeared to carry the whole country with them, have been driven somewhat into a corner, firstly by the wobbling of the United States and secondly by Socialist leaders, who, while paying lip-service to a condemnation of Colonel Nasser, have in fact tried a vote-catching war-mongering stunt. But I would say that it is very easy to be an observer and very difficult to be Prime Minister.

At home, the first fine flush of the Conservative victory at the polls some twenty months ago has worn off and Ministers are faced with ominous rumblings from an industrial population who are convinced that the world owes them a living, in spite of every indication to the contrary, i.e. the re-entry into world markets by Germany and Japan, who see no reason for holding back so that we may enjoy ourselves.

In the City one may hear talk of the possibility of the physical control of imports, devaluation, and other vulgar Socialist words which were thought to have been relegated to the limbo of the past; at least, such were the pæans of self-praise that Ministers were indulging in not so long ago. It is difficult for the layman to understand, or shall we say for the workman, who for so long, whenever he asked for a wage increase, was told that he would price himself out of the world markets; nevertheless in an inflating age he got his rise, and did not price himself out of the market. 'If this is the crisis, let's have some more of it,' he said. In the Socialist Government's time posters were everywhere telling us that a 10 per cent. increase in production would solve our troubles. But has it? It is all so difficult to understand. The questions are undoubtedly these. Can the Welfare State be maintained in a system of a free economy with taxation at its present level? Is it possible to control prices without controlling wages? It may often be wondered if anyone really knows the answer, but the answer looks like being 'no.'

It must be the task of the Government to try to find a happy mean. I see that Sir Harold Webbe, writing at this time last year, stated, no doubt quite correctly, that it was the housewife with a full purse, a full shopping basket, in a full shop that gave the Conservative Party its increased majority at the last election, in contrast to

the queues, ration cards, and general spivery that obtained under the former administration. They have now to try to maintain the value of real wages in an imperfect world. The cost of living continues to rise and is felt by every section of the community, who remain remarkably unimpressed by statistics in decimal points which prove that it has not gone up, or scarcely moved.

The great middle classes, for want of a better expression, are feeling the pinch. The virtual disappearance of the Conservative majority of 10,000 at the Tonbridge by-election last year was a significant pointer that they will no longer be ignored. The Government can with justice point to great reduction in income tax and increase of child allowances and so on, but it has been truly said that gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come; there can be no doubt that the small fixed-income group are being really hurt, and they want some indication that they will not be squeezed to death between the millstones of big business on the one hand and the trade unions on the other. Not only that, but there are those who say that the pitiless death duties extracted by the Tories are as fierce as those by the Socialists. If both sides are set upon Socialist principles, in spite of lip service to the contrary by the Government, shoulders are being shrugged when individuals are urged to support it.

Yet there is one section of the community who might well save the day for the Conservatives at the next election and that is the property owners. No one defends the bad landlord, and notice to deal with his property can be served on him. But the present situation caused by various rent acts has become chaotic: so chaotic that it has become political dynamite to try to deal with it. There are indications that Mr Duncan Sandys proposes to grapple with the position. It is time the appropriate Minister did so and it requires courage and strong nerves, not only by him, but by back-bench M.P.s as well.

One hears that yet one more attempt will be made to reform the House of Lords. I recall as a boy the famous Liberal Election posters of 1910 of 'Peers v. the People' which preceded the passage of the Parliament Act of 1911 and which clipped the powers of the Second Chamber. It was then stated that further steps of reform 'brook no delay.' To-day, forty-six years later, its composition

remains unchanged, although its powers were further curtailed by the last Socialist administration.

There have been recurring efforts at varying intervals, but, although most people agree that there should be a reform, few can agree as to what the reform should be. Various questions present themselves: Should the hereditary element be retained or abolished? If the members are to be elected, what should be the basis of the franchise? Should members be paid? Should women be admitted? And, most pertinent of all, would any House of Commons agree to restore power to a Second Chamber, back at least to its powers after 1911, which very briefly prevented any authority over a Money Bill (this was the penalty for rejecting Mr Lloyd George's Budget) and gave a delaying power of two years on any other Bill?

Many people now regard the House of Lords as a bulwark; it was perhaps more genuinely a reflection of the nation's will than the House of Commons when it threw out the No-Hanging Bill a few months ago. What is certain is that the quality of debate in the Upper House of Parliament is the highest in the world. It may well be that in order to give new life to the House some agreed reform is essential. The younger Peers, on the whole, find it difficult to attend owing to the claims of business, and a Second Chamber is necessary.

But what is also of great importance is the quality of leadership of the trade unions. There are certain tendencies that give rise to great disquiet. An unofficial strike occurs; it is settled; and invariably the phrase occurs 'No victimisation.' What that really means is that a man may break his contract of service, or even the agreement made in his name by his union, with impunity and no penalty attaches. I recall, when a young Member of Parliament, being invited to address the branch of the National Union of Railwaymen at Romford, Essex, shortly after the General Strike in 1926. I, with considerable temerity, made this point of breach of contract. I was prepared for uproar. In fact a complete silence descended and later the secretary was good enough to come up and say that, if he were not strong Labour, he would vote for me.

But nowadays the unions give the impression of considering themselves above the law—a fatal error in the

long run. They, or their members, send colleagues to Coventry for obeying their union's orders *not* to strike. A pitiful spectacle of childishness and hatred among the comrades. The apprentice is told that his articles are not worth the paper they are written on : if he does not strike in defiance of his signed undertaking, the union will see that he has no job later.

The Courts decide that a Smithfield dealer may carry his own meat ; the union says he cannot and the union wins ; nothing is done.

These are the trends that disturb the ordinary man and the ordinary man ought to include the ordinary trade unionist.

As we stand roughly in mid-century and survey the face of England, where stands 'the agricultural industry ? And where stands the food supply of our teeming millions ? Land is being lost to the industry at the rate of 50,000 acres a year. Factories, airfields, and housing estates encroach upon the land. Gatwick Airport proceeds apace ; a delegate at the Socialist conference calls for another two million houses. Where does it all end ?

Farmers are becoming, even more than usual, sensitive to a falling market and rising wages, but have, by and large, managed to negotiate adequate subsidy arrangements. They are accused of being 'featherbedded.' It is always a problem for a Government, especially one that draws traditional support from rural areas, to find the just mean necessary for maintaining in being the most vital of our industries (even the munition worker must eat) in case of emergency, and complaints from a vast urban population who want cheap food. It is a curious fact that if the miner wants more wages and the price of coal goes up in consequence, that must be paid without complaint. But if the agricultural worker wants more—why should he be denied the so-called amenities of civilisation ?—and the price of food goes up, there is a horrid rumpus from those who are the first to like milk in their morning tea in a large city. It seems that the time is coming when, entirely dependent upon outside oil and outside food, Britain will no longer be a free agent, however much her Foreign Secretary flies hither and thither to world conferences. The Kaiser once said to Mr St John Brodrick (later Earl of Midleton), the then Secretary of State for War,



that the day would come when England would be crushed between the interests of the United States on one hand and those of Russia on the other. Is that day coming?

These then are some of the problems at home and abroad that the Prime Minister has to deal with. It is sometimes rather wistfully said by Conservatives that they would rather like a Conservative policy. If they wanted the classless state and class hatred and so-called equality, they could well vote Socialist, although Sir Hartley Shawcross has blown the gaff on the equality of individuals. Ask any mother whether her child is the equal of her neighbour's—or better or cleverer!

News is just coming in of a proposal for a large area of Free Trade in Europe in which this country is being asked to participate, which might involve the dropping of the system of Imperial preference. Here indeed could be heart-searching in the Conservative Party, the party of Tariff Reform with Empire preference. I observe that the Chancellor says that if that indeed be the choice, then we must stay with the Commonwealth. Surely the Commonwealth is the greatest free association of nations ever known. As its empty spaces fill up, it will become even more a Great Powers factor. We should do nothing to weaken the ties, even with the bait of a free market of 250,000,000 persons in Europe to lure us.

Rather should we try to strengthen the ties which exist, but which are in places wearing thin. The younger Canadian, for example, thinks that Canada is a great country; he wants some tangible and visible sign that it is to his country's advantage to remain linked with Britain. The Monarchy is far away; it does not live in his country, although no doubt it does its best to keep as closely in touch as possible. American capital flows in, immigrants are not necessarily from Britain. The garden must be tended and watered.

Mr Gaitskell denies that the Socialist classless state is inspired by envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. He even goes so far as to say that there should be due reward for special ability; at the same time it is proposed to abolish the fee-paying schools. He may well find that those who earn the bigger incomes will somehow contrive a better private education. It produces results. Indeed it has been well said that, after fifty years of struggle in the present century by the Common Man, all the turmoil



and the strikes, what he will have achieved, should Mr Gaitskell replace Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister, will be the substitution of Winchester for Eton in the leading place.

By now, both the principal parties can claim unwavering allegiance from millions on either side. It is the comparative few who change Governments. Sir Anthony Eden's headache is those comparative few. They will respond to clear Conservative leadership and an effort to create the right public opinion by the fullest information.

It is so easy to criticise and we all know that Ministers must be worn out with no time to think. How important that is. I used to walk with the late Lord Baldwin in the mountains behind Aix-les-Bain, often for hours in silence, or a possible thinking out loud by him. Those were the quiet moments which my chief valued so much. This is, perhaps, not the occasion on which to write about him, but I should like to take this opportunity of saying that one day Lord Baldwin's services to his day and generation will be more fully vindicated than appears on the surface at present. A digression; but to return to the idea of time to think. I wish it were more possible for our present leaders. Events crowd upon them and they are exhausted.

But the Party would like to win the next Election. Democracy can only work if a solid appreciation of a Government's work is given time to grow, coupled with a realisation of the fundamental truth that the right to own property is essential for freedom. I have endeavoured to outline some of the problems facing the Conservative Party and to state objectively some of the questions that one continually hears discussed. The solution must be found by those who aspire to lead us, but let me say at once that our leaders have to be statesmen as well as politicians and that just as, I am given to understand, an aeroplane takes three years from drawing-board to the skies, so must we fervently hope that everything will in fact lead to the doubling of the standard of living in twenty-five years. The Party has its faith and its beliefs, it is not expected to compete in a jumble sale of cash benefits, but to use wisely and fairly resources to help the poor and needy. But, above all, it must be true to itself. The country always turns to it in time of trouble and it must always be there.

But what is dangerous is that another Socialist

Administration will so scramble the eggs that it will be difficult to unscramble them. The area of freedom will become more and more restricted. The proposal to abolish the fee-paying schools so that all children must be educated as the State decrees is Socialism carried to its logical conclusion of Communism. It is not that the fee-paying schools are bad : on the contrary, they are recognised as being superior in education to the State schools (and this is no reflection on excellent teachers in such schools). The whole basis of objection is class hatred. Personally, I am always lost in admiration at the manner in which parents will strain every nerve to give their children the fee-paying education. It is not snobbery : it is just because it is better and more character forming. A boy learns to take an order before he has to give one.

While it may be many years before the State can provide this standard, it is no reason why these schools should be abolished because everyone cannot go to them. Slowly and in due course the public schools may become integrated into the State system merely because parents will not be able to afford the fees ; but the day they lose their independence will be a sad one.

The other area of freedom to be curtailed is housing. I have mentioned one aspect of this in the Rent Restriction Acts above, but the further Socialist proposal to nationalise, through local authorities, all rent-restricted houses as from January 1, 1956, will mean a real regimentation for the luckless tenants, quite apart from the fact that only the most altruistic landlords will spend money for the next few years, having been definitely told that they will get no compensation for money spent after last January. In fact, many an offer has been made to local authorities to give away properties which the owners find impossible to maintain on restricted rents. So far as I know, these offers are refused on the score of expense to the ratepayer ! No. It is those who want to rent houses who should beware.

Much water will flow under the bridges, I trust, before the next General Election, which need not be before 1960. (But say 1959 for safety.) Problems will arise which cannot easily be foreseen, but the country must reject the ultra-Socialist doctrines now being adumbrated if any degree of free democracy is to survive.

DYNEVOR.

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## Art. 2.—THE MAN IN THE STREET.

At one time it was 'The King can do no wrong,' then 'Parliament can do no wrong.' Now it is 'The man in the street can do no wrong: he must be followed.'

The notion that the state, viewed as Civil Service, can do no wrong has been challenged vigorously, but the notion that 'Parliament can do no wrong' is still with us. It has been operating for a long time. Let us recall some of the landmarks in its journey.

In France 'La Révolution a touché à la propriété, en supprimant la propriété féodale: pourquoi, dira-t-on, plus tard, ne pas toucher à la propriété civile?'\*

Babeuf was hero and leader of the Conspiracy des Égaux of 1796:

'Les Babouvistes sont les premiers qui, pratiquement, demandèrent, eux, en citant le propos de Rousseau, la suppression de la propriété individuelle pour réaliser plus qu'une égalisation politique: une totale égalisation de fait.'†

As against this, in the middle of the nineteenth century Abraham Lincoln put forward eight maxims:

- (1) You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
- (2) You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
- (3) You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
- (4) You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.
- (5) You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
- (6) You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.
- (7) You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence.
- (8) You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could do for themselves.'

He was not listened to on this side of the Atlantic. It was bourgeoisie, sympathetic with the working people, not knowing them well and idealising them, who made the

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\* Leroy, 'Histoire des Idées Sociales en France.'

† ibid.

movement for 'reform' here. Of his father John Stuart Mill wrote :

'So complete was my father's reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind, whenever it was allowed to reach them, that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if by means of a suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted.'

It was the revolutionary sons of bourgeoisie—Marx, Liebknecht, Hyndman, the Webbs, Shaw, Galsworthy, William Temple\*—who made the Socialist movement. In 1897 Shaw confessed that he had practised the dramatic illusion

'which presents the working class as a victorious hero and heroine in the toils of a villain called the capitalist, suffering terribly and struggling nobly, but with a happy ending for them and a fearful retribution for the villain, in full view before the fall of the curtain on a future of undisturbed bliss. In this drama the proletariat finds somebody to love, to sympathise with and to champion, whom he associates with himself; and somebody to execrate and feel indignantly superior to, whom he can identify with social tyranny. Socialism is thus presented exactly as a melodrama, quite falsely.' †

(This is still the illusion of Mr Aneurin Bevan and all other Leftists who speak of 'the Tories.') The reformers believed that if the working men did not have to work for the bosses, they would take their coats off and produce abundant and cheap goods (e.g. coal) and services. Trade unionism 'put paid' to this. In 1898 in 'The Nineteenth Century' an article said :

'Trade unionism has put a premium on inefficiency by insisting that the idle and incompetent worker shall have the same wage as the most skilful and industrious.‡ This increases cost of

\* Temple's biographer has recorded that the only working men whom Temple really knew were his father's butlers. The Webbs got to know working men only when Sidney, late in life, became an M.P.

† 'The Illusions of Socialism' in 'Forecasts of the Coming Century.'

‡ This has become the sacrosanct 'rate for the job'—in salaried posts, with increases, not as earned but automatic. In every town all salaries and wages of its servants, from the Town Clerk down to those of the most junior typist and apprentice, are controlled by national joint agreements and trade unions, and the town is powerless to pay less than any salary or wage award made by these organisations.

production, making everything dearer for consumers, of whom the majority are manual workers.'

In 1890 in 'The Nineteenth Century' an article said :

'At present individual effort among the masses is limited to some simple domestic aim : a man works to improve his position and that of his family. The great problem for the future, for England and the English race, lies in the answer to the question whether or no the artisans, the labouring classes, will develop an altruistic ideal.'

When in 1903 the first picture daily was brought out, the Prime Minister said, 'Mr Harmsworth, having invented a paper for people who cannot think, has now invented one for people who cannot read.'

In the General Election of 1906, under the leadership of Lloyd George, large audiences, containing substantial Liberals, sang vociferously :

'The land ! The land ! . . .

Why should we be beggars with the ballot in our hand ?

God gave the land for the people !'

In 1907 Flinders Petrie wrote :

'One man is forbidden to lay more than three hundred bricks a day, another forbidden to make more than so many glass dishes, another forbidden to tend more than one machine. In every trade where a selfish, shortsighted practice has gained its way, there is this system, which is doing inconceivable harm to character. The wreck of wars, pestilence and famine will have a more hopeful prospect than that of a people sunk in organised sloth.' \*

In the same book Petrie pointed out the wrong transvaluation of values which attaches so much importance to the issue whether one contestant is a minute trifle better than another in a game or race. (When Edward VII invited the then Shah of Persia to go to the races, he replied, 'That one horse can on occasion excel others I already know, so why travel to see ?'). Petrie said :

'The whole interest of gambling implies a craving for excitement apart from personal exertion, which is demoralising to the sense of work: it results in unearned fluctuations, which induces a wasteful habit ; and it is based on the essentially ungente-

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\* 'Janus in Modern Life.'

manly principle of benefiting by the loss of another, whereas all honourable gain is by the sharing of the benefits of labour. Besides the waste of time and work, it acts injuriously in producing a restless, incapable type of mind, and also by creating a false social atmosphere in which the business of life is condemned and treated as drudgery, instead of being a main subject of interest and emulation.'

On the general question of capitalism Petrie wrote: Leave a million pounds in the hands of those who have worked, taken responsibility, saved, and they will spend most of it in useful investment that will bear fruit: scatter it over a hundred thousand people and most of it will be eaten up in luxuries or lost.

Before 1914, trade unions were reluctant to press for higher wages, because the burden of increased unemployment fell on their funds. After 1918, unemployment insurance removed this.

In the years after the First World War it was a favourite claptrap at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons to say, 'God must be very fond of the common people, He has made so many of them.' But this confidence was misplaced. Mrs Sidney Webb wrote, 'Disinherited or propertyless men and women are not specially moral and intelligent—not even the majority of them—they are just the lowest strata of average sensual men.' The herd instinct is allowed by the mob to make it follow now one lead, then the opposite. In the United States of America in 1918 there was warm support for President Wilson's internationalism; in the election of 1920 this was repudiated utterly.

The easy going was passed to children (and teachers). Modern man prostrates himself before what is given him in the name of science. The authority of Freud was invoked for the pronouncement that children were to do what they liked: they must not be 'inhibited' or 'frustrated'; there must not be any drudgery. Freud denied this doctrine, but that did not make any difference. In our primary schools teachers advised that the children ought not to have homework (nothing was said of the relief to the teachers). From that time, promotion in school has been according to age, not attainment; each school draws up its own curriculum; and there are no external examinations. On indiscipline in primary schools two books have been published recently, and last August a Canadian

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teacher of twenty-five years' experience, who was over here in exchange, in a B.B.C. broadcast said, 'More than three-quarters of the teacher's time and energy is used to maintain discipline to keep the class below eruption. There is no chance to help the few good and willing pupils.' The teachers now complain of the strain which is largely due to their own willing acceptance of free discipline. The easy going spread to the home: unlimited indulgence to children.

The present century has been denominated (first by Thorstein Veblen) 'the century of the common man,' a phrase exploited by Franklin Roosevelt in America and L. P. Jacks in England, both again non-manual workers. In the United States the common man reverted to the ferocious isolationism of the Neutrality Acts and then, a year or two later, to the complete disregard of them.

By 1941—even in this early phase of the terrible war—a tidal wave of utopianism began to sweep over England. In that year Sir Richard Acland, leader of a movement called Common Wealth, wrote:

'I imagine that the thrill of driving a railway engine eventually wears off. These things just *cannot* be life. It is the other things I have mentioned—dance halls, carnivals, books, holidays, friends, love, spare time—these things are life.' \*

The superstition developed that we were paying for the war as we went along: we could find 13*l.* m. a day for war: we could have the money to do all we wanted in peace. We had solved the problem of production, there remained only the problem of distribution. Education from now on was to be education for leisure. The Army Bureau for Current Affairs through its bulletins conveyed to the forces that if, after the war, they wanted houses, better education, a better health service, bigger pensions, and so on, they had only to vote for them. War taxation was on and could be kept on. In 1943 Bernard Shaw wrote to Sir Sydney Cockerell:

'I am in straitened circumstance to the extent of being overdrawn by several thousands to meet taxation, for the success of the "Pygmalion" film, instead of enriching me beyond the dreams of avarice, ruined me by putting me into the millionaire class, which is taxed 19*s.* 6*d.* in the *l.* To get ten guineas for E.J. I have to earn 420*l.*'

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\* 'The Forward March.'



After the victory on the Continent, what had been a crusade turned imperceptibly into striving to get the best billet, the best loot, and some sort of girl friend. A 40l. m. fraud on the British Government by British in Germany was treated by the 'responsible' minister as a joke. In the victory parade it was Attlee, not Churchill, who got the greatest cheering. Mr Martyn Skinner described how the man in the street thought :

' Ah ! How sweet the valleys spread  
Utopian below,  
A paradise of pipes and powers  
Where all things will at once be ours  
If we but vote it so.'

In the forces it was thought that a Labour Government would demobilise more quickly than a Conservative one. Churchill was turned out. (Smuts was turned out in South Africa.)

In 1945 Bernard Shaw pointed out that what was happening in this country was the substitution of a plebeian Government by means of which the plunder went to the trade unions.\* Up to 1946 the royalties on Dr G. M. Trevelyan's 'English Social History,' earned largely in America, amounted to 42,000l. Note that they were earned by the work of the author : yet the state took from him 39,000l. In 1949 Bernard Shaw wrote to Cockerell, 'I have to sell to get money. Even of this much will go to meet a monstrous exaction of surtax on deferred payments I never received.' In 1956 because a man had been thrifty enough to save 163,000l. during his lifetime, his heirs were mulcted of 98,000l. The state cannot be guilty of robbery : Parliament can do no wrong.

In 1951 the General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen said that :

' they in the British Labour Party and the trade union movement would soon take care to look after their own interests in a way which would compel any Government—even the Labour Government—to ensure that the policy of getting increased wages to meet increased prices was the one and only policy which could command the support of the British trade union movement.'

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\* Preface to ' Geneva.'



In 1953 a clergyman issued a new set of Ten Commandments: the fourth was 'Remember that thou goest easy in the evil necessity of work. Five days mayest thou labour with every possible rest for tea. On the sixth or seventh day thou mayest do overtime, for this is the law of the unions.' As against this, Western Germany built its parliament buildings in five months and provided hospitals that put ours utterly to shame.

Within the decade 1945-55 one-quarter of the national output of this country was socialised. What have been the results? Cheaper coal, gas, electricity, transport? A Chairman of a National Assistance Advisory Committee has testified, 'I was faced with men earning 15*l.*-20*l.* a week who spent the lot on drinking and betting and whose wives got National Assistance the next day.' On the National Health Service a competent authority reports:

'In the past the student could enter a faculty of medicine and later decide what aspect of its practice he preferred, and, almost as important, where he would like to do it. Nowadays his choice of speciality is dictated solely by the "establishment" and it is practically never within his power to choose where he will live and practise. . . . It would be an exaggeration to say that the "mystique" has gone out of medicine, but there can be no doubt whatsoever that that "mystique" is lessening.'\*

The Medical Practices Committee reports that executive councils eliminate from consideration for appointment to practice-vacancies any doctor of middle age or older. What will be the effect of these things on recruiting for the profession? The President of the British Dental Association said in June 1956 that many dental surgeons were feeling frustrated, hampered, and embittered. There was no allowance for skill, experience, or for the amenities provided for patients. As all are paid on the same scale, the man who does best economically is he who conducts his practice in the cheapest possible manner with the barest possible equipment. The conditions under which dentistry was now practised in the Health Service would ruin it as a profession and the public would suffer in consequence.

A Chinese has observed, 'In Britain, if a family is careful, conserves its means, works hard, and increases its own,

\* A. Stewart Henderson in the Glasgow University 'College Courant,' 1956, Whitsun.

and therefore the national, assets, it is taxed more heavily to provide for other families who do not conserve their means.' 'In Britain, moderate responsibility and skills are fiscally punished by the loss of one year's earnings in every seven, outstanding productive talents by one year's earnings in every four.'\* Hands have gone up in holy horror at the means test—when applied to manual workers, but when it comes to grants to university students, the 'poor' parents get all paid for them whilst children of the 'upper' classes may either fail to get a university education from lack of money or may have to go short. 'It may be sound social doctrine that enables a working man's sons to go to Oxford or Cambridge if they have scholarship ability, but it is lunatic practice that makes it impossible for a professional man to send there his equally able sons.' 'The student smoking twenty cigarettes a day who is receiving a substantial grant from his local authority (not because of scholarship ability, but often because he has acquired the minimum certificate of fitness) is peeved and surprised when it is suggested that he is obtaining his grant under false pretences.'†

The results of the educational movements have been most disappointing. This is recognised widely in respect of the schools. Semi-illiteracy in the forces and grave educational defects even up to the universities have revealed an alarming state of matters. The Workers' Educational Association has tried for half a century, even at the cost of sacrifice of principle in wooing the Leftists, to interest the working man in education, but has failed. The same story comes from evening centres and village colleges: there is interest in crafts offering practical advantages, but no success in things of the mind and spirit.

To-day the Labour Party at one and the same time cries for more investment in basic industries and for curtailment of dividends by which alone the money for such investment would be forthcoming. It ignores the fact that practically all people are selfish and it is only by allowing wealth to accumulate in the hands of a minority that sufficient capital would be forthcoming. The little man and the

\* 'The Times Literary Supplement,' Feb. 24, 1956.

† A. Stewart Henderson, in the Glasgow University 'College Courant,' 1956, Whitsun.

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little woman do not save for this: the welfare state has insured them from the cradle to the grave. They spend their money on Players, pints, pictures, pools, and perms. M.P.s., medical men, ministers of religion, teachers, and all other employees take it for granted that their incomes should purchase as much as they did years ago, although it is the extortion of higher incomes without adequately increased production that causes money to purchase less. Germany and Japan increase their foreign trade at the cost of Britain and North America.

The picture paper has become mainly what the head of a large newspaper combine frankly declared it to be, part of the entertainment industry. News, properly speaking, is pushed out in favour of "stories," "features," sport, personalities, especially "human" stories, the love affairs, marriages and divorces of actresses, the family affairs of royalty.\* The 'News of the World' is read by every second adult and the 'Daily Mirror' by one in every four. The readers of the 'Daily Herald' are probably more interested than readers of any other daily in gambling sports. A remarkable demonstration of this sort of thing occurred when the National Union of Railwaymen were threatening to strike in 1953. On the previous Sunday 'Reynolds News' appeared with a great banner headline supporting the railwaymen's case, while a rival Sunday paper covered its front page with a violent attack on it. In four railway centres during the ensuing weeks the sales of 'Reynolds News' went steadily down while those of its rival went steadily up. The rival was publishing the confessions of a girl blackmailer, followed by the confessions of a girl from a nunnery, and then by a series on dope. In 1956 Mr John Lehmann drew attention to how few works then selling in record figures were concerned with literature and how small is the public that now cares for it.†

In 1954 the nation spent 855*l.* m. on tobacco, 842*l.* m. on alcoholic drinks—13*s.* 4½*d.* per week for every man, woman, and child. On gambling 524*l.* m. were spent. *I.e.* over 2,000*l.* m. are spent annually under these three headings. The financing of the welfare state is dependent on:

(1) Tobacco. The taxes on tobacco pay for the

\* Sir Norman Angell, 'The Times Literary Supplement,' Dec. 30, 1955.

† 'The London Magazine.'

national health service ; yet people have to be warned to smoke less and children advised not to begin to smoke because of the menace of lung cancer.

(2) Alcohol. It is indisputable that vast areas of land are used to grow inferior food which is transformed into a narcotic drug which causes losses to the community—in the holocaust of the roads, in reduction of fitness physical and mental, in stepped-down production, in sexual offences \* and crime of all sorts, as an ally of disease—which far outweigh the 380*l.* m. collected in tax. Moreover, the vast amounts of wealth used in the production and distribution of alcoholic drinks, if spent on things that build up life, would create vastly greater masses of wealth.

(3) Gambling. The money kept in circulation in gambling, if spent on things that build up life, would create vast wealth also. The effects of gambling on the community, moreover, are anti-social.

One of the most stupendous facts in history is that this criminal folly is upheld by a great majority public opinion and boosted in radio and press. Years ago Mr G. L. Schwartz, Financial Editor of the 'Sunday Times,' castigated this folly :

' Booze, baccy and betting ! Are these the foundations of the New Jerusalem ? Drink, brothers, drink, and smoke, comrades, smoke ; you have nothing to lose but your brains. What a fake the whole thing is ! You could be safely given another 500*l.* m. of income next year, provided you engaged to spend it, after direct taxation, on drink, tobacco, and betting, thus returning the bulk of it to the Exchequer. But you can't be trusted. Some of you feckless people chase after tablecloths, sheets, curtains, stair-carpet, and other fleshpots. Your present duty is to lead a steadfastly unsober, unrighteous, and ungodly life and so keep the old country straight. Forget St George, St Andrew and St David. The patron saints of your inflationary state are John Barleycorn, My Lady Nicotine and the Old Firm.'

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\* The drinking of gin has gone up by one-half since the war and wine by one-third, and there has been a great increase of drinking among women and young people. Fifty per cent of our brides are pregnant and many of them are in this condition through alcohol. Is the woman in the street becoming a woman of the streets ? When a woman is pregnant and drinks alcohol, the alcohol circulates in the child, who may be born an addict. One person in twenty is a born addict. Yet the Guild of Cheltenham Ladies' College at its annual meetings must have a bar—in the school ! Shade of Miss Beale !

The man in the street and his family when they go into the country cause fires, in spite of all appeals, and here and at the seaside leave litter everywhere. To show what the man and woman in the street can descend to, return trains from works outings have been wrecked completely. After the football match between Manchester City and Everton in the sixth round of the F.A. Cup, in the 11.20 p.m. train from Manchester Central to Liverpool, the following things occurred :

' Three passengers in every four were incapably drunk. I saw young girls carried senseless into packed compartments, policemen shouldering back drunks who kept falling out of the train ; Teddy boys, too far gone to stand, crawling aboard on hands and knees. Within minutes, nearly a third of the train was in darkness as bulbs were wrenched from their sockets and thrown out of the windows. The communication cord was pulled five times between Manchester and Liverpool. When the train reached Liverpool, windows were smashed from the tender to the guard's van, doors wrenched off their hinges, mirrors and picture-frames shattered, luggage racks torn down, seats ripped open, and blood dripping from more than one compartment. A railway policeman was briskly bundling bodies off luggage racks. At one time twenty-two persons lay senseless on the platform.' \*

How does the man in the street discharge his duties as a democrat ? Mr Herbert Morrison has written :

' Too many of our so-called democratic institutions are little better than shams, which are run by small minorities in the name of large bodies of citizens who take not the least practical interest.'

In local government elections practically every person elected is either returned unopposed or is elected by a minority vote—sometimes shamefully small. Mr Ralph Wightman, the man in the country lane if ever there was one, in a broadcast boasts that he has never voted in a local government election—and is of course applauded—and is followed in the boast by Sir Robert Boothby. Sidney Webb once said of the Labour Party that :

' the constituency parties were frequently unrepresentative groups of nonentities, dominated by fanatics and cranks and extremists, and that, if the block vote of the trade unions were

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\* ' News Chronicle,' March 6, 1956.

eliminated, it would be impracticable to continue to vest the control of policy in the Labour Party conference.'

But how does the man in the street function as a democrat in his trade union? Shop stewards are elected by less than 10 per cent. of the electors and so are trade union officials, even up to the national ones. It is the irresponsible left-wingers who attend the meetings: consequently office is achieved by the intransigent. For nine months men went on strike because two unions could not agree as to which union should bore the holes in ships' plates and which should put in the bolts. Splinter strikes have taken place in which men loyal to their union and its contracted obligations have been sent to Coventry and driven to suicide, proving that a mob can be a dictator as cruel as Hitler. Yet the Labour Party has the effrontery to issue a manifesto on 'Personal Freedom: the Individual and Society.' The Co-operative movement confessedly suffers from apathy. Many voluntary associations for social benefit are dying because younger people cannot be got to join them. Democracy is breaking down because the man in the street fails to obey the principle on which civilised values depend—on each man being himself and expressing the best he believes to be in him. Reviewing 'English Life and Leisure,' by Seeböhm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers, Lord Beveridge wrote:

'Can a country whose destiny (in part at least) is in the hands of people so irresponsible and so ignorant hope to be well governed? . . . the public may be led by power-seeking individuals to use their votes, not to the end of getting the best governors but of getting as governors those who play down to their fears, their greed, and their other weaknesses.' \*

The man in the street clamours for all sorts of money to be given to all sorts of people, but will himself sacrifice nothing of his 'standard of living' (which includes alcohol, tobacco, and gambling) for the best cause that ever was. He is content to know of retired people on diminishing or fixed incomes having life made harder and harder for them by his exactions. He looks to 'a future of less and less effort, enterprise or challenge, of bigger and better football pools or financial gambles as the way to fortune, of sillier and even more trivial newspapers and television pro-

\* 'The Spectator,' 1951, June 8.

grammes.'\* Or does the answer lie in television alone, a man receiving entertainment lying in bed, with alcohol on one side and tea on the other, and sleeping when he feels like it? As 'The Times Literary Supplement' said,

' O quanta, qualia  
Sunt illa Sabbata ! '

The man in the street is no longer dynamic. This is an age with the taste of sour grapes in its mouth—envy and cupidity. Jeshurun has waxed fat and kicked. On Jan. 16, 1956, in Wellingborough railway station I saw a porter hurrying: it made a deep impression on me. It is the high cost of labour that makes it worth while to introduce automation and the failure of the manual workers to deliver the goods is causing them to be replaced with technicians.

The man in the street calls upon a church to marry him, to christen his children, to bury his relatives, while giving no support to it. At football matches he will sing 'Abide with me.' The Scottish coal-miners demand ever higher wages and shorter hours and call themselves Communists, while the Russian coal-miners, with far lower standards of living, produce the coal. Was not Shakespeare right in depicting the man in the street as fickle, a humbug and a hypocrite?

'Why go on pretending, on both political sides, that the new welfare state has been a success when it has been a conspicuous moral failure? So far from displaying any new sense of duty, the miners, since nationalisation, have quite ruthlessly exploited the community. They are only the most conspicuous example of the moral collapse of the new society, now that it is being put to the proof. And for this moral collapse both political parties are equally responsible. Neither will take upon itself the odium of telling the people the truth; which is, that without a new sense of responsibility towards the community, expressed in harder and more conscientious work, the new democratic socialist society cannot, and does not deserve to, survive. It will go on "slipping greasily into decay," as D. H. Lawrence prophesied it would.'†

R. F. RATTRAY.

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\* 'The Times,' March 6, 1956.

† Mr J. Middleton Murry, 'The Times,' Jan. 26, 1956.



### Art. 3.—THE BIRTH OF THE NEW GERMAN ARMY.

'VIGILIA pretium libertatis'—Vigilance is the price of freedom. This is the motto of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (N.A.T.O.), and the Latin words are written up over the main entrance to Supreme Headquarters, Atlantic Powers, Europe (S.H.A.P.E.) at Louveciennes outside Paris.

Proudly waving from tall flag-posts in front of the pre-fabricated Supreme Headquarters building are the flags of the fifteen N.A.T.O. countries. As our bus drove up to the entrance I looked for the flag of the latest member of N.A.T.O., the German Federal Republic. There it was, three horizontal strips of black, red, and gold, flapping in the wind of the rather blustery summer day.

I was interested in the German flag because our visit to S.H.A.P.E. was the introduction to a tour of the Federal Republic to see what progress the Germans had made in their defence programme. We were a party of journalists representing nearly all the countries in N.A.T.O.

Inside the Supreme Headquarters, where two English 'Red Caps' stood on duty by the reception desk, the variety of uniforms was dazzling. Army, navy, and air force officers and men of fourteen nations (Iceland, having no armed forces, is not represented) work at S.H.A.P.E. Germans are in the 'N.A.T.O. club' too, but as I was not sure what a German officer of the new army looked like, I could not have picked one out if we had passed a German in the crowded corridors.

American, French, and British officers lectured us on the reality of the threat from Russia and her satellites which was still acute in spite of recent developments following the 20th Communist Party Congress in Moscow. We heard that the Soviet Army alone had a force of about three million men and we were left in no doubt about the urgent need of Germany's promised troops. General Schuyler, Chief of Staff to General Gruenther, the Supreme Commander, told us that, though the days of massed armies were over in the nuclear age, nevertheless the defence of the West was founded on Germany's eventual contribution of half a million men to N.A.T.O. her twelve divisions.

The next day we left for Western Germany to see for ourselves what progress the Federal Republic had made in

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rearming herself. We flew from Orly aerodrome outside Paris to Düsseldorf, the capital of West Germany's largest and richest province, the *Land* of Rhine-Westphalia, which has the Ruhr in its heart. German officials met us at Düsseldorf airport and we drove into the city. Here we were temporarily handed over to the *Land* officials, and we were shown . . . an exhibition of German abstract art!

Was it that the Federal Republic wanted to make a good (peaceful) impression on us? For, as I soon noticed, the Germans are a little embarrassed at having an army again. They are very modest and shy when the conversation turns on the new *Bundeswehr*. 'You should be enthusiastic about our lack of enthusiasm for an army,' a German M.P. said to me later in Bonn.

We were reaping what we had sown. For years after the war the allies told the Germans that an army was 'a bad thing.' I remember the period well, as I was in Germany at the time, stationed in Berlin, and one of the 133 questions which all Germans who wanted a responsible job had to answer was: 'Were you in the army?' It was a common joke among Germans at the time (1945-47) that the allied questionnaire—the notorious *Fragebogen*—should have included one further question: 'Did you play with soldiers when a child—if so, which regiment?'

But the army which the Germans are recreating is very different from the old. The name has been changed too. It used to be called the *Wehrmacht*. Now it is the *Bundeswehr*, a more gentle-sounding word, with the *Macht* (power) left out.

At the time of our visit to Western Germany the *Bundeswehr* had been in existence for a year. It was in June 1955 that the Federal Chancellor, Dr Adenauer, who had more authority then than now, passed his Volunteers Bill which authorised the calling up of 150,000 officers and men.

The volunteers, all ex-servicemen, had been in the files of Herr Blank's shadow Defence Ministry since 1952, when a German army was first seriously considered as a contribution to the proposed European army. Now the first 100,000 volunteers were completing their training and German soldiers were in uniform again, eleven years after the total defeat of the *Wehrmacht* on every front.

We met our first German officer at a reception in Düssel-

dorf after our visit to the art exhibition. He was a colonel recently put in command of the local military district. But he looked so unmilitary, or rather his uniform had so little of the traditional German swagger about it, that I had to ask whether he was an army officer or not.

He was standing in a group of other German officials when we were introduced to him, and as it was indoors and he had no cap on, he appeared even less conspicuous. Like all other officers in the new army, he had served in the *Wehrmacht*, but his grey tunic was bare of medals. Only very discreet silver insignia on his shoulder-straps indicated his rank.

The *Bundeswehr* officer's uniform is almost like a civilian suit—double-breasted, loose fitting, with broad lapels, and slate-grey in colour. It did not take long for the colour to be nicknamed 'mouse-grey' and for the officers to compare themselves to hotel porters. All the characteristic paraphernalia of the old *Wehrmacht* uniforms has been banished—jack-boots, coal-scuttle-shaped steel helmets, belts, and those close-fitting breeches fanning out at the hips so much favoured by Germans even when in civilian clothes.

The muted, self-effacing uniform is the outward expression of the spirit which the planners are trying to instill into the officers and men of the new army.

After Düsseldorf we went to Bonn, where we met General Speidel, former Chief of Staff to Rommel (he was imprisoned during the last months of the war) and now Inspector General of the *Bundeswehr*. Wearing spectacles and with the manner of a professor rather than that of a general, he shook hands with each of us as we came into the room. He had none of the rigidity of an officer of the old Prussian school. His voice was quiet and his manner gentle. Only two small red tabs on the lapels of his grey tunic indicated his general's rank. He wore a grey tie and white shirt.

General Speidel was Germany's chief military delegate at the European Defence Community conferences in Paris and he was one of the planners of the German military contribution to the still-born European army. The rejection by the French of the European Defence Treaty killed the idea of the Federal Republic contributing 'European soldiers of German nationality' for the defence of the West.

General Speidel spoke regretfully of this failure and told us that the rejection of E.D.C. might well be judged by future historians as 'a serious break in the historical development of our time.' He was well qualified to say this as he had been a professor of history himself and during the immediate post-war period occupied a chair of history at Tübingen University.

Many of the principles which were to have been introduced into Germany's European battalions have been carried over into the *Bundeswehr*. They centre round the idea that the modern soldier has responsibilities towards the State and that he is a citizen in uniform. An officer in Herr Blank's office, Count Wolf Baudissin—also one of Rommel's officers—worked out the new theories of comradeship and of the soldier's responsibility towards the State. The German soldier of the future was no longer to be an *es* (it) but a *Sie* (you). Count Baudissin had become a potter after the war, and in his office in the shadow Defence Ministry he used to have samples of his work on view. His wife was a painter. He was confident of being able to introduce the new order into the future army owing to the fact that all officers and men would have had, like himself, long years of experience of civilian life. His theories, known as the *inneres Gefüge*, have since been put into practice and the German soldier of to-day is no longer the automaton he was. Soldiers must not suffer from boredom and monotony, so the walls of rooms in barracks are painted in pastel shades. Everything is done to banish the old Prussian military system known as *Barras*. As General Speidel told us: 'The human element is all-important. We want to create a new and better army.'

So far we had only seen two Germans in uniform, the colonel at Düsseldorf and General Speidel. But that evening a dinner was arranged for us at the hotel perched on top of the Petersberg overlooking the Rhine, where we met several German officers of the three services.

German officers have still the *embonpoint* of the prosperous post-war German business man about them, the type one sees travelling first class in the trains and staying at the good hotels. The explanation is that less than a year ago they were nearly all in business, suffering from the German businessman's occupational disease *Manager Krankheit* and ready buyers of So-and-so's Stomach Drops,

prominently on sale in dainty liqueur bottles in all German restaurant cars. The present-day civilian-officers have still to scale themselves down to the generally accepted proportions of the average military man.

So I found it difficult glancing round the restaurant of the Petersberg Hotel to realise that these well nourished, prosperous-looking Germans in their sober, undecorated uniforms were officers—successors to the men of blood and iron who have waged five aggressive wars in the last hundred years. The German army has to live down its past. The Germans know it too, and all the officers I spoke to that evening were very modest. The anti-military feeling in the country and the endemic hatred of the German military machine abroad has produced this new and unusual state of mind in the German of to-day. Will it last?

On this occasion we made our first contact with the new German navy, the *Bundesmarine*. A naval captain had come from Bremerhaven to meet us. The German navy was about to be reborn (for the fifth time in a hundred years) and a day or two later the first ships were commissioned: three 130-ton British-built motor-torpedo boats and four German minesweepers handed back to the Germans by the Americans. At the ceremony commissioning the motor-torpedo boats in Kiel Vice-Admiral Ruge, the Inspector General of German Naval Forces, told the crews lined up on deck that they were now 'citizens in uniform who had no special privileges, but many duties.' He also reminded the sailors that the German navy had twice suffered defeat because it had underestimated the naval forces of its opponents.

The sense of continuity is more apparent in the navy than in the other two services, due in the main to the general conservatism of navies and also to the fact that the German naval uniform, especially that of the ratings, has not been radically changed. But certain traditions have been scrapped. The 'citizens in naval uniform' will serve in ships named after birds and stars (not after naval and military heroes of the past) and there is no special naval flag. The flag hoisted on the newly commissioned ships is identical with the black, red, and gold federal flag emblazoned with the black eagle of the Republic which flies over all official buildings. The flag of the old *Kriegsmarine* is banned, although it has not disappeared. It is

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always much in evidence whenever the Old Naval Comrades Association, presided over by Admiral Raeder, has its noisy reunions.

There is not likely to be any lack of recruits for the new navy. The Germans of the *Wasserkante* love a seaman's life; and many petty officers of the old navy have applied to rejoin. Last June, when the first ships were commissioned, there were not more than a few hundred sailors in uniform, but the navy is expected to grow fast: 10,000 by the end of the year, with eventually a strength of 30,000, of whom 17,500 will be on active duty. All will be volunteers.

A large number of ships will be built over the next few years, most of them in German yards. The construction programme includes 18 destroyers, 10 escort ships, 40 speedboats, 2 minelayers, 6 ocean-going mine-sweepers, and 12 submarines of 350 tons. The *Bundesmarine* will also have a fleet air arm of 58 aircraft (Sea-Hawks and Garnets), to be bought in England. As can be seen from the type of vessel, the new navy is intended for coastal defence rather than for more ambitious operations.

We were unable to visit either of the main bases at Cuxhaven or Flensburg, but as the navy was in such an early stage of development there would have been very little to see, and instead the *Bundesmarine* in the person of the naval captain came to see us.

Our stay in Bonn was over. We had to move on, and our way lay via Hanover and Hamburg to Berlin. I was surprised at first that we were going to Berlin, as it did not seem to fit into a tour which was planned to show us the Federal Republic's defence effort. But Berlin beckoning across the zonal frontier is a constant reminder that the Federal Republic is only a rump state and that the object of creating a German army again is to repel attacks from the East and to ensure that the German Democratic Republic does not engulf the isolated capital in an attempt to reunite Germany on the Communist model. Berlin has become a symbol—as no other city in the free world—of the West's firm faith in the final loosening of the Soviet hold on Central and Eastern Europe.

But first we saw and in fact touched the zonal frontier which runs down from Lübeck on the Baltic to Bavaria, the 740-mile-long gash dividing Germany—and Europe—in two.

The zonal frontier is the most permanent feature of the Germany which emerged from World War II. The ruins have almost gone; the German mark has become one of the hardest currencies of Europe; the occupation statute is no more, Germany has an army again, has its own civil airline—but the frontier drawn across Germany in the summer of 1945 still remains eleven years afterwards.

Ironically enough, both the Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic have the same flag. They both chose as their emblem the flag which flew over the first session of the German National Assembly held in the Paulskirche in Frankfurt in 1848: the black, red, and gold banner . . . 'schwarz rot gold jetzt und für alle Zeit' as Karl Bröger, the 1914–18 War poet, wrote. So that when we came to the checkpoint at Helmstedt on the *autobahn* we saw in front of us on the eastern side of the border the same flag we had seen at S.H.A.P.E. proclaiming to the world that the Federal Republic was a member of the Atlantic Community.

We had come by bus along the *autobahn* to the Helmstedt check-point, but once we breasted the barrier marking the border we could go no further. Only Germans and allied troops can use the land route in and out of Berlin. Others have to fly along one of the three air corridors.

Helmstedt, a little-known town on the border of Lower Saxony and Brandenburg before the war, has achieved an unwanted and unenviable notoriety as the main crossing-point between West and East Germany. With its brown-coal mines divided in two by the zonal frontier, it has become a stricken area and has to receive special aid from Bonn, and government contracts are given to local industries to keep them going, those of them which have not migrated further westwards.

But Helmstedt has a thriving tourist industry if one can call it that. The wayside Rest House on the grass verge of the *autobahn* was doing a good trade when we went inside for coffee. It has two sorts of customers. Those going eastwards, for whom it is the last stopping-place before Berlin, 100 miles away, is reached, and those coming from the East. For many East Germans the little roadside chalet, with its garden terrace gay with flowers and good coffee, means the first experience of the West. It provides a smiling welcome. For this generation of Germans at least

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Helmstedt will always have a very special significance. It has been so long synonymous with their divided country. The neat white china cups and saucers, with 'Reichs Autobahn Rasthaus Helmstedt Zonengrenze' marked on them, must be a temptation to souvenir hunters. I felt rather tempted myself.

The East Zonal authorities make a good business out of the artificial frontier; they levy tolls on all traffic entering their territory. A long queue of passenger cars and lorries were waiting to be examined by the East German police on the far side of the border as we drove up there. The toll varies from 20 marks (nearly 2*l.*) for a passenger car to 100 marks for a lorry, with the trailer charged extra. It is an iniquitous and arbitrary tax levied without any justification merely to exercise pressure on West Berlin. Over 90 per cent. of the traffic going east is bound for Berlin, and this artery, together with the water, rail, and air link, keep the western half of the city alive.

I think everyone who sees this frontier must wonder once again how the Western allies could have been so shortsighted, or rather blind, as to have ever allowed Berlin to be divided from the west of Germany by the Eastern zone, with its communications at the mercy of the Russians.

Our route north to Hamburg was purposely planned so that we could follow almost the whole length of the zonal frontier, going sometimes as near as 100 yards to the dividing-line. A detachment of the Frontier Defence Force—*Grenzschutzpolizei*—gave us an escort. This force, 20,000 strong, are the most military-looking body of men in the Federal Republic to-day, yet they are not part of the army. The police are mostly ex-*Wehrmacht* officers and men and they wear *Wehrmacht*-type uniforms—short single-breasted tunics, belts, breeches, and jack-boots. Nearly half of the force has volunteered for the *Bundeswehr*, and they will gradually be absorbed in the coming months, forming the backbone of the first three infantry divisions. How they will adapt themselves to the new order in the *Bundeswehr* is another matter. The officers are said to view Count Baudissin's *inneres Gefüge* with a certain amount of scepticism.

The Frontier Force is para-military and patrols the zonal frontier along its whole 740-mile length. As the officers look through their binoculars across the green no-

man's-land they are more than likely to see their opposite numbers in the East Zone *Volkspolizei*, also a pair of binoculars to their eyes, scrutinising them. This picture of the two police forces, both recruited from men of the same blood and race, patrolling a frontier dividing their country seems to illustrate best the absurdity of the present German situation.

The zonal frontier even divides towns in two, and on our way north we stopped at the little town of Zicherie, where the frontier literally crosses the main street. A palisade shuts off the street and turns it into a *cul-de-sac*. The Mayor, Herr Schulze, told us that his favourite *Wirtshaus*, where he used to go for his daily glass of beer before 1945, was now in the Eastern Zone. By bending down and looking through a peephole in the palisade I could see it. The roof was off and it looked in the last stages of devastation, yet birds were singing and the apple trees and lilac in full bloom.

Families are divided by the zonal frontier and have to travel sometimes up to a hundred miles to the nearest crossing-point where they can get the necessary permit to enter the zone. Only the black Frisian cows have the freedom of the frontier and seem to wander across at will. Every now and then the local farmers have to meet and exchange their straying cattle.

From Hamburg we flew to Berlin, landing at Tempelhof aerodrome in the heart of the American sector. Divided still into sectors and still officially under the occupation statute, Berlin takes one back to the immediate post-war years, when it was a quadripartite city. The political atmosphere has remained very much the same as it was then; and I was taken back with a jolt to 1945, when a West Berliner told me that he did not dare go into the eastern sector of the city. That was exactly the same remark I heard there just after the war.

But outwardly Western—and Eastern Berlin too—have greatly changed. From the air one no longer looks down into the well of ruined houses. Not only have nearly all the damaged houses been repaired, but some fine new office blocks have been built, and the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's main shopping street, has a brand-new hotel, Kempinski's. Berlin has become a conference city in the last few years, and hotels and seats in planes are booked up



weeks in advance. Last July the very successful Berlin International Film Festival was held there.

West Berlin is almost normal. The West Berliner has a standard of living almost equal to that of the German in the Federal Republic. Berlin may be divided physically from Western Germany, but economically the link is close. The West mark is the currency in West Berlin, and this is what has brought the relative prosperity to the West Berliners. One has to write relative prosperity, as there are still 100,000 unemployed in the Western half of the city, a high proportion out of a population of two million. And there are still the refugees from the Eastern Zone, who pour into West Berlin at the rate of 500 a day. Only a tenth stay in Berlin; the others are flown out to the West, where they soon find work. Many are farmers who have left their land unable any longer to toe the political line.

Berlin ranks as an autonomous *Land*, but is not technically part of the Federal Republic, though it sends two representatives to Bonn as observers. The Berliners will not be called up for military service. The *Bundeswehr* is almost unknown in Berlin, as the Berliners have not seen any new German soldiers yet.

In Berlin one is reminded more of older armies—the Kaiser's helmeted and goose-stepping grenadiers and Hitler's martial *Wehrmacht* and Storm Troopers. Statues of Prussian warlords, apparently indestructible, have stood up to revolutions, shell-fire, and bombing, and still adorn the Tiergarten; and broad streets like the Unter den Linden and the Charlottenburger Chaussee seem still to echo with the thud of marching feet.

It is interesting to note that the generals' plot against Hitler of July 20, 1944, is being held up as an example to the present generation. A statue has been erected in the courtyard of the half-ruined O.K.W. building in the Bendlerstrasse, where the revolt originated and where the ring-leaders were summarily shot on the night of July 20; and the execution chamber at Plötzensee, where the rest of the plotters were hung after a prolonged trial, has been preserved in its original state, approached through a garden where a memorial has been erected. We were taken to see both these shrines on our first morning in Berlin. The red-brick execution chamber is a very macabre sight. It has small, dark windows and peering through them one can

see the butcher's hooks where the enemies of the regime were strung up and left slowly to strangle to death. Hitler ordered a film to be taken of the actual hanging. This still exists, but we were not shown it.

After two days in Berlin we flew south to Bavaria in an American air force plane and landed on the U.S.A.F.E. base of Fürstenfeldbruck some twenty miles from Munich. Rows upon rows of gleaming silver Lockheed T33 training jets were lined up on the tarmac, and as we got out of our plane two more jets, pitch black against the sky, sped with a thudding roar over our heads, circling the aerodrome in a great arc to land a few minutes later a few yards away from us.

We had left the island city of Berlin and were back in Nato-land. Fürstenfeldbruck is an American air force base 'dedicated to providing quality training for airmen of the free world through the Mutual Defense Program.' It was on our itinerary because among the pilots of many nations doing their training at Fürstenfeldbruck there were twelve German pilots, the first Germans to put on air force uniform again since Goering's *Luftwaffe* was shot out of the skies in 1945. They held the same rank now which they held when they ended their service in 1945.

Their training had begun in April 1956 and it would last until the end of the year. These German pilots will be the nucleus of the future German air force and will train the pilots now joining up. The new German air force—it is still called the *Luftwaffe*—starts off with two great handicaps. It has no aircraft industry and, owing to the eleven-year gap, there is a complete lack of young pilots. Of all the ex-*Luftwaffe* pilots at Fürstenfeldbruck the youngest was twenty-nine: pilots five or six years older would soon be reaching the maximum age for flying jets. A whole new generation has to be trained. I spoke to a *Luftwaffe* pilot who had been shot down over England in his Heinkel in September 1940, but he had already passed the age limit and was now non-operational.

Fürstenfeldbruck is at present the most international aerodrome in existence. Pilots from all N.A.T.O. countries, including the United Kingdom, and a few outside N.A.T.O. such as Spain, Pakistan, and Iran, come here for training. By last June 1,055 pilots had completed their training there. English is the only language spoken in the air above this

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polyglot air base and all pilots who do not know it have to get used to speaking English over the inter-com—the German pilots too.

Technicians for the *Luftwaffe* are being trained at another United States base nearby, Kaufbeuren. Difficulties are being encountered at the present moment as all the technicians of the old *Luftwaffe* have long ago got good jobs in industry and new recruits with the necessary technical knowledge are difficult to find. Also there is the language barrier. The training—and it consists of 33 courses—is all in English. However, it is planned for the first German squadron to be trained by the spring of 1957, and by 1960 the *Luftwaffe* will number 1,354 planes and have 100,000 men. It will be incorporated with the N.A.T.O. tactical air force.

In their 'mouse-grey' uniforms at this American base, where the planes, equipment, food, drinks, and even money are American, it was difficult to discern anything characteristically German about the new *Luftwaffe* except its name. I thought, as we left, that Goering would have had a shock if he could have known that his erstwhile pilots would be so completely transformed within eleven years.

In the afternoon we drove to Munich along narrow, tree-lined, winding roads and passed through quiet villages deserted as on a Sunday. It was *Frohnleichnam*—Corpus Christi—and the routes of the morning processions were still marked by branches of green leaning against the houses leading to open-air altars. Here and there the Papal flag of gold and white hung from the top windows of the white-washed houses. The traditional life of the villagers in the heart of Catholic Bavaria seemed to be in sharp contrast with the busy American aerodrome we had just left.

Our tour was nearly at an end. We had one more visit to make, perhaps the most important of all: Sonthofen. Bavaria is famous for its royal castles, the eccentric creations of the baroque mind of the Wittelsbach monarch Ludwig II. The tradition was carried on by Hitler, who built the frowning pseudo-medieval and bombastic *Ordensburg* at Sonthofen for young Nazi leaders.

To-day the *Ordensburg*, magnificently sited among the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, has been converted into a staff college for senior officers of the *Bundeswehr* and renamed the *General Oberst Beck Kaserne*, in memory of the

general who led the revolt against Hitler. The officers take a two-month course there, attending lectures on strategy and modern weapons, and are re-educated as 'citizens in uniform.' There were five generals attending the course when we visited it.

There is very little saluting at Sonthofen. The atmosphere is very relaxed. The only saluting I saw was when a party of American enlisted men about to climb into their car gave a very smart salute to a German captain. (There is a group of 70 American officers and 90 enlisted men at Sonthofen to give instruction to the Germans in modern weapons.)

The civilian character of the new army is very apparent at the college. Among the 300 officers attending the course there were 82 former civil servants and professional men, nine school-teachers, 15 industrialists, 18 engineers, and 30 businessmen. Among the professions represented there was a journalist and a museum curator; and among the businessmen there was an antique dealer, a captain who had been a wine importer, and a major who had built up a flourishing scent business.

All were former *Wehrmacht* officers. After being eleven years out of the army they still had something of the softness of civilian life about them, as I had observed at the Petersberg. A third of the officers had brought their cars with them. But they were beginning to feel the pinch of military life. One of them complained to me—he was the wine importer—that he had suffered a big drop in income by joining the army again: he had found that being a captain in the *Bundeswehr* was not as profitable as importing Chianti.

Many of the officers had received high decorations in the *Wehrmacht*. Two had been awarded the *Eichenlaub*, eleven the *Eichenlaub mit Schwertern* and 44 the *Ritterkreuz*. But no medals glinted on their dun-grey uniforms. They carried merely very ordinary looking white labels (which were always falling off) giving their name and rank—an American innovation to help identification, and reminiscent of an American convention.

All the rooms in the old *Ordensburg* are in use except one: the exception is the long-pillared *Appell-Halle*, where the young *Fuhrers* used to parade for roll-call and give the Hitler salute as their names were bawled out. To-day

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there is no use for it, and it stands empty, a sign of the changed times.

In another part of the building is the chapel, or at least it is now a chapel, as when the Nazis were there it was used for their special semi-religious rites. Now both the Catholics and Protestants hold their services there.

In time it is hoped that Sonthofen will come to be synonymous with the new spirit in the reformed army and take the place of Potsdam, which stood for the old type of militarism. All senior officers of the *Bundeswehr* will pass through Sonthofen to be re-educated. For some officers trained in the old school the ideas may seem revolutionary. But it was one of their number, an officer of the old school, General Beck, whose example is held up to the soldiers of the future army. In the Hall of Honour at Sonthofen, where the German flag flies alongside the N.A.T.O. banner, these words of General Beck's are written upon a plaque on the wall for all to read: 'It shows a lack of greatness and a failure to realise the importance of his task if a high-ranking officer carries out his duties without considering his responsibility to the nation as a whole.'

To be servants of the state and not a state within a state—that is the ideal of the new army of the Federal Republic, the *Bundeswehr*.

REGINALD COLBY.

#### Art. 4.—CAMOUFLAGE AMONG ANIMALS.

THE world swarms with living creatures, even the world of our present age when almost every day brings news of spoliation and so-called development in the name of progress. The average man has no inkling of their numbers, at least where the smaller animals are concerned. It is different with the larger ones, which, even in the remoter parts of the earth, are dwindling fast, since they stand in the way of progress and are almost certainly doomed. But the smaller kinds—most of the birds, almost all the insects and other invertebrates—teem even yet in their millions. They share the earth with us, and we notice them for the most part only when they interfere with our restless enterprises. But there is another reason why most of us pay them little heed. The truth is that a great many of them are not easy to detect in the midst of their environment. They are camouflaged in varying degrees, tone in with their background in colour and pattern. It is a way they have learned not from us but from each other during the long course of evolutionary history, a tendency sufficiently pronounced and sufficiently widespread to be called a principle. We call it protective coloration and assume that because of it they are less likely to be seen and devoured by predators. In a large number of instances that is a well-grounded assumption. All the same, a little thought will show that its application must be limited. The theory, for instance, implies that all predator animals see pattern and colour as we see them, obviously a wide and unwarrantable implication. The higher animals, mammals, and birds probably do, though even among them there are considerable limitations. Again it is clear that camouflage will be useless against a predator that hunts by scent or by sound, as is true of a large number, all those for instance that hunt by night. These and other considerations warn us that the theory of protective coloration, like so many theories, must take a number of exceptions into account, and that we can accept it but with varied and notable reservations. We need have no regret for this: on the contrary, we have reason to be grateful, since the world would be a far less exciting and beautiful place without these exceptions. It would indeed be drab by comparison with the one we know and delight in if all its living denizens, in their wonderful

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diversity, blended so closely into their surroundings that we were compelled to search for them: if there were no kingfishers to draw a jewelled streak above our rivers, no enamelled butterflies in our meadows and gardens, no scarlet ibises, no flamingoes, no humming-birds, even no diamond-patterned snakes.

Camouflage acts mainly in the interests of otherwise helpless creatures, so as to protect them from their enemies. But it acts also on occasions in the interests of predators, and those interests are important in the scheme of things, not from the point of view of the predators solely, but also from that of their prey, since without them the prey would multiply so as to outrun their food and perish. All the same, the biological advantage of camouflage must be far greater for prey than for predators, since predators rely on swift movement much more than on concealment, though it is reasonable to suppose that the stealthy approach preliminary to the launching of an attack may be well served by camouflage of colour or pattern. It is true also that some predators lie in wait for their prey, providing superb examples of camouflage. Among them are the angler-fish and the praying mantis. Examples of coloration as a means of concealment from predators are probably uncountable, far too numerous and showing too many subtle refinements to be ignored. We find them in the sea and on land, in all latitudes, and in every type of natural environment. Two kinds can be distinguished, a general and a special. Among the first is the way in which many of the larger animals are counter-shaded, the upper parts darker than the lower, with the result that the light is distributed over the body and the animal tends to merge flatly into the background. By another generalised device the natural outline is broken up by means of stripes or blotches. By a third, shadow is concealed when the creature takes up an attitude close-pressed to the ground, and it is common enough for the last to be combined with either of the other two. Colour-harmony is widely practised. Animals in desert regions tend to be 'desert-coloured.' Many caterpillars are green to harmonise with their food-plant, and one of the commonest of them, that of the small cabbage-white butterfly, combines colour-harmony with a characteristic attitude along the midrib of the leaf. It must be admitted though that there are curious anomalies where



colour-harmony is concerned. We might expect, for instance, that green would be a favourite colour among birds, causing them to blend with the foliage of the trees where so many of them perch. Actually, except among parrots, it is rare.

These are the main types of generalised camouflage, distinguishable from the specialised types by their being confined on the whole to the larger, more mobile animals, ranging over an environment more or less uniform and spread over a wide area. Animals with this kind of camouflage are constantly on the move, either during the daytime or at half-light, and their colouring and general decorative scheme are adapted to the interplay of light and shade, the chiaroscuro, of one or the other of these. The counter-shaded antelopes of the African savanna are an example of the first, the striped zebras of the same part of the world of the second. It is important to realise that though such creatures habitually move from place to place, it is only when they keep still that camouflage becomes fully effective, or indeed comes into play at all. Stillness confers concealment of its own right, whether in the glaring radiance of the open plains at mid-day, the half-light of dusk and dawn, or the gloom of the forest pierced by a few glinting shafts of sunlight. Movement means betrayal.

Stillness, that essential concomitant of camouflage, is equally if not more important in the category of the more specialised. Here avoidance of movement has become almost a way of life, at least for long stretches at a time, and we are concerned with the smaller animals, with some of the birds in certain conditions, and in particular with insects. The dividing line between general and special is not always easy to draw, but on the whole our concern here is with those creatures that range less widely, with some whose radius of movement is confined to a single bush, or even to the same leaf, and with some that do not move at all. For this reason their camouflage has to be specialised and at times is detailed almost beyond belief. Birds vary widely between extremes of gaudiness and of cryptic browns and buffs, and the distinction is often sexual, the cocks being brightly, the hens soberly coloured. This becomes specially important among birds that nest on the ground where they are more vulnerable to predation. The pheasant of English woodlands is an example. In the

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woodcock, on the other hand, we find hardly any distinction between the sexes: both are wonderful examples of protective coloration, squatting motionless against their background of dead leaves and bracken fronds. Only the liquid brown eye of the female when on the nest is likely to betray her. But if the mother woodcock knows well, or appears to know, the vital importance of stillness, so also from the moment of hatching do her offspring, blending so perfectly that detection is almost completely impossible.

But perhaps it is among insects and their allies that we find the most striking examples of specialised camouflage. The caterpillars of many butterflies and moths rely exclusively upon one food-plant and frequently resemble it closely. Most butterflies flaunt gorgeous colours, no doubt with good reason, but on the whole the bright colours and conspicuous patterns are confined to the upper surface of the wings, while the lower surface has a mottled sobriety. The result is that when the insect is at rest with wings clasped together over the body, a habit with butterflies generally, it is apt to take on the colours of its background. We need go no further than our own country to find examples, the red admiral for instance and the tortoiseshell. The most wonderful example of all is the leaf butterfly of India, the upper surface of whose wings is rich purple and orange. But the wings are shaped like leaves, the under surface the dull brown of a dead leaf, with a tail at the base of the lower wing corresponding to the stalk. Running up the centre is a dark line where the midrib would be. There are even blotches to simulate spots where the 'leaf' has decayed. It would hardly be possible to find a more striking example of specialised camouflage than this. But there are many others equally remarkable. Forbes, who travelled in the Malay Archipelago some seventy years ago, tells how his attention was once drawn to what he was convinced was the dropping of a bird. He touched the leaf that it had stained and it scuttled away. It was a spider. Moths, by contrast with butterflies, hardly ever raise and clasp their wings over their bodies. Their way is to droop them in a parallel horizontal plane. Corresponding to this habit is a colour-adaptation by which the upper as well as the under surface tends to be sober in a variegated way, often providing admirable examples of camouflage. Certain notable exceptions to this tendency will be referred to

later. There are two British moths, the *Merveille du Jour* and the *Brussels Lace*, both of which are in the habit of resting by day on lichen-blotched tree-trunks. Their colour-scheme so exactly resembles the lichen that it is very difficult indeed to detect them. Other refinements of harmony with background have been evolved. One is to effect the harmony at more than one stage of development from larva to imago. On figwort plants growing along the margin of rivers you may find, here in Britain, a small weevil known generically as *Cionus*. This beetle is no more than a quarter of an inch long, almost spherical in shape and coloured a speckled grey. Like all weevils it has a long snout. When disturbed it tucks its snout under its body and drops to the ground or to a leaf lower down on the plant and remains inert, where, not unlike Forbes's spider, it closely resembles the dropping of a small bird. The larva is black and relatively conspicuous, but later when about to pupate it builds a papery, thimble-shaped cocoon. These cocoons remain for a long time on the figwort plant and are placed in late summer among the seed-vessels, resembling them so closely that at first sight it is not easy to tell the one from the other. A refinement of an entirely different sort occurs when an insect changes colour in response to a changing environment. Grasshoppers, here in Britain, are highly skilled in this art. The first brood, hatching in early summer, is green so as to blend with a background of fresh young grass. The second brood comes at a time when the grass is sere and dry. Accordingly the grasshoppers living on it are sere and dry-looking as well.

The sea provides us with innumerable examples both of general and of special camouflage. The device of counter-shading has been widely adopted; and since this is far more of a three-dimensional world than any on land, has a correspondingly enhanced usefulness. Thus the dark tone of the back of a herring or a mackerel blends with a sombre background when seen from above, whereas the paler shade of the belly blends with the paler, more light-infested one when seen from below. Probably the most brilliantly coloured background of all those to be found either in the sea or on land is that provided by a coral-reef. To wear a sombre livery in such a rainbow setting would be to stand out in glaring prominence, so the fish that swim there habitually are barred and spotted with the gayest of

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colours. Examples of specialisation are legion. Anyone who has peered into a rock-pool knows how closely prawns merge in tint with a stony or a sandy background. A not uncommon anemone, known as the dahlia, with a short stem and fleshy tentacles, has a way of withdrawing itself into the sandy cranny of a pool and merging with it yet more closely by covering itself with rock-fragments and coarse grains of sand until virtually invisible. This is an instance of camouflage for aggression, since no creature eats sea-anemones. There is a sea-slug not uncommonly found known as *Doris*, the sea-lemon. The English name is an apt one so far as colour is concerned and it is found, if it can be found, against a background formed mainly by a common yellow sponge. The sea-hare, another mollusc with no visible shell, adapts itself to its background not only through its shape and general appearance, but by colour-change as well. Moving very slowly among fronds of seaweed, browsing as it moves, it wears on its dorsal surface sail-like outgrowths corresponding closely with the fronds of its food-plant. But the sea-hare does more than this. Living mainly beyond the limit of the lowest spring tides, it travels inshore to deposit its spawn. This is a slow migration and the creature changes colour very slowly so as to blend with belts of different kinds of weed encountered as the journey develops. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of camouflage among marine animals, possibly more so than any other example of the art, is that shown by the spider-crabs. For here we have a creature that not only camouflages itself by detaching what we may call fragments of its background, but in doing so is guided by what looks uncannily like an intelligent process. The carapace of this crab is covered with spines and hooks and by means of these it decks itself with bunches of seaweed until it looks like some animated sea-garden. But this is not all, for if a spider-crab that has already festooned itself with reddish weeds is placed on a background of green weed it will at once set to work removing the red shreds and replacing them with green ones. Similarly if previously disguised with weed of one colour or another, and set down on a background weedless but provided with shell-fragments and small stones, it will replace the weed with the available material until 'satisfied' that a thorough disguise has been brought about.

So far we have dealt with camouflage involving resemblance between an animal and its background ; but there is another kind which is a matter of resemblance between one animal and another. We call it mimicry, and the basis of it is to be found in the fact that many animals are capable of inflicting unpleasant consequences on a predator, either with a sting or with some secreted fluid which gives them a nauseous flavour. For either of these reasons a predator soon learns to avoid them. Clearly there is much to be said from the point of view of a creature lacking a weapon, or possessed of an attractive flavour, for imitating the appearance or the habits of another which has succeeded in acquiring either of these for itself. The predator is thereby deceived. It is usual to recognise two kinds of mimicry, the first a simple relationship between mimic and model and known as Batesian mimicry after H. W. Bates who travelled in the Amazon Basin a hundred years ago. In South America there is a large family of butterflies known as *Heliconidæ* whose distinguishing features are a conspicuous livery of black and yellow and the habit of discharging a malodorous fluid when attacked. Birds and lizards know better than to attack them. What Bates discovered was that two harmless species of butterfly belonging to a different family, of which the other members are quite unlike the *Heliconidæ* in colour and wing-shape, associate with them and have borrowed their livery of black and yellow. The other kind of mimicry is less simple and involves two or more species, often unrelated but all equipped with some effective weapon, who as we might say have agreed to club together by wearing the same uniform. By this device all the associated species stand to benefit, since the number in each species which has to be sacrificed so that the predators can learn the lesson of avoiding them is proportionately less than if each wore its own distinctive uniform. This is known as Mullerian mimicry after the naturalist who propounded the theory not long after Bates propounded his. Striking examples could be given from tropical countries where the art of mimicry has reached a standard of perfection unknown to temperate lands. It is however supposed, though it has yet to be proved, that here at home the familiar social wasp has been joined by many of the solitary wasps, some of the hover-flies, some of the ichneumons, and possibly the wasp-beetle in a Mullerian profit-sharing association.

Reference to mimicry, and particularly to the model which is imitated, brings us logically to the whole question not of camouflage in itself, but to its opposite, to those many examples of creatures which far from concealing, seem to advertise their presence. Much of this flaunting of fine feathers has to do with sexual displays, and with recognition signals between members of the same species, but there remains a residue having a direct if inverted relevance to camouflage. Any creature with a weapon of defence or an offensive flavour is at an advantage; and will enjoy a further advantage if in some way it is able to advertise the fact, since without the advertisement it will often be too late to bring the weapon into play. The best form of advertisement will be a bright colour or a conspicuous pattern. The *Heliconid* butterflies, with their yellow and black colour-scheme, have achieved this, and there are others which seem to have attracted no imitators. The caterpillar of the cinnabar moth, so conspicuous once more in yellow and black, is an example. So is that of the magpie moth frequently seen on gooseberry bushes. A third, even more familiar, is the ladybird beetle. All these creatures wear what have been called warning colours and expose themselves freely, as though aware of the relative immunity they enjoy. The last two have been the subject of experiments which confirm the supposition that birds find them distasteful. Another form of display is that known as flash-coloration. The eyed hawk-moth has sombre upper wings which, when the insect rests during the daytime, cover the lower wings with their bright scarlet 'eyes.' But when a predator touches the moth the upper wings are suddenly raised and the unexpected display of the 'eyes' has been proved to have a startling effect. The grotesque caterpillar of the puss-moth has evolved its own variation of the same theme, presenting to the intimidated intruder a lurid red mask with black 'eyes.' Similarly a Brazilian hawk-moth transforms itself into what looks like a small but deadly snake.

These are notable exceptions to the general trend towards harmony between living creatures and their background. They are, however, exceptions explicable within the framework of the theory of protective coloration, since cogent explanations, in many cases backed up by experimental proof, can be put forward in their support. There are



others subject to no such explanation, nor to any other that we can clearly see. They are anomalies. Elton, for instance, in 'Animal Ecology' mentions the case of the arctic fox, whose snow-white coat acquired in winter is often cited as a supreme example of camouflage. What is forgotten, he writes, is that over the arctic regions generally the arctic fox has two distinct colour-variations, of which one has a white winter phase, while the other has a so-called blue, often very nearly black, winter phase. What could be more conspicuous than a black fox against a background of snow? There can be no question of warning coloration here. Why has natural selection failed to eliminate it? He remarks further that in many places the arctic fox lives in winter on carrion killed by bears or on caches of food previously collected. This might help to explain the black winter fox, but conspicuously fails to explain the white one. P. A. Buxton, author of 'Animal Life in Deserts,' has much to say on this subject, and his wide experience in desert countries has made him highly critical of the theory of protective coloration. Admitting that the colouring and habits of many animals lend support to the theory, he denies that it can apply to others, and this for more than one reason. The bird known as the cream-coloured courser, for instance, is a wonderful example of camouflage, or would be if it kept still, but when approached it runs away on its long legs. Again, and this is particularly interesting because it provides us with a parallel with the arctic fox, it appears that black is a colour appearing quite frequently among desert animals, cropping up among many widely separated groups, ranging from beetles and grasshoppers to lizards and birds, such as the raven and certain wheatears and chats. These and other anomalies have led him to deny that protective coloration, acting through natural selection, while undoubtedly existing, can be the primary cause of the prevailing browns, buffs, and greys of desert fauna. The primary cause, in his opinion, is some rather vaguely defined physical, and perhaps also chemical, relationship between an animal and its environment. This in fact is one theory to explain the coloration of animals, not without evidence in its favour. It appears to be established, for instance, that the formation of black pigments is favoured by high humidity and high temperature, that of brown and yellow pigments by low humidity

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and high temperature. In this case, though natural selection operates, it does so in a secondary sense by intensifying and perpetuating resemblance to the background already brought about. The other, more orthodox and more fully substantiated, theory is that variations in the colour and pattern of animals is a matter of heredity, depending on chance mutations or on the re-assortment of hereditary factors in the germ-cells. Of the variations so brought about, some will tone in with the background, while others will not. Those that do not will be eliminated by natural selection: those that do will be handed on and so become established. According to this explanation, which is in line with the general theory of evolution, protective coloration is a primary matter.

LESLIE REID.

## Art. 5.—BOLIVIA'S REVOLUTION.

HIGH in the Andes, with no coastline, and with two-fifths of her territory above what in Europe would be the snow-line, lies the Republic of Bolivia. Many have been the stories told of this mysterious land, often known as the Tibet of the Western Hemisphere. There have been whispers of the treasure of Atalhualpa, last of the independent Incas, which was buried in Bolivia to save it from Pizarro; of the gold and jewels hidden by the Spaniards themselves during the wars of liberation. There have been questions, too. Yesterday Bolivia's neighbours were asking themselves, and each other, what would be their fate should the millions of Bolivia's Indians assert themselves and wrest control of the country from the few whites who ruled it and them. To-day those neighbours are asking whether the political and social revolution now going on in Bolivia will affect them; because what is happening in Bolivia now is a reflection of the ferments being felt elsewhere in Latin America except where, as in Mexico, they have already worked themselves out. Bolivia thus continues to be a question-mark, and not only for her neighbours but for the whole of Latin America.

An understanding of events in Bolivia to-day requires some description of her independent history. It was little different from that of her sister republics, in that few of Bolivia's early rulers were enlightened or progressive. By 1898 the country had suffered no fewer than sixty revolutions, during which six presidents had been assassinated; while abroad Bolivia lost the disastrous war of 1879 against Chile and gave to her the Pacific coastline which had been Bolivia's sole outlet to the wider world. The assumption of power by President Pando in 1899 ended the worst period of excesses in Bolivian politics. Pando, having proved himself an able soldier, now turned his attention to the political and commercial condition of the country. He introduced civil government, but politics remained dominated by a restricted land-owning aristocracy who maintained their power through control of the army. Although this ruling faction was nominally divided into conservatives and liberals there was little to choose between the principles of either, and no great differences marked their policies when in office. There was no middle class, and the

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proletariat—comprising the Indians and those of mixed blood—had no share in the government. The Constitution of 1880 had given the vote to all literate males, but the high degree of illiteracy limited the number of those able to exercise their political rights. Nevertheless some progress was made: attention was given to education and financial reforms and to the development of natural resources, especially by means of railways. Thus Bolivia entered the twentieth century—a country feeling after progress, but still in all essentials little different from a Spanish imperial province. And so it remained virtually until the other day, to the extent that in 1949 a United Nations mission reported despairingly of the prevailing mismanagement, disunity, complacency, and ignorant indifference, and declared that the country was bankrupt.

The reasons why such a verdict could be given on Bolivia in the mid-twentieth century are to be found in the country's geographical and human characteristics. Geographically Bolivia is divided into three distinct regions. There is the Andean plateau, inhabited by Indians still living very much as they did when the Spaniards first disturbed their peace 400 years ago. This great tableland, the *Altiplano*, lies 11,000 feet above sea-level. Fertile in the north, it is little more than a barren desert in the south. The Indian population of this region lives in that part known as the Puña, which embraces the plateau proper, or in the Puña Brava, where, in tree-less wastes, nothing grows but barley, potatoes, and coarse grass. The second region is formed by the fertile Yungas, or valleys, which are temperate zones lying between 2,500 and 5,000 feet. Here wheat and maize are grown, and as the altitude decreases these give way to cocoa, coffee, rice, tobacco, and cotton. Finally, forming the third region, come the tropical plains in the north-east and east of Bolivia, where graze great herds of cattle, the wild descendants of domesticated animals. Yet until recent years this productive area had been neglected to such an extent that the local inhabitants were scarcely able to feed themselves, while Bolivia as a whole has for many years imported a considerable proportion of the food she needs.

This geographical division of Bolivia has been matched by divisions among her inhabitants. No census has been taken in recent years, but the total population is officially

estimated at 3,800,000. Of these just under half are classified as whites, but the real proportion of white inhabitants is almost certainly smaller. This element has traditionally occupied itself almost entirely with politics and the law, and as soldiers and landowners. It provided the oligarchy which, until recent years, ruled the country as by right. Nor was this state of affairs without practical reason, for it was a natural development of Spanish colonial rule, and the whites alone possessed the education and position necessary for the control of a country more than four times as large as Italy. Indeed, the geographical isolation of Bolivia has resulted in the whites retaining the thoughts and customs of their Spanish forbears to a greater extent than in many other South American states.

The whites are outnumbered by the *mestizos*, or *cholos* as they are termed locally, and by the Indians. The *cholos*, in particular, are in a strong position to challenge domination by the whites, whom they outnumber by two to one. They have often been described as ignorant, cruel, and intemperate. Yet they are more vigorous in body than the pure whites and more active in mind than the Indians, and from their ranks are coming the numerous strong characters now making their mark in Bolivian life. Even before the fundamental changes of recent years the *cholos* had gained for themselves a firm place in the economy of the country, largely by acquiring land from the Indians. To-day the leadership of the whites in politics and commerce is being increasingly challenged by the *cholos*.

The Indians, the third element in the population, account for 57 per cent. of the total. For long the Aymaras, Bolivia's original Indians, suffered at the hands of foreign invaders. First came the Incas, who brought with them the Quechua language and the system of communal land holdings, which both survive to-day. There followed the Spaniards, who speedily utilised the Indians as little more than slaves in the silver mines of Potosí, where the records show that the gold and silver mined there in Spanish colonial times reached the value of 120,000,000*l*. Nor did the disappearance of the Spanish Empire bring any improvement in the lot of the Indians. It was laid down in the Bolivian constitution that every slave who stepped on to Bolivian soil became free; but the rulers of independent Bolivia soon proved to be no better than the

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Spaniards in their treatment of the Indians. Indian labour was still exploited, for a time on the land following the decline in silver-mining, and later in mines once more, although this time the mineral was tin. Meanwhile the *cholos* spared no effort to dispossess the Indians of such land as remained to them.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the geographical composition of Bolivia and the racial composition of her population have had a centrifugal influence on the political and economic life of the country: for there are, in effect, three Bolivias inhabited by three different types of population. The result has been a lack of national cohesion which has greatly hindered the country's development. For many years, in fact, internal divisions were underlined by a curious provision in the constitution which obliged Congress to sit in the chief towns—La Paz, Sucre, Oruro, and Cochabamba—in rotation. It was necessary for government offices and archives to be frequently moved from one town to another, at considerable expense and no little risk. On one occasion a baggage train carrying important documents and records was crossing a swollen ford when the pack-animals were swept away. Under such conditions official work was disorganised and retarded. To-day, instead of four administrative capitals Bolivia has two, La Paz and Sucre, the latter being the constitutional capital and seat of the judiciary and the former the seat of government.

Geographical and racial disruptive influences have also affected Bolivia's relations with her neighbours. For many years Bolivia was regarded as something akin to a South American Poland from which slices of territory could be cut at will. Thus in the north-east, and west of the Paraguay river, Bolivia has lost territory to Brazil, an area in the south to Argentina, and the Pacific port of Antofagasta to Chile. In recent years Paraguay sought—according to the Bolivians—to deprive them of the Chaco, with its promise of oil. Yet it was her conflict with Paraguay, from 1932 to 1935, and her resulting defeat—which led to political disturbances of a kind more fundamental than any the country had previously experienced—which laid the foundation for the revolution now going on; for that defeat caused, for the first time in Bolivia's independent history, economic changes to be begun.

On their return from the front the Bolivian army found that unemployment, poverty, and profiteering were the order of the day. Their dissatisfaction soon found expression; the government was overthrown and a purely military regime assumed power, led first by Colonel David Toro and subsequently by Colonel Germán Busch. The names of these men will live in Bolivian history if only because they were the first to attempt to deal with the country's tin problem. Bolivia has for many years depended almost entirely on tin for her economic survival, and tin production was in the hands of a few foreign concerns who were thus in virtual control of exports on which Bolivia heavily depends for the financing of her imports, particularly of food. In face of the declining tin prices of the 1930s it became increasingly difficult to obtain enough foreign exchange to pay for those imports, and Colonels Toro and Busch, aiming at curtailing the foreign monopoly in tin, introduced anti-capitalist legislation. Thus Colonel Toro's administration proclaimed a programme calling for provision of work and maintenance for the unemployed, suppression of monopolies, nationalisation of communications, participation of workers in commercial profits, and monetary stabilisation. But these objectives proved over-ambitious and their only tangible result was the expropriation of the Standard Oil Company. Colonel Busch followed a more intensive anti-capitalist policy. He declared that oil had displaced tin as the leading factor in the national economy, and a state monopoly was set up to develop the oil industry while further restrictions were imposed on foreign capital in the tin industry.

His successor, General Carlos Quintanilla, restored constitutional government, and in 1940 General Enrique Peñaranda was elected president. He was fortunate in that the coming of war brought about an improvement in Bolivia's economic position, for as a result of the loss of Malaya, Bolivia became the Allied Nations' chief source of tin. The Bolivian government, however, looked beyond the wartime exaggerated demand for minerals and introduced a development programme aimed at broadening the basis of the national economy. It was certainly overdue in a country where partially or completely undeveloped resources include, in minerals alone, copper, silver, gold, borax, and nitrates. In the four years 1936 to 1940 it was

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estimated that Bolivia could have found at home 39 per cent. of all her imports ; instead oil and cereals that could have been produced at home were bought from Peru and Argentina, with a consequent drain on foreign exchange.

At the same time any scheme of this scope was beyond Bolivia's own resources. But Washington, anxious to ensure the continued flow of tin, offered aid, and a development corporation, financed equally by Bolivia and the United States, was set up. Some new industrial enterprises were established, including a glass factory and a sugar refinery ; and plans were made to increase agricultural production. But these schemes were interrupted in 1943, when the government was overthrown by the socialistic but nationalist *Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario*. Alarmed, Washington denounced this development as a Nazi plot. But this was too facile an explanation. In fact the ferments of the post-Chaco war period were still at work, and it was these that cast up an M.N.R. government in a coup different from any in Bolivia's previous history. It was different because it was the expression of deep social and economic discontents, particularly among the miners, rather than a further instalment in the political game of ins-and-outs that had been played for so long by the ruling classes. The miners worked—and still do—at altitudes between 10,000 and 14,000 feet. Their pay was low and their working and living conditions sharply limited their expectancy of life. Each year one in ten was permanently incapacitated by occupational diseases, which spread rapidly in their overcrowded hovels. Demands for higher wages and better conditions had been met by the mine-owners with the argument that any improvements would injure the national economy, because they would raise production costs to an extent that would compromise still further the competitive power of Bolivian tin in the world market. Thus the miners provided a fertile field for political agitation. To them the Allied need for tin meant nothing—except that they saw its effects as fastening the grip of foreign capital still more firmly on them. It was therefore natural that the most popular political gospel was one which blamed all Bolivia's troubles on the foreigner. It was foreigners—in this case the Chileans—who deprived Bolivia of her Pacific coastline in the past. Now it was foreigners who impeded wider economic development for



fear that it would end Bolivia's dependence on tin, and thus on them. The reason for the United States' share in the economic development programme was said to be the desire of Washington to extend its control over the country.

Against this background it was hardly surprising that the United States frowned on the new government, which was thus denied the aid it needed to undertake any economic development. The consequence was that in 1943 the M.N.R. lost power in a further coup, in which their leader, President Gualberto Villaroel, was lynched. The army, with the backing of the traditional conservative forces, again assumed control of the country, and Bolivian politics and economics reverted to their customary pattern-government by a white minority and dependence on tin. But in 1951 a deadlock developed between La Paz and Washington over the price to be paid by the United States for Bolivian tin. The figure offered was claimed by Bolivia to be below the prevailing world price. This was naturally an issue of importance to Bolivia, where the tin export tax provided more than half the national revenue and tin itself accounted for between 80 and 90 per cent. of the value of the country's exports. The attitude of the United States thus aroused considerable indignation, not only in Bolivia but also elsewhere in Latin America. Washington was accused of economic aggression against Bolivia, and warnings were widely heard that the United States would next try to beat down prices for Latin American copper, coffee, sugar, and rubber.

But indignation was not the sole result of this quarrel, for nothing could have better calculated to bring about the return to power of the M.N.R. That party was concerned in eighteen uprisings between 1943 and 1949, and in the presidential elections of 1951 its candidate, Dr Victor Paz Estenssoro, gained a plurality but not an absolute majority of the votes—a fact which provided the ground for the decision that he was thus not entitled to take office. Dr Paz, who had been Finance Minister in the previous M.N.R. administration, remained in exile in Buenos Aires. But with tin exports fallen as the result of the dispute with Washington, mines closed and miners workless, and with living costs rising, the situation presented a chance which the M.N.R. could not, and did not, miss. In May 1952, basing its claim to power on its successes in the elections a

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year before, the M.N.R. displaced the ruling military junta and took over the government.

The party had fought the 1951 election on a platform in which nationalisation of the tin mines was a main plank, and now it was in control of the country it wasted little time before putting this policy into effect. At the same time, Dr Paz, now President of the Republic, declared: 'We are not anti-capitalists. We lack capital and cannot close the way for capital to aid Bolivia.' His aim and that of his party was and is to break Bolivia's dependence on tin; but both he and they realise that, despite their propaganda in 1943, this can only be achieved with the help of foreign capital. In 1943 Washington had frowned on the M.N.R. Now, notwithstanding the nationalisation of the tin mines, the United States smiled on them; and it is thanks to aid from Washington that Bolivia has not only been saved from bankruptcy but enabled to undertake the economic revolution that is still going on.

The aim of the M.N.R. has been to break the country's dependence on tin by broadening the basis of its economy, and in the process to improve the lot of the Indians and *cholos*. Essential to the achievement of both objectives is an increase in domestic food production, for Bolivia, although capable of supplying all her food needs, has for many years imported one-third of that food at an annual cost of 25,000,000\$. But if increased agricultural production is essential to the wider objective, that increase can only be effective if the results are easily available throughout the country, and that, in turn, has required an improvement in communications.

Hitherto Bolivia's railways have been concentrated on the *Altiplano*, whence they run westwards to the Pacific and southwards to the Argentine border. The eastern lowlands, which account for two-thirds of the area of the country, have been virtually isolated. Transport between the Amazon basin and La Paz, for example, has depended on pack animals, except what it has been possible to transport by air. This isolation of a region potentially rich in oil and for agriculture has been due in part to difficulties of terrain and partly because the absence of any seaward outlet from eastern Bolivia eliminated the incentive to develop the country. The practical consequence was that meat was cheap in the east—so cheap that cattle were valued

chiefly for their hides—but scarce and dear in the capital, where what was available was, as often as not, brought in from Argentina.

Since 1952 this isolation has been partly overcome by the building of a modern highway, which, with the aid of a 16,000,000\$ loan from the Export-Import Bank, has been completed between Cochabamba and Santa Cruz de la Sierra, the main centre of eastern Bolivia. To-day lorries travel between these two towns in 15 hours, compared with the former travelling time of anything between four days and a month. Contact has also been established between eastern Bolivia and the outer world by rail—the fulfilment of arrangements dating back to 1938. In that year the Bolivian and Brazilian governments agreed that Brazil should build a 400-mile rail link between the Brazilian town of Corumbá and Santa Cruz de la Sierra. The work was begun at once through country which has been described as one of the toughest propositions ever faced by railway builders, and in 1955 President Café Filho of Brazil and President Paz Estenssoro of Bolivia jointly opened the new line to traffic. Direct communication was thus established between Bolivia and the Atlantic, for Corumbá is linked by rail with the Brazilian port of Santos where, by an agreement made in 1943, Bolivia was granted free port facilities.

This first outlet to the sea for eastern Bolivia will be paralleled when the railway now being built from the Argentine frontier at Yacuiba reaches Santa Cruz. But one link will remain to be built before it will be possible to travel by rail from Santos through Bolivia to the Pacific. The gap is between Santa Cruz and Cochabamba, a distance of 450 miles; of this only 82 miles of track have so far been laid and many obstacles have still to be overcome before the remaining 370 miles can be completed.

Nevertheless, with a new road westward, and new rail links eastward to Brazil and southward to Argentina, eastern Bolivia is on the threshold of significant development. A national plan proposes that eventually the region will produce rice, sugar, vegetable oils, and cotton to a total value of 12,000,000\$ a year, so saving this sum in foreign exchange. This plan is part of the general policy of raising the output of food, of which another feature is an extensive land reform programme, carried out in the light

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of experience in Mexico and Guatemala, by which the largest estates are being divided among the Indians who previously worked them. But although much land has already been allotted in this way, food production has not yet risen significantly as a result—because the Indian, long content with a bare subsistence level of existence, has still to be convinced of the need to cultivate a greater area than provides his immediate wants. In any case land reform has been restricted almost entirely to the western highlands, for in eastern Bolivia there have been few large estates. Yet here there is a serious problem in the form of a scarcity of population. Indeed, this is a problem which afflicts the whole country, and many thousands have sought work in Argentina. Eighty per cent. of the population live on the *Altiplano*; they have little in common with their compatriots in the east, and it has proved difficult to persuade many of them to move thither. The highland Indians have been especially reluctant to change their homes. Much of the land they possessed before the land reform is virtually worthless for food production, but they are nevertheless unwilling to leave it. Nor are they altogether wrong, for they owe their survival largely to their seclusion in these mountain wastes, and because of the frequent dispossession of land they have suffered in the past they have become suspicious of efforts to move them now.

More immediately profitable has been the sudden expansion of Bolivia's oil industry. Oil in Bolivia first attracted international attention during the Chaco war, when, as has been mentioned, the Bolivians contended that the Paraguayans wanted to deprive them of the known oil reserves in the area. The next chapter in the story took the form of nationalisation, when the Standard Oil Company, which had been engaged in Bolivia since 1921, was deprived of an investment worth 17,000,000\$ on the ground that it had illegally exported oil to Argentina. A State Oil Board replaced it, and agreements were made with Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay to supply them with oil. At the time the Bolivian government claimed that sales of oil to Argentina alone would bring in as much as 20,000,000\$ a month. But in fact production declined; it did not even meet Bolivia's modest home needs, and petrol rationing was introduced. Attempts were made to secure the help of

United States technicians by settlement with Washington of the dispute resulting from nationalisation of the industry; but these were opposed by nationalist elements and Bolivia remained largely dependent on oil imports.

But signs of a change came in 1951, when a United Nations mission confirmed that Bolivia's oil reserves were extensive, and the industry began to move forward in the following year, after the M.N.R. had gained power. Since then intensive efforts have been made to increase the output of oil. The aim of these efforts has been twofold—to replace oil imports costing 8,000,000\$ a year from Bolivia's slender dollar resources, and to raise production to a point at which oil could partially if not wholly replace tin as a source of foreign exchange. A start was made in 1953 with a plan which called for self-sufficiency in oil by 1954, and 2,000,000\$ was invested in buying new equipment for the State Oil Board. That sum was all that could be spared, and it did not buy enough or go far towards paying foreign experts. Yet, working under difficult conditions—often in dense jungle, a few experts have brought off what looked like a gamble. From less than 1,000 barrels a day in 1952 output rose to 10,000 barrels in 1954—or double Bolivia's domestic needs—and to 12,000 barrels in 1955. So now Bolivia produces not only all the oil she needs herself but also exports to her neighbours oil worth 6,500,000\$ a year—a net annual gain of 14,500,000\$. A pipeline opened last year carries 2,500 barrels a day to Argentina, while to Brazil oil goes in road tankers and in railway tank waggons. In return Bolivia gets meat and other food-stuffs, and manufactured goods.

Alongside this rise in oil output have come many rosy forecasts about the amount of oil in Bolivia still to be tapped. It is known for certain that in one small area of south-east Bolivia alone reserves amount to 47,000,000 barrels, and it has been estimated that on the basis of all known reserves Bolivia could earn an annual 65,000,000\$ from oil—provided there were enough pipelines to distribute it inside and outside the country. Yet if forecasts have coincided with the rise in production, so have hard facts. The Government realised in 1955 that Bolivia did not possess the resources to undertake the double task of increasing output and building hundreds of miles of pipelines. Thus, although the Government is left-wing, indeed

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revolutionary, in most of its economic and social policies and despite the nationalisation of oil in 1937, plans were made to allow foreign capital to enter the industry. After consultations with United States experts the Government introduced their Petroleum Code. This divides the country into six zones, of which one is reserved for the State Oil Board. In the other five zones concessions of up to fifty years are offered to private foreign capital. It is laid down that equipment may be imported free of duty and that oil exports should be free of taxes and control. In return the Government asks for a 30 per cent. royalty—which is 20 per cent. less than what is paid by oil companies in many other countries. The balance of profits may be freely converted into the currency in which the original investment was made.

This code at once attracted foreign attention, and numerous enquiries to La Paz were quickly followed by visits from oil technicians. They came, of course, from the United States, but also from as far away as Japan. The first substantial result was seen a few months ago, when the Gulf Oil Corporation of the United States received a 40-year concession to prospect over 3,700,000 acres hitherto reserved to the state monopoly. The company will eventually invest 40,000,000\$, which will include a share in the cost of building a 270-mile pipeline across the Andes to the Chilean port of Arica, where Bolivia has free port facilities. Other United States interests have contracted to build a second pipeline for the supply of natural gas to copper producers in Chile. Altogether Bolivia in four years has made more spectacular progress towards a place among the world's oil-producing nations than have some of her neighbours over a much longer period. Of course, total production in Bolivia is still small compared with output elsewhere—with the 2,000,000 barrels produced daily in Venezuela, for instance. Nevertheless the fact that production has been increased more than ten times in four years, without foreign capital and with little foreign help, means that the chances are good that the years to come will show even more striking results.

Yet although oil may become in time Bolivia's main export, her principal source of foreign exchange remains tin. Since nationalisation of the main tin mines production costs have risen, partly because of higher wages, and out-



put has fallen—a development attributed by the Government to reduced effort by the miners, of whom, it has been said, 6,000 are superfluous. The world price of tin has also fallen, and so, with lower exports for lower returns, coupled with heavy domestic investment in development projects, Bolivia is suffering serious inflation. Indeed the country and its government owe their survival largely to United States material and monetary aid, which has amounted to nearly 60,000,000\$ since 1952, although in many ways the M.N.R. has been pursuing policies akin to those followed by Colonel Arbenz in Guatemala.

Yet those policies have commended themselves to the Bolivian people, for they returned the M.N.R. to power last July in an election which provided a milestone in the progress of democratic practices—because, for the first time in Bolivia, all adult citizens, men and women, were obliged to vote on pain of a fine amounting to between one and three months' wages. In previous elections only 170,000 who were literate and possessed certain property qualifications could vote. But in July, although eight in every ten Bolivians can neither read nor write and although fewer than five in ten speak Spanish, 1,500,000 were eligible to vote, and most of them did so, by selecting ballot papers coloured according to the party of their choice. That this once more proved to be the M.N.R. surprised nobody. Since 1952 the opposition parties had been suppressed and their leaders exiled—on the possibly accurate grounds that they would obstruct the economic revolution. The announcement of a complete political amnesty at the end of March allowed no time for them to make any impression on the electorate before the voting four months later. Not that any opposition group stood much chance of victory at the polls, for the retiring president, Dr Paz—who refused to seek re-election—has been more popular than any of his predecessors.

Yet although the M.N.R. triumphed at the polls and can claim to have received a vote of confidence in its policies, it still faces two dangers. One is economic—that the decline of tin as the mainstay of the country's economy will be more rapid than the growth of oil as an eventual substitute. The second danger is political—that the M.N.R. itself, a loose alliance of moderates and extreme left elements, of miners and peasants, of whites, *cholos* and

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Indians, will become divided against itself. It was such a split that ended its first tenure of power in 1946, and in the last few years Dr Paz had continually been forced to hold a balance between moderates and extremists. His successor in the presidency is Señor Hernan Siles Suazo, a moderate who was formerly vice-president. The leftist element is represented by the new vice-president, Señor Julio Nuflez Chavez, formerly Minister for Rural Affairs. An unknown quantity, however, is Señor Juan Lechin, left-wing leader of the Workers' Federation. His demands for further nationalisation and his attacks on foreign capital have been met in the past by Dr Paz with the observation that the Federation was not the government. Whether Señor Siles will be as successful as his predecessor in holding the party together remains to be seen. But two facts in the picture of Bolivia to-day are incontestable. One is that since 1952 the country has undergone a revolution unlike anything it has ever experienced before, and comparable only to that in Mexico, although in Bolivia it has been accomplished so far without bloodshed. The second fact—and it is a measure of the effect of that revolution—is that President Siles is the first elected chief magistrate to have followed an elected predecessor in thirty years of recent Bolivian history.

N. P. MACDONALD.

# Art. 6.—STAMPS CELEBRATE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

THE stamp collector who is really absorbed in his subject is fortunate in having the very world at his finger-tips, and thus possesses a wider knowledge of the world, world affairs, its history, geographical aspects, its peoples, wild life, etc., than most hobbyists.

Familiarity with his stamps has made him 'world conscious,' and the matters or events displayed and commemorated on stamps have given him the basic information which he can supplement by dint of further investigation and research.

Thus, in the matter of stamps used to denote and to designate contemporary history, he finds that the countries of the British Commonwealth have admirably kept pace with the passage of important 'Empire' events by the regular production of special stamps.

These indicate political realisations, national distinctions, characteristics, achievements, feats, and attainments. Any collection of this type can benefit educationalists, who could well correlate these into their teaching programme.

There have, of course, been many events celebrated by more than one Commonwealth country at the same time. These have been the coronation of King George V (1911) and King George VI (1937), with the crowning of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II (1953) also being recognised.

In addition, other royal occasions have included the twenty-first birthday and the wedding of Queen Elizabeth II, while similarly, Peace and Victory celebrations at the end of the first and second World Wars have been collectively commemorated in special issues made from 1919 to 1921 and between 1945 and 1947.

The Australian Government has assisted to publicise national events. First, in 1927, a single issue was placed on sale to mark the opening of the first Federal Parliament at the new capital of Canberra. The design comprised a view of the Parliament buildings, commenced in 1923 and costing 750,000*l.* to erect.

The opening of Sydney's 10*l.* million Harbour Bridge, the largest arch type in the world, 1,650 feet long and connecting Milsons Point with Dawe's Point, was com-

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memorated in three stamps issued in 1932. A striking aspect of the structure was represented.

Another important national enterprise, the inauguration of the 161-mile-long submarine telephone cable service, enabling the simultaneous transmission of telephone, telegraph, and broadcast programmes between Victoria and Tasmania, was marked with two stamps during 1936: the figure of Amphitrite, holding the two ends of the cable.

In 1940 four stamps made their appearance to demonstrate Australia's participation in the Second World War, and pictured a sailor, soldier, and airman, with the head of a Red Cross nurse. This design was adapted from a patriotic painting by the Australian artist Virgil Reilly. Australian service personnel served in Greece, Crete, North Africa, Malaya, Java, Europe, and the Pacific.

In 1945 the Commonwealth printed three stamps, bearing portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, which celebrated the installation of the Duke as Australia's first Royal Governor-General. The Duke figured in military uniform, the Duchess in Air Force dress. During his time of office, almost two years, the Duke travelled 76,000 miles throughout Australia and its Territories.

Two Pan-Pacific Boy Scout Jamborees, means of cementing international relations, were commemorated in Australian stamps, printed in 1948 and in 1952. The former Jamboree, attended by some 12,000 Scouts from Australian States and many Pacific countries, was held at Wonga Park, Melbourne.

The latter, at Greystanes near Sydney, in 1952, was similarly attended by 12,000 Scouts, while 115,000 visitors inspected the camp. On both occasions the Australian Post Office introduced a single stamp, of the one design, typifying a Scout leaning on a staff.

Australia also paid its tribute to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth when, accompanied by the Duke, she made a two months' triumphant tour of the Commonwealth in 1954. For that event three new stamps were issued, two of which adopted combined portraits of the Royal visitors, with the third having a half-length study of the Queen in court dress. Their Australian tour involved 14,000 miles.

When in possession of their own stamps, the States of Queensland and Victoria in 1900 distributed 'patriotic' stamps to mark participation in the Boer War. The

Victorian sequence illustrated Australian servicemen and a study of the coveted 'Victoria Cross' award; while Queensland's contribution included units of the Navy, mounted and foot soldiers, a flag and portrait of Queen Victoria.

In the same year New Zealand introduced a stamp to demonstrate its part in the Boer War by portraying the New Zealand contingent in camp.

Another new stamp was provided by New Zealand in 1901 in connection with the granting of universal penny postage, and utilised a portrait of 'Zealandia' holding a caduceus (a symbol of the messenger), a steamer, a globe, and a view of Mount Egmont, New Zealand's 8,260-feet peak, named by Captain Cook.

The holding of the New Zealand Exhibition at Christchurch in 1906 was granted philatelic status with an historical sequence of four stamps. The re-enactment of the landing of the Maoris about 1350 A.D.; the landing of Captain Cook at Poverty Bay, 1769; the annexation of Wellington in 1840; and a group of Maoris carving a war canoe, were highlights of those designs.

In 1923 a map of the Dominion appeared as topic for another special issue made to honour the restoration of penny postage throughout the land; and two years later, the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition at Dunedin merited three stamps, all with the view of the grounds of the Exhibition itself.

Five stamps in 1936 coincided with the Congress in Wellington of the Federation of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire. These large-size stamps were devoted to studies of New Zealand industry. These typified sheep farming, an interior study of an apple-sorting factory and a butter factory, the transport of wool for export, with a representation showing the import of goods at a wharf.

Two other stamps were circulated in New Zealand in 1953 in respect to the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. One value displayed combined portraits, the second used a single likeness of the Queen. The Royal Party was in the Dominion from Dec. 23, 1953, to Jan. 30, 1954.

Prior to visiting New Zealand, Fiji had honoured the Queen with a stamp bearing her portrait, the Fijian Arms,

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and a special inscription commemorative of the Royal Party's presence (Dec. 17-29, 1953).

British Commonwealth countries in Asia have also made interesting issues to mark the passage of history. New Delhi in 1931 was officially inaugurated as the Imperial Indian capital, and this event yielded a series of pictorial stamps, appropriating aspects of buildings in that city. These ranged from the ornate Council House, the Secretariat, the Viceroy's House, to the Purana Qila (Mogul Fort) and the All-India War Memorial.

Then, in 1947, following the partition of India, the granting of Indian independence was fittingly observed with a trio of stamps. The Indian national flag, a view of the top of the ancient Asoka pillar, and a Constellation aircraft in flight, were the selected designs identifying the issue.

The following year the inauguration of India's external air service from Bombay to London was celebrated by a single stamp portraying a Constellation airliner in flight.

Initially a Dominion, in 1950 India became a republic within the Commonwealth, when four stamps were specially prepared for the occasion. The design showing a boy and girl and rejoicing crowds signified the attainment of nationhood, and a quill pen and verse denoted value of education to the new India. A third design depicting an ear of corn and plough symbolised agriculture, while a spinning wheel and cloth typified the importance of weaving to India.

A sporting occasion, the first Asian Games, held at New Delhi in 1951, was made the subject of two new stamps, picturing a lighted torch and an outline map of Asia. The Games were contested by eleven countries of Asia, with a total of 470 competitors, the champion nation being Japan.

Two striking stamps, having as their motif a view of Mount Everest, some 29,030 feet (taken by the Indian Air Force), appeared during 1953 in connection with the first successful ascent of the world's highest mountain. This feat was accomplished by a New Zealand mountaineer, Sir Edmund Hillary, and a Sherpa guide, 'Tiger' Tensing.

India also marked its adherence to the principles and hopes of the United Nations Organisation by distributing two stamps in 1954 to honour United Nations Day

(Oct. 24). The U.N. emblem and a lotus blossom (a symbol of Buddha) dominated the design. India was one of the original 51 members of U.N.

Dehra Dun was chosen as the venue for the fourth World Forestry Congress in 1954, and the Indian authorities celebrated the event in a single stamp, illustrating the Forest Research Institute building, opened in 1929, where the Congress was held.

The four stamps put out by Pakistan (now the Islamic Republic of Pakistan) in 1948 in commemoration of its independence included views of the Constituent Assembly building in Karachi; the entrance to Karachi Airport; the Gate of Lahore; and the star and crescent symbol.

Not to be outdone by the issue of stamps to mark the successful ascent of Mount Everest by India, Pakistan introduced a new stamp in 1954 to celebrate the ascent of the world's second highest mountain, K2, or Mount Godwin-Austen, climbed that year by an Italian mountaineering party. The design adopted a view of the snow-capped peak, 28,250 feet high, which divides Kashmir from Chinese Turkestan.

Pakistan also issued three stamps in 1955 to commemorate the unification of West Pakistan, the design of which bore a map of the West Pakistan Province. When the 'Islamic Republic of Pakistan' assumed this new title, bearing with it a new relationship with the Crown, a special issue was made on March 23 last. Inscribed 'Republic Day,' the design carried a view of the Constituent Assembly building in Karachi. On either side of the picture occur ears of wheat and tea plants, symbolising two products of national importance.

The inauguration of a new constitution for the present Dominion of Ceylon was observed in 1947 with a new printing of four stamps. One design showed the Parliament building, built as the State Council chambers in 1930 in Colombo, while another typified Adam's Peak, 7,000 feet high and revered by Buddhists under the name of Sri Pada. The Temple of the Sacred Tooth (the Dalada Maligawa) and the Lake at Kandy figured on another value. Located at an altitude of 1,600 feet, the Temple contains the sacred eye-tooth of Buddha. The fourth denomination pictured the Ruwanveli Dagoba, 254 feet in diameter and 178 feet high, in the ancient city of

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Anuradhapura, the island's first buried city. The structure contains many relics and objects associated with Buddha.

Aspects of the Colombo Plan, inaugurated to implement and sustain co-operative economic development in South-East Asia, were symbolised in two stamps put out by Ceylon in 1952. Marking a Colombo Plan Exhibition, the design common to both showed the Mace of Ceylon, presented by the British House of Commons, surrounded by signs of progress. These showed ploughing by oxen and work in action on the Gal-Oya Dam—a major irrigation enterprise. Similarly, representing port development was a miniature showing work on Colombo Harbour, and finally, indicative of educational achievement, was a view of the new Peradeniya University at Kandy.

The Queen's visit to Ceylon in 1954, on her way back to Britain, after her visit to Australia and New Zealand, was publicised with a stamp bearing her portrait and a representation of the ceremonial Buddhist Perahera procession, led by gaily caparisoned elephants, with dancers and musicians, through the streets of Kandy.

Early last year (1956) the Royal Agricultural and Food Exhibition at Colombo was made a postal occasion, with a stamp having agriculture as its theme. Amazingly included on the one design was a man ploughing, native women planting rice, a sheaf of wheat, cow, goat, fowl and duck, and nineteen examples of fruit and vegetable products.

Turning to North America, we find that another country to keep pace with history is Canada. In 1932 Canada was the location of the famous Economic Conference at Ottawa, when three stamps were printed, bearing portraits of King George V, the Duke of Windsor (as Prince of Wales), and an allegory of the 'British Empire' gazing into the uncertain future of the times.

Canada also made an issue in 1933 for the Preliminary Meeting of the Universal Postal Union Congress, sited at Ottawa, when the Parliamentary Buildings were displayed. The World Grain Conference and Exhibition at the wheat area of Regina was commemorated the same year by a stamp illustrating a tractor-drawn wheat harvester.

Three stamps made their appearance throughout Canada to record the visit in 1939 of the late King George VI and the Queen Mother. On one, combined



portraits of the King and Queen were shown; a second adopted portraits of Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth II) and Princess Margaret (the first time she had been honoured postally). The final layout depicted the imposing National War Memorial at Ottawa, unveiled by the King during his tour.

Newfoundland (now part of Canada) also took a postal part in the 1939 Royal Tour by issuing a stamp showing Their Majesties in medallion formats flanking the Newfoundland Coat of Arms, to signify their brief stay on the island, while on their way back to Britain.

Canada's war effort was recognised in a series of 1942 stamps. The King was displayed as Commander-in-Chief of the Military, Naval and Air Forces, while other stamps included pictures of a Ram tank, a Tribal-class destroyer, a corvette under construction, a group of airmen and training planes, a munitions factory, a plane over an industrial area, with a farm scene and a grain elevator marking the food front.

Canada struck another stamp in commemoration of the visit in 1951 of H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who travelled 16,000 miles by air, land, and sea during their Dominion tour. The stamp carried uninspiring medallion portraits of the Queen and the Duke.

When the International Red Cross Conference—the 18th—was held at Toronto in 1952, a striking stamp went on issue, using the international Red Cross insignia superimposed on a sun whose rays shone down earthwards. The supreme governing body of the Red Cross meets every four years, and the Canadian Conference was the first held in the Western Hemisphere since 1912.

Each year since 1953 Canada has observed 'Wild Life Week' with special stamps to emphasise the need for protecting and restoring Dominion wild life. Already typified in the interesting issues have been studies of the polar bear (found in the Arctic regions of Canada); the moose, or elk, the largest living deer; bighorn sheep, also known as the Rocky Mountain sheep, noted for its big horns; a walrus; beaver; a musk ox (limited to the North-West Territories); and the rare whooping cranes, reduced in number to some twenty-one examples, but now protected both in Canada and the U.S.A. Caribou and mountain goat figured on the 1956 series.

In 1955 Canada was the host nation to some 15,000 Boy Scouts from more than 63 countries, when the eighth World Scout Jamboree (held every four years) was held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ottawa. The ten-day camp on a 500-acre estate was marked by a stamp having as its motif a reproduction of the Scout badge placed between the globes of the two hemispheres.

The decision by the people of Newfoundland, the former British colony, incorporating 42,750 square miles, to become part of Canada was remembered in 1949 by a stamp which related to the discovery of the island in 1497 by John Cabot. His ship, 'The Matthew,' under sail was featured.

British Africa has also brought about special 'contemporary history' stamps over the years. Stamps proclaimed the establishment of the Union of South Africa in 1910, when a portrait of George V was shown surrounded by the badges of the four colonies in the Union—Transvaal, Cape Colony, Orange Free State, and Natal.

An International Philatelic Exhibition was held at Johannesburg, in which priceless stamps from many parts of the world were exhibited during 1936, and two stamps used for the event illustrated a springbok and an impression of the arrival at the Cape in 1652 of the Dutch Captain Van Riebeck's ship.

South Africa's Second World War effort was marked in 1941 with stamps portraying her fighting and home front representatives. These stamps showed an infantryman; sailor and a destroyer; women of the auxiliary services; heavy artillery; an airman (Lieutenant Bob Kershaw, the first South African to win the D.S.O.); units of the Tank Corps; a nurse and an ambulance; and a workman welding.

The visit in 1947 of the late King, the Queen Mother, and Queen Elizabeth II (as Princess) and Princess Margaret to South Africa resulted in the circulation of attractively designed stamps featuring the Royal Tourists by South Africa, South-West Africa, and the territories of Southern Rhodesia, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland.

Two overprinted stamps on which a view of Lake Naivasha was the centrepiece were duly printed by Kenya in 1952, when the Queen (as Princess) and the Duke were en route to Australia. Though the issue was one of many

promised by other countries scheduled for visitation, the remainder of the journey was cancelled due to the sudden death of King George VI and the new Queen's return to Britain.

The Kenya authorities again produced a visit stamp in 1954 for the Queen's tour, and this time pictured the Owen Falls Dam, which, situated at Jinja in Uganda, on the Nile River, holds back sufficient water to generate 150,000 kilowatts of power. Costing 22½ million, it was opened by the Queen during her stay.

Another African territory, Nigeria, early last year (1956) marked the visit of the Queen and the Duke with an overprinted stamp, the main assembly for which depicted tin-mining operations.

In 1949 the 326,000½ National Voortrekker Monument, in Pretoria, was unveiled on the 111th anniversary of the Battle of the Blood River (an incident in the early history of South Africa), which event was made the object of three stamps. One showed the striking memorial; another interpreted one of the Dutch caravans; the final design depicted an open Bible and a lighted candle, flanked by Voortrekker men and women.

South Africa in 1955 distributed a stamp to celebrate the Union Covenant Celebrations. This portrayed Andries Pretorius, the hero of Blood River, and an outline of the Church of the Vow at Pietermaritzberg, now retained as a Museum, with the flag of the Republic of Natalia.

Rhodesia in 1905 introduced stamps to mark both the visit of representatives of the British South Africa Company and the opening of the Victoria Falls Bridge over the Zambezi River. The design utilised a fine picture of the Falls, which are 1½ miles wide and discharge 80 million gallons of water a minute, while the bridge just below the Falls, a 650-foot-long cantilever type 364 feet above the river, was not displayed.

In 1953 Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, now the Central African Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, introduced stamps of the common motif, the national arms and the Queen's portrait, in connection with the special Exhibition held to honour the centenary of the birth of Cecil John Rhodes, the great African pioneer.

The Republic of Transvaal, since 1910 a province in the

South African Union, in 1895 signified the granting of penny postage with the release of a stamp bearing study of the National Arms and a train emerging from a tunnel.

Malta in 1950 printed three attractive portrait stamps for the Queen, who as Princess Elizabeth made four visits to this 'George Cross' Island when her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, was stationed in the Mediterranean with the Royal Navy. The island also issued another stamp in 1954 for the visit made by both the Queen and the Duke. The historic St John's Co-Cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1573 and which contains many priceless tapestries, mosaics, and a painted roof, was used to mark the occasion, with an overprint inscription.

Self-government won by Malta in 1947 netted a re-issue of a 1938 pictorial series, ranging from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 10s., in fifteen values. The striking designs as well as picturing the Grand Harbour, Valetta; portrait of St Publius, De L'Isle, St Paul, and a Maltese girl wearing a faldetta, were devoted to publicising well-known Maltese architectural landmarks.

Gibraltar, at the other end of the Mediterranean, commemorated the inauguration of the Legislative Council in 1950 with a set of four stamps. These stamps carried pictures of the Rock (from the North Side), Europa Point, Moorish Castle, and the Southport Gate, with an added overprint inscription.

Similarly, a 1954 stamp, showing a view of the Rock and an inscription, coincided with the visit made to the Colony by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The building of a typical dhow figured on the stamp, also marked 'Royal Visit 1954,' issued by Crown Colony of Aden on the occasion of the visit made by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

To direct attention to the Trans-Antarctic Expedition being organised by Britain and supported by certain other members of the British Commonwealth, the Falkland Island Dependencies issued last year (1956) a specially overprinted stamp. The subject was a study of the Antarctic vessel 'Trespassey,' engaged in the area between 1945 and 1947.

Although the first country in the world to introduce adhesive postage stamps, Great Britain has been very sparing in the matter of commemoration stamps. However, in 1924 two new stamps went on issue to coincide

with the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The traditional British Lion and King George V's portrait were represented.

In 1929 the Postal Union Congress was held in London and five stamps were made available on the occasion. All adopted portraits of King George V, the 1*l.* denomination additionally characterising the slaying of the dragon by St George, Patron Saint of England. The Universal Postal Union, by which mail matter is enabled to be handled with special care and attention by member nations, was founded by the Congress held at Berne, Switzerland, in 1874.

The fourteenth Olympic Games, staged by Britain in 1948, with 61 competing nations, was similarly marked by four stamps, all of which represented symbolic motifs. The Olympic five ringed circles, representing the five continents, figured in all values, which displayed a laurel wreath on a globe; 'Speed'; the winged figure of Victory; and the Olympic insignia. The first of the modern Olympic Games was conducted in Greece in 1896.

The Festival of Britain, held in 1951 to demonstrate British achievements and the British way of life, with special exhibits relating to science, agriculture, engineering, architecture, and literature were highlighted. The two commemoration stamps signified Commerce and Prosperity and the Festival Symbol—the head of Britannia merged into the top point of a compass, decorated with flags.

Britain, as was to be expected, circulated an attractive set of four Coronation stamps in 1953. All displayed different portraits of Queen Elizabeth II, with symbols associated with the Coronation and her high office. A 1*s.* 3*d.* value featured a half-length profile of the Queen in ermine robes, wearing the St Edward Crown and holding the orb and the sceptre.

The British countries of the West Indies have also provided issues of an historical nature for some time. For example, the granting of a new constitution to Jamaica in 1944 was duly made a postal occasion, when seven new stamps were distributed. One design pictured a figure symbolising 'Labour and Learning,' and another included medallion portraits of King Charles II and King George VI.

A 5*s.* stamp, in tripartite arrangement, depicted the Charter scroll, the national flag, and a portrait of the King. Others illustrated the Courthouse at Falmouth,

the Institute of Jamaica, and the Old House of Assembly.

In 1952 the first Caribbean Scout Jamboree was held at Briggs Park, Jamaica, with 20,000 Scouts attending. Consequently, this activity was recalled in two new stamps, both using maps of Jamaica and the Caribbean area on which the Scout badge and a portrait of King George VI were superimposed.

The Restoration of the Legislative Council in 1950 was the occasion for an issue of four special stamps introduced in 1951 on the Virgin Islands. The common design comprised a map of the presidency and the King's portrait.

In 1951 also the granting of a new constitution for the West Indies—the ultimate aim being a Federation—was celebrated with other stamps current in Dominica, Grenada, St Vincent, and St Lucia. All issues were overprinted stamps issued previously, in pictorial format, throughout the Indies.

In common with all other islands of the West Indies, Antigua released in 1951 two stamps, portraying the Arms of the British West Indies University, founded in 1948, and Princess Alice, whose installation as Chancellor in 1950, the first woman to hold such an office at a University, the issue actually commemorated. The University College is situated seven miles from Kingston, in Jamaica, and contains a land area of three square miles.

In 1948 the City of Castries, on the island of St Lucia, in the Windward Island group, was almost destroyed by fire. Forty blocks of buildings were destroyed and 1,000 persons rendered homeless. Subsequently, in 1951, the reconstruction of the city was heralded by a stamp, viewing the symbolical Phoenix rising from the ruins of buildings in Castries.

During 1953 Bermuda, in the West Atlantic, struck a single stamp in commemoration of the visit of Queen Elizabeth, the design consisting of a study of the Longtail Bird in flight, the Queen's portrait, and an appropriate inscription.

Another two stamps, included in earlier pictorial series, bearing a map of the Islands, made their appearance when the meeting of representatives of the so-called 'Big Three' countries, Britain, France, and the United States, was held in Bermuda. The stamps were additionally inscribed 'Three Power Talks. December, 1953.'

S. T. GEORGE.



Art. 7.—COMMUNISM AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARLIAMENT: A STUDY IN INFILTRATION THEORY AND TACTICS.\*

In his report to the XX Congress of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., Mr Khrushchev included a number of directives for the leaders of Communist parties outside the Soviet orbit. One of these concerned the utilisation of the democratic parliament by the Communists. The essence of Mr Khrushchev's directive consisted in the assertion that, under certain conditions, the working class in various capitalist countries can transform the parliament from an 'organ of bourgeois democracy into an instrument of veritable popular will . . . an organism of real democracy, of a democracy for the workers.' †

It soon became evident that this directive applied with special pertinence to the political situation in France, where the Communist Party obtained in the last parliamentary elections almost 5½ million votes, representing approximately 26 per cent. of the total votes cast, and securing 145 out of the 582 seats in the National Assembly. Communist success at the polls entailed Communist penetration into a number of key positions within the parliamentary apparatus, including one of the vice-presidencies of the National Assembly. In France, therefore, Mr Khrushchev's behest assumed a practical importance, and was promptly taken up by party members on both the theoretical and activist levels.

Mr Khrushchev's directive on Communist utilisation of parliament contained in its wider context a number of points of far-reaching significance for party theorists charged with the propagation of the idea. Firstly, the destalinisation drive was in the air, and it became necessary to trace the genealogy of Mr Khrushchev's thinking, across

\* Seminar held at the Summer Session 1956 of the Free Europe University in Exile, Collège de l'Europe Libre, Strasbourg, France.

† 'XXe Congrès du Parti Communiste de l'Union Soviétique, Recueil de Documents,' ed. 'Les Cahiers du Communisme,' pp. 46-7. This task of the working class can be carried out successfully only under the leadership of the Communist Party, vide op. cit. p. 47: 'For all the forms of transformation to socialism, the political direction of the working class with its *avant-garde* at its head, remains the express and decisive condition. Otherwise it is impossible to pass to socialism.'

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the dangerous and increasingly contested field of Stalinist interpretations, to Lenin's pronouncements on the subject of Communist participation in the work of democratic parliaments. Without losing sight of the changes in the historical situation, it was essential to prove that, far from it being either an isolated invention of the new collective leadership or the whim of a dictator, the directive on Communist action within parliamentary institutions was part and parcel of the Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy, supported by the weight of dialectical thinking and by references to basic texts. This procedure would not merely have the effect of combatting the possible argument that the directive struck at Marx's and Lenin's theses on revolution, but would, in addition, strengthen the legitimacy of the collective Kremlin leadership, and thus allay any doubts which might have been provoked among Communist intellectuals by the campaign against the 'cult of personality.' To facilitate the work of party members in capitalist countries to whom fell the task of interpreting Mr Khrushchev's parliamentary directive, Moscow released a number of hitherto unpublished texts of Lenin's speeches and correspondence, among which Lenin's address to the II Congress of the Communist International (of Aug. 2, 1920) was of particular value.

Secondly, it was essential to remind party theorists of the significance attached by Marxism-Leninism to changing historical conditions, and thus to guard them against too literal an interpretation of Lenin's pronouncements which applied to a given situation, in a given country, at a particular point of the historical process. In this connection, national characteristics had to be brought to the forefront with relevant references to the speeches and writings of local party leaders.\*

Thirdly, it was necessary to underline the original aspects of the directive as it applied to the current political situation in advanced capitalist countries. These new aspects arose from two major facts: the expansion and consolidation of the Communist camp, which, with its 900 million inhabitants, began to exert an attractive force

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\* 'The path towards socialism is of necessity different for each country. We have always thought and declared that the people of France, rich in a glorious tradition, will itself find its own way': Maurice Thorez, 1946.

beyond its geographical limits,\* and the establishment of strong Communist fractions within democratic parliaments (France and Italy), with the consequent possibility of utilising the democratic process for Communist ends.†

There remained the relatively minor problem of choosing, among local party theorists, those best qualified to render a clear and comprehensive interpretation of the Khrushchev directive, within the limits imposed by Marxism-Leninism on the one hand and the exigencies of the current international situation on the other. In France, the choice fell on M. Roger Garaudy, who, for a number of reasons, was certainly the most suited for the task. Director of the 'Cahiers du Communisme,' the theoretical review published by the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, member of the Central Committee, M. Garaudy combined a knowledge of the mechanics of parliamentary institutions with an insight into the workings of the party apparatus. Having gained a seat in the last parliamentary elections, he was elected to the post of one of the vice-presidents of the National Assembly, and his promotion at the XIV Congress of the French Communist Party to the rank of substitute member of the Political Bureau was a logical consequence of his key position in parliament.‡

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\* 'But since that time [the creation of the Republic of the Soviets], radical changes had come about in the historical situation, and these changes make possible a new approach to the question. The forces of socialism and of democracy have grown immensely in the whole world. . . . Socialism has become a great attractive force for the workers, peasants, and intellectuals of all countries': 'XXe Congrès du Parti Communiste de l'Union Soviétique,' op. cit., p. 46.

† 'The working class . . . is in a position to inflict defeat on the reactionary and anti-popular forces, to gain a solid majority in parliament, and to transform this organ of bourgeois democracy into an instrument of real popular will.' Op. cit., p. 47.

‡ 'After elections, the organisation of the parliamentary fraction must be completely in the hands of the central committee of the Communist Party, whether or not the party as a whole is at the time legal or illegal. The chairman and presidium of the Communist parliamentary fraction must be confirmed in their office by the central committee. The central committee must have a permanent representative in the fraction, with the right of veto, and on all important political questions the fraction must seek in advance guidance from the party central committee.' Revolutionary Parliamentarianism: Theses adopted at the II Congress of the Communist International, August 1920, in: 'The Communist International 1919-1943,' Documents publ. by The Royal Institute of International Affairs, Oxford University Press, 1956.

M. Garaudy is one of the few Western Communist leaders who had presented

The link with the masters of Communist thought was established at what may be termed the points of departure and arrival in the whole process of reasoning regarding the attitude of Communism vis-à-vis parliamentary institutions. At the point of departure was the proposition that parliament, in common with all other institutions, is not a fixed reality, but is subject to the process of continual development. In both its aspects as the representative organ of the nation and as the organ of the government of the State, the institution of parliament was a class phenomenon and an instrument in the hands of the ruling class, the bourgeoisie. Hence, the point of arrival could not but consist in the elimination of the parliamentary institution. In between these two points lay the method of achieving the desired change, an immense field of dialectical thinking characterised by a choice of possibilities, ranging from a revolutionary class upheaval to a gradual transformation of parliament from within.\* The choice of method would be dictated by particular circumstances at any given point of time.

The evidence adduced in support of the thesis that the institution of parliament is a phenomenon of class development was twofold: in the first place it involved the classical procedure of using quotations from the fathers of scientific socialism; in the second place, it consisted in selecting a number of salient and disjointed facts from among the multitude of events that went to make up the historical evolution of parliament. Thus, Marx's statement that 'the republic is, in a general way, only the form of political transformation of the bourgeois society, and not its form of conservation' † was used as initial proof, to be followed by references to the consultative function of the Estates General, the unrepresentative nature of the Constitution of 1791, the franchise limitations of the Charter of 1814, and the electoral manipulations under the Third Republic. All these considerations were designed to lead

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philosophical theses in the Russian language at the University of Moscow. His major contribution to the interpretation of Mr Khrushchev's directive was published in the May 1956 issue of the 'Cahiers du Communisme,' No. 5, pp. 539-562.

\* 'Undoubtedly, for many capitalist countries, the overthrow by violence of the bourgeois dictatorship and the brutal aggravation of the accompanying class struggle, are inevitable': 'XXe Congrès,' op. cit., pp. 45-6.

† Karl Marx: 'Le 18-Brumaire de Louis Bonaparte.'

to the inevitable conclusion that, in spite of strong Communist fractions within some parliaments, the representation of the working class therein did not correspond to the place and rôle of that class in national life—it being assumed (vide footnote, p. 72) that the Communist Party was the political head and *avant-garde* of the working class. Similar procedure was adopted to explain the function of parliament viewed as an organ of the government of the bourgeois State.

The denunciation of the objectively noxious nature of parliament might have led some inexperienced Communist theorists to telescope the succeeding stage of reasoning and drive them recklessly towards the conclusion that parliamentary institutions had to be eliminated at all cost and in the shortest possible time. Such a danger was all the more likely since, during the later Stalinist period, violence in action and in thinking with a consequent loss of elasticity and subtlety in the intermediate stages—between the point of departure and conclusion—was good Communist manners. One of the interesting phenomena of the XX Congress, in the realm of theory, was the reintroduction of a certain amount of mental elbow-room within the confines of Marxist-Leninist thinking. Hence it became necessary to apply the brake at the very outset by pointing out that even though the institution of parliament was bad as such, it still represented an immense progress over previous forms (slavery, serfdom), and contributed in some measure to the development of working class consciousness. Lenin again came to the rescue, with such phrases as: '... without parliamentarianism, without the elective principle, ... the development of the working class would have been impossible.' \* Thus from the very beginning, in accordance with the Moscow appreciation of the current international situation, and more particularly as this situation applied to France, the accent was on moderation, and Lenin was represented as a revolutionary with a smile. Quite clearly, with a powerful Communist fraction solidly installed in the National Assembly, it would have been political folly to refuse the use of a potentially efficacious weapon. Theoretically, therefore, refusal to participate in the work of

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\* Lenin's lecture on the State to the Sverdlov Institute, July 11, 1919, quoted in the 'Cahiers du Communisme' of May 1956.

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parliament because of its bourgeois character, and mere insistence on its destruction from outside, was branded as parliamentary nihilism worthy only of the anarchists. On the other hand, any participation in parliamentary activity was at all times to be qualified by the ultimate objective, which was the elimination of the institution. Without that end in mind, Communist participation in the work of bourgeois parliaments ran the risk of degenerating into 'opportunism' as exemplified by the social democrats (who, however, were not expressly named). The concept of 'elimination' itself underwent a process of toning down so as to fit in with the general policy of *détente* proclaimed at the XX Congress.

This analysis of the points of departure and arrival, as presented to party members in the West, and particularly in France, in 1956, differed in tone and vocabulary from the major theses on parliamentary action adopted by the II Congress of the Third International in July 1920. It did not, however, differ from them in substance. As in 1920, so also in 1956, it remained true that '... Communism can only be concerned with exploiting bourgeois State institutions with the object of destroying them.'\* The vocabulary used in 1956, however, was such as to offer the Communists the possibility of a Machiavelistic manoeuvre in the process of destruction. The concept of 'destruction' was replaced by the concept of 'transformation,' but transformation implied a qualitative change in the nature of the parliamentary institution, a passage to an institution which in all its essentials was as far removed from democratic parliamentarianism as the present Polish Sejm is from the British House of Commons. The Khrushchev directive implicitly rejected only one aspect of the 1920 theses, namely that: 'Communism denies the possibility of winning parliament over permanently.'† Because of a conjunction of historical circumstances (cf. p. 73), it appeared possible—among others through the tactics of a 'popular front' and concerted pressure from outside—to seize power

\* 'Communism, the fight for the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the utilisation of bourgeois parliaments': 6th thesis adopted by the II Congress of the Communist International, July 1920; in: 'The Communist International 1919-1943,' Documents publ. by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Oxford University Press, 1956, p. 152.

† Op. cit.

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by parliamentary means, and once that power in hand, to effect a transformation (read 'destruction') of the parliament. This was the significant and new element of the Khrushchev directive.

The Communist approach to parliament in the current political situation, with special stress on such countries as France and Italy, is thus described as differing in principle from the approach of both the revisionists or opportunists and the anarchists. It differs in degree only from the use made of the parliamentary institution by the Bolsheviks in Russia, at a time when the camp of socialism was non-existent and 'bourgeois prejudices' were still deeply ingrained in the masses in most capitalist countries. The Bolsheviks envisaged parliament primarily as a platform for Communist agitation and propaganda, and were therefore concerned first and foremost with throwing upon the parliamentary institution the maximum of discredit in the minimum of time.\* The interpreters of Mr Khrushchev argue that in present circumstances, in France, the Bolshevik method, although correct in principle, is insufficient. While maintaining the political platform thesis, the Communists should consider taking two further steps: firstly, through their numerically significant voting strength they should seek to achieve in the normal parliamentary manner measures which would favour the realisation of the overall Communist aims, which would hasten, that is, the passage from capitalism to socialism. This pressure of the Communist fraction within parliament must be coordinated with organised pressure of Communist-infiltrated groupings outside parliament, such as peace committees, tenants' leagues, ex-servicemen's associations, and so forth. Secondly, by gathering around itself all the 'progressive forces' of the Left (including such movements as the socialist), the Communist fraction in Parliament should seek the eventual, radical transformation of the whole machinery of the State, of which parliament is but one branch. This last step—closely synchronised with infiltra-

\* 'How will you reveal to the really backward masses, cheated by the bourgeoisie, the real character of parliament? If you do not enter it, how will you denounce this or that parliamentary manoeuvre, the position of this or that party if you remain outside parliament?': 'Lenin's speech to the II Congress of the Communist International of August 2, 1920, in: 'Cahiers du Communisme,' No. 5, May 1956, p. 587.



tion of other branches of the State, as well as with the agitation of extra-parliamentary organisations—is the crux of the whole problem. If, through parliamentary action, the various ramifications of the machinery of the State (the army, the police, civil administration, finance) can be qualitatively modified, if, that is, they are finally transformed into institutions of the proletarian dictatorship, then the task of parliament is done. The need to assassinate parliament disappears. Thenceforward, the parliamentary institution becomes one of the wheels of the 'popular democracy': it has not been eliminated in name (cf. Eastern Europe), but its whole meaning has changed. *De facto*, the democratic parliament has ceased to exist. To put it in other terms, the Stalinist method of killing the victim has given way to the more ingenious procedure of 're-educating' him. In both cases the victim ceases effectively to exercise his functions.

In accordance with the new directive for the utilising of parliament as part of the process of transition from capitalism to socialism, Communist action is to exert its influence simultaneously in three areas: in the parliament proper, in other organisms of the State, and at the base, that is among the masses. The focal point of the whole activity is the Communist Party, its central committee and politbureau.

Within parliament the precondition of effective action is unflinching unity of the parliamentary Communist fraction with a consequent ruthless elimination of oppositional tendencies (sectarianism) within the fraction. In the current political situation in France, the basic condition for the transformation of the National Assembly into an organ of a 'peoples' democracy' is the formation of an alliance with the socialists and possibly with the left-wing Radicals. This particular task is more easily formulated theoretically than applied in practice not only because of the reluctance of the socialists to join hands with the Communists and thus court disaster, but also because of the complications generated by the Algerian crisis. Mr Khrushchev, in fact, instructed the Western Communist Parties both to seek an alliance of all the forces of the Left and to combat Western colonialism. The dilemma of the priorities to be applied faced the French Communist Party only. In Britain the colonial problem came first, since Communist representation



in parliament was practically non-existent. In Italy, while Communist representation in Parliament was significant, the colonial question was non-existent. Until the Suez crisis, Communist sabotage of the French effort in Algeria was subordinated to the conciliatory attitude vis-à-vis the socialists, as witnessed by the Communist vote in favour of the granting to the socialist government of the special powers on March 12, 1956, and Communist abstention in the confidence vote (which covered the government's policy in Algeria) on June 5th. However, the French Communist Party holds in reserve an ideological card which may be played at a moment when the stress of the dilemma 'outstretched-hand-anti-colonialism' becomes so acute as to endanger Party unity and compromise Communist policy in the eyes of the Middle Eastern and Asiatic peoples. M. Garaudy in his exposition of Mr Khrushchev's parliamentary directive\* hinted at such a possibility when he wrote: 'This peaceful passage to socialism by parliamentary means is . . . a possibility, but it is not the only one: in a country like ours, where the bourgeoisie disposes of a powerful military and police apparatus and of a large experience of anti-revolutionary struggle, it is not at all to be excluded that it may take the initiative of violence and illegality. . . .' This statement fits in exactly with Mr Khrushchev's references to instances in which the use of violence may be justified: 'Naturally in countries in which capitalism is still strong,' said Mr Khrushchev, 'where it disposes of an enormous military and police apparatus, a serious resistance of the reactionary forces is inevitable. The passage to socialism will be accomplished in the midst of class struggle, of a sharp revolutionary struggle.'† This important qualification leaves sufficient scope for an ideological manoeuvre, should the parliamentary thesis prove to be deficient after all. The responsibility for any such situation will thus be shifted to the non-Communist camp, leaving party ideological positions intact.

The second area of Communist activity is distinguished from the first by its more clandestine form. Declared membership of the Communist Party may prove to be an obstacle to promotion within the Civil Service and to the

\* 'Cahiers du Communisme,' No. 5, May 1956, p. 561.

† 'XXe Congrès,' etc., op. cit., p. 47.

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securing of key positions within the army or the police force. Of necessity, therefore, the infiltration of the executive branches of the State machinery assumes a semi-legal or at any rate a camouflaged form. In this field the party's illegal apparatus is often called upon, as evidenced in the recent trials ('affaire des fuites').

The third area of activity is indispensable to the effective penetration of both the parliament and of the other organs of the State. It consists in the infiltration of every conceivable institution and organisation of citizens from the trade unions down to the local stamp collectors' club. The major rules which apply to the Communist parliamentary party hold good for Communist cells in factories, the press, local councils, sports clubs, etc.\* Party discipline and the unquestioned execution of the Central Committee's directives are associated, in the present political situation, with the pursuance of a policy aimed at drawing the socialists and other Left-wing formations into a close alliance with Communists. At strategic moments in the parliamentary battle such outside forces are used to exert a concerted pressure on public opinion or even directly on the parliament itself, as during the debate on the European Defence Community.

The advantages from the Communist standpoint of this new method of using and eventually eliminating one of the basic institutions of democracy are twofold. Internationally, the procedure fits in with the general peace offensive launched by Moscow after the disappearance of Stalin. The change of emphasis from revolution, civil war, and violence in general to more placid procedures tends to exert a soothing effect on all those who hold in abhorrence war and its implications. Its incidental repercussion is to bring into relief Western attempts to cling to a purely military defence thesis, and hence to brand the West with militarism and bellicose imperialism. Internally, the Communist overtures to the democratic parties of the Left and the apparent Communist acquiescence in parliamentary

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\* 'But it is also indispensable that in face of all the organisms of the State machinery, the organisations of the masses ensure the respect and the extension of all legal possibilities, whether they be, for example, organisations of retired workers, tenants' unions, youth organisations in conjunction with conscripts or ex-servicemen, factory councils, or sections of rural lease collectors': R. Garaudy, *op. cit.*, p. 560.

procedure tend to assimilate the Communist Party, in the mind of Western observers, with other political parties. The Communist Party thus gives the impression of being a political formation of the classical type, which in reality it is not. That it is not, and that the tasks of Communist deputies are fundamentally different from those of deputies belonging to democratic political formations is evidenced by the rules laid down for Communist deputies by the II Congress of the Third International, instructions which had never been repudiated in their essentials but merely widened and adapted to changing conditions.\*

The analysis of the Communist parliamentary thesis as outlined in Moscow in February 1956 and interpreted by the French Communist Party a few weeks later leads to the following general conclusions :

Firstly, the French Communist Party has adhered strictly to both the theoretical content of the Moscow directive and to its practical implications. There has been no disagreement apparent in this sector between the French Communist Party and the XX Congress. In fact, given the parliamentary situation in France and the pronounced Communist infiltration of the trade union movement, it is not unreasonable to ask whether the Moscow thesis had not been formulated after a careful study of the place occupied by the French Communists in the French electoral and working-class set-up. This hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that the Moscow parliamentary thesis is not exclusive. It does not eliminate completely the possibility of a sudden reversal of policy, of a recourse to violent measures. Such a situation could arise in the event of a clash between the Communist drive for an entente with the socialists and the need to oppose the government's policy on the Algerian question.

Secondly, the Moscow parliamentary thesis adopted by the French Communists reflects the experience gained in Eastern Europe. The end product is a 'popular democracy' in which the institution of parliament is shorn of all its essentials and becomes transformed into an organ of the proletarian State. This new organ retains merely the superficial mechanics of democratic parliamentarianism

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\* A number of the more significant rules will be found in the Appendix.

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(voting booths, apparently secret elections, debates, etc.). In spite of its name this new parliament is qualitatively different from its predecessor. It may therefore be asserted that in its essentials the Moscow thesis does not differ from previous pronouncements on the need to destroy democratic parliamentarianism. The original aspect of the thesis consists in a change of stress from violence and undiluted sabotage to more peaceful measures. These peaceful measures include the maximum possible exploitation of the democratic parliamentary process (voting manoeuvres, formation of Left wing alliances) concurrently with a pressure from outside, stimulated by both legal and illegal methods (strikes, mass meetings, petitions, subversive articles in the press).

Thirdly, the Moscow thesis is characterised by greater elasticity as compared with its cold-war equivalent. It is harmonised with the overall international policy of the Soviet Union, and aims incidentally to calm the apprehensions of the newly formed States in Asia (and partly also in North Africa) who are loth to see their developing democratic institutions overthrown by violent action from within.

In all these respects the Communist approach to democratic parliamentarianism is at once more subtle and more dangerous. It calls for a careful study of the origins of the Communist thinking on this subject and for an understanding of its ultimate aims.

#### APPENDIX

From: 'The Communist International, 1919-1943,' Documents, Selected and edited by Jane Degras, Vol. I (1919-1922), Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Oxford University Press, 1956.

*Thesis on Revolutionary Parliamentarianism adopted at the II Congress of the Communist International, August 1920*

... 2. After elections, the organisation of the parliamentary fraction must be completely in the hands of the central committee of the Communist Party, whether or not the party as a whole is at the time legal or illegal. The chairman and presidium of the Communist parliamentary fraction must be

confirmed in their office by the central committee. The central committee must have a permanent representative in the fraction, with the right of veto, and on all important political questions the fraction must seek in advance guidance from the party central committee. The central committee has the right and the duty, when the Communist fraction in parliament is about to undertake an important step, to appoint or to contest the spokesman for the fraction and to require that the outline of his speech or the speech itself be submitted for approval by the central committee, etc. Every Communist candidate must officially give a written undertaking that he is ready to resign from parliament at the first request of the party central committee, so that in any given situation resignation from parliament can be carried out in unison. . . .

4. A Communist member of parliament is obliged, on the decision of the central committee, to combine legal with illegal work. In those countries where Communist deputies enjoy immunity under bourgeois law, this immunity must be used to support the party's illegal activities in the fields of organisation and propaganda.

5. Communist deputies must subordinate all their activities in parliament to party action outside parliament. Demonstrative legislative proposals should be regularly submitted on the instructions of the party and its central committee, not with the idea that they will be accepted by the bourgeois majority, but for purposes of propaganda, agitation, and organisation. . . .

8. Every Communist member of parliament must bear in mind that he is not a legislator seeking agreement with other legislators, but a party agitator sent into the enemy camp to execute party decisions. The Communist deputy is responsible not to the loose mass of the electors, but to his Communist Party, legal or illegal.

9. The speeches of Communist deputies in parliament must be readily understandable to every ordinary worker, every peasant, every washerwoman, every shepherd, so that the party can issue his speeches as leaflets for distribution in every corner of the country. . . .

11. Communist deputies must use the parliamentary rostrum to expose not only the bourgeoisie and their avowed followers, but also the social-patriots and reformists, to expose the indecisiveness of the 'centrist' politicians and other opponents of Communism, and to conduct propaganda for the ideas of the Communist International.

JAN PRZYBYLA.

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## Art 8. THE EASTLAKES.

THE nineteenth century was particularly rich in marital partnerships of cultural distinction, and not the least remarkable of these, though it is one which has suffered an undue amount of neglect, is that of the Eastlakes. It was remarkable in many ways, and realised as such by public opinion, for few matrimonial alliances find their way into the polished Latin periods of the Public Orator, who, when an honorary degree was conferred on Sir Charles at Oxford in 1853, said that the recipient was '*amicis felix, sed in hoc felicissimus, quod particem famæ et laborum coniungem clarissimam habet, quæ ipsa tantum in litteris, quantum ille in pictura pollet.*'

Born into an intellectual family in 1809, Elizabeth Rigby spent her adolescence in that brisk cultural air of Edinburgh which kept healthy the lungs of the Victorian age. Her mother, who compensated for any lack of intellectual endowments by an obvious fund of perceptive, was heard to remark of her, when she was twelve, that 'Elizabeth is a very ambitious child.'\*

Her interests were inclined towards the visual arts at a very early stage, and though her first article in 'Fraser's Magazine' had the slightly Surrealist title 'My Aunt Down a Saltmine,' she soon turned towards less ephemeral subjects. In 1830 she translated from the German (and art scholars are still indebted to her for it) Passavant's 'Art Collections of England,' and fourteen years later she became the first 'female' to storm the strongholds of the periodical in which this essay is appearing. Both John Murray and Lockhart were impressed by this tall, commanding, 'imperial-looking' young woman. Queen Victoria, whose favour she cultivated, did not in fact have a very kindly opinion of her, and in a note in her diary † described Lady Eastlake as 'tall, stiff, and pompous.' Her letters to Murray covered a wide variety of subjects, ranging from the domestic habits of the Russian nobility to a strikingly feminine comparison between Byron and Scott—'I think it gives some definition of the respective characters of Byron and Scott to say that each could

\* 'Journals and Correspondence of Lady Eastlake,' John Murray, 1895.

† 'The Letters of Queen Victoria,' 2nd Series, ed. G. F. Buckle, John Murray, 1926.

equally have engrossed a woman's heart, but the former, the greatest misfortune in the world it would have been to love, the latter the greatest privilege.' \*

Miss Rigby was aware, sometimes bitterly so, of the fact that she was a woman. 'Why,' she once asked herself in her diary, 'do men invariably judge better than women? Simply because their feelings have less interference . . . our feelings are like the element fire, most excellent servants, but wretched mistresses.' She had already achieved a great deal. John Murray had published her first book in 1841, 'A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, Described in a Series of Letters,' and he was to be responsible for a flood of works and translations, some in book form, the majority in articles in 'The Quarterly.' A tolerable musician, she learned painting and drawing at the establishment of the famous Saas, she spoke several European languages with fluency, and an even rarer claim to distinction was having once been nearly assaulted by Hugh Brontë, who, unaware of the sex of the author, went along to 50 Albemarle Street armed with a stick to punish whoever had been responsible for the famous hostile review of 'Jane Eyre' ('The Quarterly,' December 1848).

She had become a blue-stocking, a representative of that race of women writers who proliferated in the first half of the nineteenth century, and who, as novelists, publicists, and, though the word is not quite accurate in this context, as 'journalists,' did much to alter our national ways of thought and feeling. But in marrying Charles Eastlake, to whose career she entirely subordinated her own, she achieved far more than those of her contemporaries, such as Mrs Jameson, who were, so to speak, in the same line of business.† On first seeing his work, in the famous summer-house in the grounds of Buckingham Palace,‡ she wrote, 'He is the Raphael of England.' Later she was confiding to her diary, a little incoherently, 'Eastlake all

\* 'Journals and Correspondence,' p. 77.

† Mrs Jameson's various books on Christian art, still to be found in most art libraries, are, especially with reference to their iconographical content, still most valuable. She was on terms of close friendship with the Eastlakes, and it was they who completed and saw through the press those of her works which were still unpublished at her death.

‡ Cf. L. Grüner, 'The Decoration of the Garden-Pavilion in the Grounds of Buckingham Palace,' Murray, 1846, "By Command of the Queen."



that mortal man can do.' This was three years before their marriage, and to the cynic it might well seem that he had been doomed to his fate for perhaps longer than he knew. Their combined appearance reinforced the impression that the partnership was not an equal one. He was a small man; she was not only six feet tall, but of so commanding a presence that the last words of Turner, not a man easily impressed by anyone, were 'I think I see Lady Eastlake.' Like many such alliances, it was based on a very real love and affection, 'My dear husband is at all times craving for my company, which he seems to enjoy as if he had not had it the day before, and were not going to have it the day after. I must confess I too am in the same predicament' she wrote in one of her letters, and until his death they were hardly ever apart.

At the time of their marriage Charles Eastlake was fifty-six, and had already achieved a remarkable position in the world of English art. One cannot therefore think of his career as being 'made' by his marriage to Elizabeth Rigby—rather was it that this happy event brought him fresh reserves of strength, and the ability to bring to a successful conclusion a life marked by a wide variety of interests and an extraordinary range of achievement. It enabled him to embark upon his second term of office as Director of the National Gallery with a self-confidence (lacking on an earlier occasion) which fully justifies the tribute paid to Lady Eastlake by the historians of that institution.\*

Perhaps the quickest way of summing up the part that Eastlake played in the cultural history of nineteenth-century England would be to say that if Ruskin were its Minister of Fine Arts, Eastlake was its Permanent Secretary. It is doubtful whether, with the possible exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whose career indeed his own bore many resemblances, any other man in the history of English art has held so much power in his own hands, or done more towards the creation of a national standard of taste. Twice Director of the National Gallery, President of the Royal Academy, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Secretary to the Commission for the Decoration of the House of Commons, a body, which, by reason

\* Cf. Sir Charles Holmes and C. H. Collins Baker, 'The Making of the National Gallery,' *The National Gallery*, 1924, pp. 32 and 83.

of the patronage which it exercised and the position which it occupied, midway between the worlds of art and politics, may well be considered as a kind of foreshadowing of the Arts Council. One of the most significant points about this committee was that its President was Prince Albert. This was the first official function entrusted to him after his marriage to the Queen, and he was naturally anxious to make the most of it. His deep interest in the arts converted the Commission into a body which exercised influence far beyond the literal scope of its responsibilities, and to it may be attributed many of the livelier artistic enterprises of Victorian England.\* It is typical too of Eastlake that he contributed to one of its Reports a masterly appendix on artistic techniques, which was subsequently published as 'Materials for a History of Oil Painting' (1847).

It was the guiding principle of Eastlake's life that 'Intensity of will, even in things indifferent, is a source of happiness' † and it may well be that the intensity of his activities was not without a physiological basis. (In 1810 he began 'blood-spitting' and this was the reason for his going to live and work in Italy for so long.) He possessed, as well, that rather aloof, withdrawn air which characterises often enough those who concentrate all their social and emotional energy on the achievement of some distant purpose.‡ The son of an Admiralty Law Agent in Plymouth, Charles Lock Eastlake commenced his artistic career under the dubious ægis of Benjamin Robert Haydon. He showed at an early stage his aptitude for seizing the main chance by having himself rowed out to the 'Bellerophon,' when she was anchored off Plymouth Hoe, and not only producing a painting of Napoleon standing on the deck of that ship, but extracting from one of its officers a signed statement that the likeness was a good one. He even persuaded the authorities to send

\* Cf. the chapter on art in 'Early Victorian England,' ed. G. M. Young, Oxford, 1939; 'Consort of Taste,' John Steegman, London, 1950, pp. 129-137; and Lady Eastlake's obituary of the Prince Consort, 'Quarterly,' Jan. 1862.

† Cf. 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts by Sir Charles Eastlake, F.R.S., D.C.L., etc. With a Memoir compiled by Lady Eastlake,' Murray, 1870.

‡ Some idea of the effect of his personality on the art students of the Royal Academy Schools comes across in the pages of G. D. Leslie's 'The Inner Life of the Royal Academy,' Murray, 1914, pp. 143 et seq.

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ashore their prisoner's orders and decorations for the young artist to copy, and Eastlake undoubtedly deserved the eventual 1,000*l.* which he got for the public exhibition of the picture in London.

His decision to live and work in Rome was not unusual—most eighteenth-century artists considered at least a visit to be an essential part of their education, and there was the additional consideration of his health. What was remarkable, however, was that from the age of twenty-three to that of thirty-five he was able, from his studio in the Via de' Cappuccini, so to keep in contact with the art world of London, that he was assured of a constant flow of commissions, and, on the recommendation of Etty, was elected an A.R.A. He was also elected, in his absence, to the Athenæum. Already he was gaining experience of the art-market, for he was on intimate terms with Philip and Alexander Visconti, brothers of the famous Parisian antiquary, and this was an age when to dabble a little in dealing was quite a normal activity for anyone connected with the art world.

Like young Miss Rigby in Edinburgh, Eastlake had an undoubted talent for establishing contact with those who would be most helpful to him. Harman the banker was a generous patron, and amongst his Roman friends were the Duchess of Devonshire, Basevi and Cockerell the architects, Bunsen, one of the most famous Germans of his age, Hugh Rose of Horsham ('of all the men I have known in Rome, his ideas on the philosophy of the arts are nearest what I believe to be right'), and Turner, for whose works Eastlake showed a perhaps unexpected enthusiasm—'His very exaggerations have opened my eyes to his real merits,' he once wrote—and it is interesting to observe that Miss Rigby, round about this time, was showing a similar enthusiasm. There is an interesting account in her diary of a visit which she paid to his gallery in 1846: 'Out to Turner's. The door was opened by a hag of a woman, for whom one hardly knew what to feel most, pity or terror—a hideous woman is such a mistake. She showed us into a dining room which had penury and meanness written on every wall and every article of furniture. Then up into the gallery, a fine room, indeed one of the finest in London, but in a dilapidated state; his pictures the same. The great "Rise of Carthage" all mildewed and flaking

off. The old gentleman was great fun; his splendid picture of Walhalla had been sent to Munich, there ridiculed as might be expected, and returned to him with 7l. to pay, and sundry spots on it; on these Turner laid his odd, misshapen thumb in a pathetic way. Mr Munro suggested they would rub off, and I offered my cambric handkerchief, but the old man edged us away, and stood before his picture like a hen in a fury.\*

It is impossible to discover the real reasons which gradually impelled Eastlake to change the emphasis in his career from that of an artist to that of the greatest cultural administrator and art politician England has ever known. He had a fluent pen, and from 1816 had been supplying Scott of 'The London Magazine' with a series of articles which covered such varying topics as Italian music, the manuscripts of Cicero, and moral philosophy. The latter interest gives some clue to the orientation of his activities, and on one occasion he wrote to Harman, 'Painting will not wholly bear the test of reference to moral duties.' In an earlier letter which might well be taken as descriptive of the general attitude of many Victorian writers and artists, he had written that he wanted to become a painter 'because it combines the feeling of a poet, a mind that can submit to be fettered by the most unalterable rules, or the deepest theories, joined with feeling, and at the same time combined with the hardest mechanical labour.' This is Carlyle's definition of genius written with greater amplitude, and it illuminates, if it does not explain, the almost fanatical application which throughout his life Eastlake was able to bring to any task. The only problem which ever exercised him was that which Lady Eastlake described as 'the difficulty of combining the habits of social life with the standard of industry which alone satisfied him.'

To enumerate the various offices which he held after his return to England, to catalogue the books and articles which he wrote, and to record the various elements which went towards making him a success, is otiose unless one grasps the pattern of his career and the significance of his activities in the context of his age. That transference of power from the aristocracy to the urban middle classes,

\* 'Journals and Correspondence,' op. cit.

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for all the oversimplifications it implies, must still be regarded as the most significant feature of nineteenth-century English history. But though we are prepared to see it operate in the world of politics, and recognise it in the sphere of economics, we are reluctant to admit that it must have had considerable repercussions in the world of taste and culture. These did take place, and no small part of the significance of Eastlake is that, as far as the visual arts are concerned, they were reflected in his career.

In an earlier century the dissemination of taste and the patronage of the arts had been the concern of that class which possessed political and economic power. It would of course be absurd to suggest that in the nineteenth century there was a complete transfer—the traditions of aristocratic patronage and appreciation are still very much alive even in the middle of the twentieth century. What took place in the world of art followed the pattern of what took place in the world of politics—the number of those directly involved in appreciation and production increased. Just as the various Reform Acts resulted in the growth of the Civil Service and in the construction of ever-increasing numbers of public institutions of one kind and another, so the various Education Acts and the dissemination of wealth produced an ever-growing educational body, a large number of public art institutions, and a cultural civil service. The latter grew around the infant National Gallery, the first staff of which consisted of a Keeper, a Secretary, a porter, and a parlour-maid. There were no clear ideas of how the machinery of culture should be administered, and nobody able to cope with prejudices of politicians, nor with the departmental cunning of those Civil Servants who, belonging to older establishments, felt an instinctive sense of rivalry towards the new.

Charles Eastlake, fresh from Rome, suave, adaptable, ambitious, found himself in this shifting, uncertain administrative world, and because he identified the welfare of the arts in Britain with his own success, established the standing of the National Gallery and the general position of the arts in a position which they have never lost. That eminent Master of Balliol Benjamin Jowett once said 'to do much good in this world you must be a very able and honest man, and you must also be a considerable piece of

a rogue, having many reticences and concealments.\* Eastlake filled that prescription admirably. We enjoy to-day the benefits of his 'roguery,' for the history of England is full of stories of good intentions foundering on lack of administrative guile, and though the first Director of the National Gallery was himself a formidable man, in collaboration with his wife he was irresistible.

Of the many weapons which he deployed, one of the most effective was his close connection with the Royal pair, whose influence was continuously exercised on his behalf. The Prince Consort was impressed by a man whose orderly scholarship and powers of application came so close to his own ideals, and at a time when such art scholarship which existed was virtually a monopoly of the Germans, Eastlake was in constant and friendly contact with those who were admired by the Prince Consort. He translated 'The Handbook of German Painters,' by K  gler, from whom both the Queen and the Prince bought many of their Italian 'primitives,' and we still depend very largely on the translations which he and his wife made of the works of Passavant, Waagen, and others.†

On the death of Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, in 1850, Colonel Phipps, the Queen's Secretary, wrote to Landseer (who was considered a likely candidate for the vacancy) that Her Majesty hoped that the Academy would elect Mr Eastlake 'as by far the best person to fill the office . . . it was of the utmost importance to elect a President who should not only practically illustrate the rules of art, but also be a gentleman of erudition, refined mind, and sound theory.' History does not record in which of these qualities poor Landseer may have considered himself deficient, but Eastlake certainly made an admirable President, and his hand was further strengthened by the fact that in attending the first banquet to be held

\* 'My Autobiography,' Max Muller, 1901, p. 4.

† Peel, who was on very friendly terms with Eastlake, was known to object to the Italian primitives, having expressed the opinion that the National Gallery should not collect 'curiosities.' Visiting him, however, on one occasion, Sir Charles was surprised to find that 'he knew K  gler almost by heart.' It is interesting too that the first work which Eastlake had published by John Murray was a translation of Baron Bartholdy's 'Memoirs of the Carbonari' (1822), for which the author received 1,500*l.* Eastlake had been warmly recommended to Murray both by Maria Graham and by his old Edinburgh friend R. W. Hay (cf. S. Smiles, 'A Publisher and his Friends,' vol. 2, p. 114-5).

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during his term of office, Prince Albert specifically referred to the fact that he was doing so as a tribute to the President. It had been largely through the efforts of Eastlake that the Academy had secured the Burlington House site, and some idea of the intricacies of his position, as well as of the power which it gave him, is suggested by the fact that he controlled the destinies of both the Royal Academy and the National Gallery at a time when there was a bitter rivalry between them about sites, pictures, and many other things. His practicality too is suggested by the fact that he was the first President of the Royal Academy to receive an annual allowance of 300*l.* a year,\* and the social awareness which he shared with his wife found expression in such devices as the dinners 'to which he used to invite Academicians without their wives, to meet a given number of fashionable ladies without their husbands.' †

To preside over the destinies of the Royal Academy was, however, a task calling for no gifts more considerable than tact, social adroitness, and a general concern for the welfare of contemporary art, for that institution had already been accepted as an integral part of the English scene. With the National Gallery, however, the position was vastly different. Its teething troubles were endless. Partly the product of private patronage, partly of Government support, its functions undefined, its policy erratic, the National Gallery during the first twenty years of its existence was remarkable mainly as a place of refuge for down-and-outs. Artists were opposed to it when their own works were not bought for its adornment.‡ Civil servants were opposed to it on principle; connoisseurs and dealers were opposed to it either because they were not consulted about the choice of pictures, or because their own stocks were not drawn upon, and the general public was divided between those who thought the whole thing a piece of reckless extravagance and those who thought it a swindle. Lord Althorp, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, was expressing a common point of view when he said that

\* Cf. Sir Walter Lamb, 'The Royal Academy,' London, 1951, p. 43.

† J. C. Horsley, 'Recollections of a Royal Academician,' Murray, 1903, p. 273.

‡ It must be remembered that at this time the National Gallery fulfilled the functions now shared by the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and certain sections of the Victoria and Albert.



if he could have his way 'he would sell the National Gallery and have nothing of its kind.' \*

Art scholarship was in a rudimentary state, attributions were either reckless, or downright dishonest, standards of taste were changing, and there were no established precedents for the control and administration of a large public art gallery. Yet when Eastlake died the National Gallery was firmly established as one of the leading art collections in the world, its treasures had multiplied at a fantastic rate, and a pattern had been established for its administration, and for its relationship to the various organs of government. All this was due almost entirely to Eastlake.

His first tenure of office as Keeper of the National Gallery had not been altogether a happy one. It began in 1843 and ended with his resignation in 1847. In the course of that time he made some important acquisitions, cleaned a number of the paintings,† and failed to persuade the Trustees to buy for a little over 200*l.* a work for which, twenty-five years later, they eagerly gave 2,000*l.* Although he was supported by Ruskin, who nevertheless kept up a running fire of complaints about the poor representation of the Primitive Schools in the Gallery, Eastlake did not get the support he needed, and showed a certain diffidence in his relationships with both the Trustees and the general public. In 1845 he bought from a M. Rochard a work attributed to Holbein which was almost immediately discovered to be a forgery. Although he and the Trustees together offered 150*l.* to the vendor to take back the picture, he refused. This and successive crises of one kind or another led Eastlake, who had not even from the beginning been very enthusiastic about the idea, to resign. He was succeeded by his friend and colleague in the Royal Academy, Thomas Uwins, R.A., whom the Trustees did not even consult, about any purchases they made.

\* Reported by Lady Eastlake in connection with the attempt made in the early 1830's to buy the amazing collection of old-master drawings accumulated by Sir Thomas Lawrence for the nation. Eastlake had been one of the most indefatigable promoters of this scheme, and though he failed, his experiences in failing gave him an unrivalled knowledge of the handling of Ministers and of the manipulation of public opinion. On this cf. K. T. Parker, 'Catalogue of Drawings in the Ashmolean Museum,' vol. II, Oxford, 1956 (Introduction), and W. T. Whitley, 'Art in England,' Cambridge, 1930 *passim*.

† There are traces of his brushwork on the back of the Venus in Rubens' 'Judgement of Paris': cf. 'Cleaned Pictures, An Exhibition in the National Gallery,' London, 1947.

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In 1853 a committee which had been set up to investigate the workings of the National Gallery published a 500-page report which is still a classic of its kind. Amongst its recommendations was that there should be a qualified Director, with a salary of not less than 1,000*l.* a year. In the following year Eastlake was offered this office, on his own terms for a period of five years. He was, and it is almost impossible not to attribute the fact to his marriage, a changed man, and the judgement of the historians of the National Gallery (Holmes and Baker, *op. cit.*) does no more than justice to the qualities which he brought to bear on what was virtually the creation of a new element in the art world of Britain: 'His lawyer-like grip of essentials, and his lucidity of exposition, whether technical or official, were always conspicuous. Indeed his masterly conduct of departmental controversies over things long forgotten can still excite admiration and even entertainment.'

Eastlake added to his own dialectic the considerable reinforcement of his wife's social resource and fluent pen.\* He maintained close contact with his foreign colleagues, and showed a continuous awareness of the part to be played by museums and art galleries in the general life of the country.

To have settled the standing of the National Gallery and to have organised its administration required talents of no mean order, but they were not of the kind which usually commends their possessors to the attention of posterity. Beyond his gifts as a committee-man, as a manipulator, and as what we to-day might call a 'tycoon,' Eastlake had undoubted genius, and it was manifested, to the constant benefit of posterity, in the purchases which he made for the National Gallery.

In deciding that he would buy for the nation works by the 'primitives,' Eastlake was undertaking a most serious gamble. His every action watched assiduously by those dedicated to the detection of any error of judgement on the part of an office holder, he was venturing into territory where there were few guides. A new field of economic

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\* It is some indication of the extent to which her mind as well as her heart were engaged on his behalf that to punish Ruskin for some criticisms of Charles she launched a furious attack on him in the columns of 'The Quarterly.' Ruskin had attacked Sir Charles' abilities as a painter by saying of him in 'Academy Notes' that he was an imitation of the Venetians who had absorbed their vices but not their virtues.

exploitation was being opened up, forgers were exploiting the skills of their craft, and Italy, the country where most of these treasures were to be found, was the prey to economic ills which would explain, if they did not condone, any degree of sharp dealing.

Yet because he did have the courage to make the gamble, Eastlake obtained for England a wealth of early Renaissance and 'primitive' paintings which has made it one of the most important depositories of such treasures outside Italy. For a sum less than that which was recently paid for the small El Greco sketch now in the National Gallery, he acquired the following works: Fra' Angelico's 'Christ Surrounded by Angels and Saints,' the predella to the high altar of the Church of San Domenico near Fiesole (4,200*l*.); a group of twenty paintings including a Botticelli-studio 'Madonna,' Veronese's 'Adoration of the Magi,' Gozzoli's 'Madonna with Angels and Saints,' and Bellini's 'Madonna' for 6,300*l*.; a Rembrandt 'Self-Portrait' (2,500*l*.), Piero di Cosimo's 'Death of Procris' (171*l*.), Bellini's 'Agony in the Garden' (630*l*.), Andrea del Sarto's 'Portrait of a Sculptor' (270*l*.); and Piero della Francesca's 'Baptism of Christ' (241*l*.).

Achievement on a scale such as this cannot be attributed to administrative expertise, command of the social graces, or good luck. Most of the purchases were made by Eastlake himself, on the support of his own personal judgement, and that judgement was formed partly by instinct (he was, after all, a painter), partly by the most devoted application. In the library of the National Gallery are to be found some of the proofs of this application—a series of exercise books, covered in that delightful marbled paper now so difficult to obtain, and filled, page after page, with Eastlake's own neat writing, the even monotony of the script being relieved by occasional small drawings, indicating the shape of a composition or the detail of a hand. Even mundane details creep in—on one back page there is a note of the wages to be paid to the staff at home. These are the records of the exhaustive European tours which he and Lady Eastlake took throughout the 'fifties and 'sixties to all the main towns of Europe, but especially to Italy. Every picture he saw, in church, museum, art gallery, or private residence; was carefully noted down and checked by reference to other works. Everything which he saw in a dealer's or which was offered

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him by a dealer is criticised and analysed. Here, in fact, is a complete picture of the mind of a scholar and the imagination of an artist, working in the closest co-operation, and producing that kind of skill which the outsider so airily dismisses as 'Oh, he has a flair for that kind of thing.' An example of Sir Charles' pertinacity is recorded by Mr John Hale in his book 'England and the Italian Renaissance': \* 'When the Tuscan government refused to let Sir Charles Eastlake buy a Ghirlandaio for the National Gallery on the grounds that it was the last one left in the country, he was able to reply with a long list of extant works copied straight from "Murray's Guide."' Sir Francis Palgrave, its outspoken editor, had trounced the Tuscan as the outstanding culprit amongst the governments of Italy for the neglect of national monuments. Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy' was first published in 1842, and 'no work has done more to direct public attention to Italian art before Raphael.' Eastlake himself did a lot of work in connection with these guides.

In one of the Appendices to the 3rd. Report of the Commission of the Fine Arts occurs an observation by Eastlake which demonstrates admirably the sharp perception of his vision. '*The Laocoon* is often quoted, on the authority of Winkelmann, as an instance of an antique work finished with the file, but a careful inspection shows that the marks of the file are subsequent to the polish. It is probable that such marks are no older than the period when the group was discovered, when this mode may have been adopted to clean it.'

The virtual founder of the National Gallery, the President of the Royal Academy, a practising artist, something of a courtier, an admirer of the works of young Du Maurier,† a Commissioner for the Great Exhibition, Secretary to the Committee for Decorating the House of Commons, a member of the Council for the Schools of Design and of the Council of the Useful Knowledge Society, Charles Eastlake was the very epitome of the Victorian age, and our debt to him is a reflection of our debt to that age.

BERNARD DENVIR.

\* Faber, 1954.

† Cf. a letter from George du Maurier to his mother in 1860, printed in 'The Young George du Maurier,' ed. Daphne du Maurier, 1951, p. 4.

Art. 9.—SUNSET AT SEA: NAPOLEON'S LAST VOYAGE.

At the end of his life, just over a century ago, John James Chalon presented Greenwich Hospital with a picture he had painted many years earlier. Its subject was 'Napoleon on Board the "Bellerophon"' and it showed the Emperor as Chalon must have seen him when in the ship lying off Plymouth on Aug. 15, 1815, eight weeks after Waterloo. It was one of the most popular paintings of its time, for it illustrated not merely the end of a protracted conflict but the final reward of that maritime activity which so often thwarted the designs of the French. 'In all my plans,' said Napoleon irritably, 'I have always been baulked by the British fleet.' At the last, the Navy became his physical guardian, and it was proud of the charge.

Through the chances of tactical disposition the Emperor was taken from France by a representative officer and in a notable ship. The captain of the 'Bellerophon' was Frederick Maitland, who lived to be an admiral and a K.C.B. He had learnt his seamanship under Howe and St Vincent and was present at the Glorious First of June, 1794. His father had served with Rodney. He was still under forty—it was an age of young post-captains—but he was already master of his profession. 'What I admire most,' said Napoleon to him, 'is the extreme silence and orderly conduct of your men: on board a French ship, everyone calls and gives orders, and they gabble like so many geese.' He repeated the compliment on other occasions.

As for the 'Bellerophon,' no more appropriate vessel could have been chosen to grace the imperial sunset at sea. The first of her name in the records of the Navy, she was then nearly thirty years old, a 74-gun ship of the line with a stirring career in the wars just ending. She had worn Sir Thomas Pasley's flag at Howe's June battle, the opening fleet engagement of the Revolutionary War. She had taken part in Cornwallis's fighting retreat against odds in the following year. She had been with Nelson at his victory of the Nile, where her captain, Darby, had been wounded, and she had suffered the heaviest casualties on the British side. A later commander, John Cooke, had died fighting her at Trafalgar. 'Let me lie quietly one minute,' were his last words. 'Tell Lieutenant Cumby never to

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strike.' Napoleon was treading decks hallowed by arduous and splendid service.

## II

The Emperor, with a small retinue, joined off Rochefort on July 15, 1815, almost a month after Waterloo. There were tears in the eyes of those in the French brig-of-war 'l'Epervier' as they bade him good-bye. He hoped to be allowed to settle in England, having abandoned the idea of trying to escape to America. Maitland recalled that he was dressed in an olive-coloured greatcoat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugles embroidered in gold, sugarloaf buttons, and gold epaulettes. It was the uniform of the Chasseur à Cheval of the Imperial Guard. He wore the star of the Legion of Honour, and had a small cocked hat with a tricoloured cockade, military boots, white waistcoat and breeches. From the time he was received on board the 'Bellerophon' till the day, three months later, when Admiral Cockburn, in the 'Northumberland,' amazed him by predicting to the minute when the coast of St Helena would be sighted, little missed the eyes and ears of his respectful enemies. The Napoleonic wars were long and bloody. They cost fabulous life and treasure; nurses told their charges dreadful tales of what Boney would do to them if he ever landed on English soil; nevertheless, the delicacy and chivalry with which Napoleon was treated immediately after his defeat show that more than a mere century and a half in time distinguishes the conduct of war in that day and this.

It was Napoleon's third direct experience of the Navy. As a young officer of artillery he had successfully trained his guns against those of Lord Hood at Toulon, in 1793, and helped to drive his forces from the French arsenal. Twenty years later a frigate captain, Thomas Ussher of the 'Undaunted,' to whom he became attached, conveyed him from Fréjus to his first exile at Elba. He now hoped for honourable conveyance to some fair retreat in the country of his most constant enemies. In receiving him, Maitland was empowered to make no conditions, and although the word was avoided, Napoleon was in fact a prisoner.

George Home, one of the 'Bellerophon's' midshipmen, happened to be of the morning watch the day the ship made



Ushant. To his great surprise, they saw the Emperor come out of his cabin soon after four in the morning, heading for the poop. Helping him up the ladder, he was asked by Napoleon if it was indeed Ushant they saw. When assured that it was, the Emperor took out a pocket glass and looked eagerly at the land. 'In this position,' said Home, 'he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, who had been standing behind him for several hours.' It was Napoleon's last sight of the country whose glory and sufferings he had enlarged so much.

When the ship anchored off Plymouth, public curiosity to see the Emperor mounted daily: so much so that guard boats had to row round the 'Bellerophon' to keep the sightseers at a reasonable distance. On one occasion marines actually had to fire over the heads of the crowd afloat, so great did pressure become. The fusillade annoyed Napoleon, for he enjoyed the sensation he created, and liked to show himself as often as possible. It was flattering to him that, even in his fallen state, he should still be the object of so much attention.

On the afternoon of July 27, Maitland noted that Sir Richard and Lady Strachan, accompanied by Mrs Maitland, came alongside. Napoleon happened to be walking the deck. 'When I told him my wife was in the boat,' said Maitland, 'he went to the gangway, pulled off his hat, and asked her if she would come up and visit him. She shook her head, and I informed him that my orders from the Commander-in-Chief were so positive I could not even allow her to come on board. He answered: "That is very hard." Addressing himself to her, he said: "Lord Keith is a little too severe, is he not, Madame?" He then said to me: "I assure you her portrait is not flattering; she is handsomer than it is."' Napoleon had already complimented Maitland on a painting of his wife which hung in his cabin. He was a guest who intended to please.

It was not long before Napoleon knew the worst. He was not to enjoy the fate of the portly Bourbon who had now supplanted him: a splendid exile in some such palace as Stowe. He was for the wastes of the Atlantic, and it fell to old Lord Keith to make the final arrangements. Keith was a Scot, grown rich from prize-money, and was remembered by his naval contemporaries for his fondness for the

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old-fashioned pigtail and for his firmness towards Nelson in the days when that bright star had been a satellite at the court of Sicily.

Much older than Napoleon—Keith was nearly seventy, Napoleon nearly forty-seven—the admiral treated his captive with the utmost consideration. When Napoleon kept him waiting, before their first important business interview, one of Keith's officers grew explosive. Keith calmed him, saying that Napoleon should take his time and that he had kept bigger men than either of them hanging about. Nor was he less sympathetic when they actually met. 'Damn the fellow,' he afterwards exclaimed, 'if he had obtained an interview with the Prince Regent, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England!'

Someone in London made a bold attempt to subpoena Napoleon as a witness at a trial at the Court of King's Bench, but it failed, and orders then came that the 'Bellerophon' should stand out to sea, and that Napoleon should be transferred to the charge of Sir George Cockburn, flying his flag in the 'Northumberland.' Cockburn would take him to St Helena. Napoleon was furious at the decision, and Madame Bertrand, wife of one of the principal officers of his entourage, tried to throw herself out of a port-hole.

The transfer duly took place off Bury Head, and Maitland described the scene on August 7 before Napoleon left his glorious old ship. 'About eleven o'clock, Lord Keith came on board . . . to accompany Bonaparte from the 'Bellerophon' to the 'Northumberland.' . . . A captain's guard turned out, and by Lord Keith's direction, as Napoleon crossed the quarter deck to leave the ship the guard presented arms, and three ruffles of the drum were beat, being the salute given to a general officer.' Having generously expressed his appreciation to Maitland and his officers, Napoleon walked forward to the gangway. Before he went down the ship's side, he bowed two or three times to the ship's company, who were collected in the waist and on the forecastle. Like Napoleon, they had a sense of history.

### III

Napoleon had by now accustomed himself to a sea officer's routine. With his folding bed, his furniture, his private cabin, his servants and his courtiers, he seemed

actually to enjoy himself on board. He ate much meat, drank freely of claret, took scarcely any exercise, and liked to play at *vingt et un*. Fortunate in finding in both Maitland and Cockburn men whose French was equal to sustained conversation, the days passed quickly enough. Napoleon was indeed able to tell Cockburn a great deal which was of use to historians, and to hear something of a side of the war with which he himself was unfamiliar.

Cockburn, the last of several naval officers with whom Napoleon formed a close intimacy, was in every way notable. Younger than Napoleon by some three years, he had as a junior officer served with Nelson in the Mediterranean and won his warm regard. He had in fact been commander of the 'Minerve' frigate when Nelson had flown a broad pendant in her. In the 'Minerve' he and Nelson had fought the frigate 'La Sabina,' causing her to strike after a stern fight, only to discover that she was commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of James II and one of the best officers in the Spanish service.

Cockburn, who later gained the reputation of having burnt Washington in the war of 1812 with America, was in fact exactly the type of zealous, cheerful, and eloquent sea officer to gain and hold the attention of a man to whom no detail of the science of war was without its interest.

On the southward voyage Napoleon's thoughts turned to the career of one of the most remarkable of his enemies. Cockburn had a life of Nelson on board—it may well have been Southey's—and the Emperor got Bertrand to read it to him, translating as he went. He took particular interest in the passages relating to the preliminaries to the battle of the Nile and told Cockburn two or three curious facts. One was that Admiral Brueys, who had lost his life, together with almost all his fleet, when he had been caught at dusk, embayed and at anchor, by Nelson's squadron, had actually explained to Napoleon all the disadvantages of such a situation as they made their way together in 'l'Orient' towards Alexandria. Napoleon said that he perished while 'exemplifying the correctness of his ideas and the impropriety of his conduct.' He further told Cockburn that it had been entirely owing to his own vigilance that he had eluded the British cruisers when making his way back from Egypt to France, after Nelson's victory had destroyed his fleet.

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## IV

By August 24 the 'Northumberland' was off Funchal. A month later came the ceremony of crossing the line, and on October 14, precisely at six o'clock in the evening, St Helena came in sight. 'We amused ourselves,' said Glover, 'in surveying the stupendous barren cliffs, whose terrific appearance seemed to but ill accord with the feelings of our guests.'

It was now all over but for the sad little squabbles with authority, the dictation of memoirs and memoranda, the intrigues of a miniature court, and the illness whose end came six years later.

Napoleon won many tributes, deserved and undeserved. Perhaps the strangest was heard by Maitland shortly after the Emperor had left the 'Bellerophon.' The men had suffered a great deal of crowding and inconvenience by his presence, to say nothing of the stopping of shore leave while Napoleon was on board. 'When he had quitted the ship,' said Maitland, 'being desirous to know the feeling of the ship's company towards him, I asked my servant what the people said of him. "Why, sir," he answered, "I heard several of them conversing together about him this morning; one of them observed, 'Well, they may abuse that man as much as they please; but if the people of England knew him as well as we do, they would not hurt a hair of his head!'" 'This was the more extraordinary,' added Maitland, 'as he never went through the ship's company but once, immediately after his coming on board, when I attended him, and he did not speak to any of the men; merely returning their salute by pulling off his hat.'

The compliment certainly had no connection with rewards, for the only money that Napoleon distributed was twenty pounds to Maitland's steward, fifteen to another servant, and ten to the cook. It was a spontaneous tribute to genius, an expression of the generosity of men who had nothing but years of storm-tossed vigilance, hardship, and battle for which to thank the Corsican. They had not even a medal to show for it: that was only granted as an afterthought long after most of them were dead.

OLIVER WARNER.

# Art. 10.—THE MORAL OF THE FRENCH PRIEST- WORKERS.

FOR a good many years it has been taken for granted by all Churches aware of the facts that the gulf between the Church and the industrial worker can only be bridged by developing the right form of specialised ministry. All over Europe and America, therefore, many different kinds of experimental industrial apostolates have been and are still being tried, and of these the most drastic, and certainly the most heroic, has been the famous experiment of the French Priest-Workers. This has now failed, and its failure constitutes perhaps the saddest single event in the modern history of Christendom.

But that it has failed is now certain, and we do no good by trying to pretend otherwise. The extent of and the reasons for the disaster have recently been revealed by the publication of a book written corporately by those of the priest-workers—the majority—who have defied the orders of the Roman hierarchy recalling them to their seminaries and parishes and the normal life and work of a priest, and have for the last two years continued to live as workers. This book, 'The Worker Priests' (published by Kegan Paul at 25s.), has been passed for publication by them all, and is therefore their deliberate and formal charter. By what is written inside it they themselves claim to be judged. The book takes the form, first of a running commentary written as a diary on the events of the eleven years of the experiment's official life. Then it prints a good many different documents which between them outline the point of view of the priest-workers themselves, and the views taken of their activities by the French bishops, who always wished them well, by the French press, which obviously feared them, and by the Roman hierarchy which in the end felt reluctantly bound to suppress them. Very little of this material has appeared in English before, and most of it is praiseworthily free from any merely personal comment. It is all dry and objective reporting, and though it describes a profoundly sad event, it is nevertheless a very valuable document indeed. Its writers are describing a failure, and this they know even while they still persist in it, but it is a failure full of significance and meaning.

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well what the situation was which these priest-workers attempted to meet. One of them in this book puts it shortly and neatly :

'For a year I have shared in the work and the whole life of the Markets, and now I feel I am really beginning to be one of the Market porters. One is immersed in this new life. Nothing else counts any more. Right in the heart of this reality of the Market amid the crates and the roar of the crowd, there are, it is true, two churches of stone. But the Church herself is utterly absent. Between that living world and the Church, ignored and without influence, there is a separation even more real than the thick walls of St Eustache.'

To deal with this separation and to bridge the gulf these priests, encouraged indeed by their great superior, Cardinal-Archbishop Suhard of Paris, felt that the only way was the complete and total identification of themselves with the workers they wished to reach. They must forsake all the outward forms of their previous ministry, forswear everything in it which even seemed to shelter them, and earn their living as factory workers on exactly the same economic terms as all other workers. They must become proletarians, live on their wages, wear their clothes, eat their food, live in their conditions in their dingy districts, and abandon everything which in any way marked the least separation between them. They did it. Few gestures could be more costly and heroic, and yet, on the evidence of this book, they have failed.

The experiment was very famous. It was backed by the prayers, inspired by the interest, encouraged by the visits of Christians of all Churches who cared about the dangerous sundering of the industrial social economy and the Church. Because of all this, Paris became the Mecca of Christian pilgrimage, and the hopes of all Christendom were undoubtedly centred upon the significant experiment being tried in the artisan districts of that city. The slow decision of the Roman authorities to bring it to an end must therefore have been most reluctantly made, and its acceptance by the French bishops must have been a real agony. Yet on the evidence of these priests themselves in their own book, it is impossible to believe that the governing authority of any Church in Christendom could have acted otherwise than the Roman Church did. For the devil got into it. Naturally he would try to do so.

From his satanic point of view, this was an exceedingly dangerous experiment which simply must not be allowed to succeed. What is so sombre and alarming is not that the devil tried to interfere, since that was always inevitable, but that his wrecking tactics were so swiftly successful. The heroism of the experiment seems to have provided no shield to guard it from satanic infiltration.

The trouble seems to have sprung from the logical ruthlessness of the self-identification with the workers which these priests demanded from themselves. They must become workers. As such they must share the food, the wages, the conditions of workers. It follows, or it seemed to them to follow, that they must not stop short of accepting as their own the political struggle of the workers. If that struggle takes revolutionary forms, as in France it certainly does, then logically these priests must become political revolutionaries. In strict logic every one of these steps follows automatically from the original effort of self-identification with the workers. So they threw themselves as wholeheartedly into the political as into the spiritual struggle, and inevitably the political struggle took the limelight while the spiritual struggle remained concealed from view. So they took their share in leading strikes, in running trade unions, in staging demonstrations in the streets against the arrival of American generals to take up their military appointments under N.A.T.O. It is of these things that this book is eloquent. Of their efforts to bring their fellow workers to Christ it has almost nothing to say. In fact, a reader's memory, though not claiming to remember accurately every word on every page, cannot bring to mind more than a very few mentions of our Lord in the book. The spirit in which these priest-workers approached their new ministry can be exemplified by two short quotations from accounts which one or another of them give of it themselves. One of them writes to his bishop :

' Out of missionary loyalty we gradually became workers. Now, for all of us, the thing is done. As one writes, " You allowed me to become a worker. Now it is done. There is nothing I can do to change it, nor you either." Another writes, " You belong to a particular world, or you don't. It is not a question of solidarity with the working class. We are of it, or we are not of it." From then on, we could not do other

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than opt for the active liberation of the working class of which we had become members, in collaboration with its most conscious and organised elements, in whom each day the workers put their trust. We were not trying to do this at the beginning. It is due simply to our conditions of life and work, to our sharing the whole of our lives with our comrades, to meeting at all levels with conscious militants—particularly those of the C.G.T. and the Communist Party—and to the analysis of the worker's situation given us by the working-class movement.'

At the end of the book there is a short and carefully considered summary of the present position of the priests who have defied the ban and continue to live and work as they did before, in which these words occur :

'The worker's life imposed itself on them (the priest-workers) as a primary condition—not merely work alone. If a man is to belong to the militant working class, travelling for economic, social, political and broadly human liberation, then he must share the life of that class. He must, in soul, in flesh and in blood, suffer from the capitalist system in all its guises, brutal or masked, but infinitely varied. Inevitably, therefore, he must take part in its struggles and its hopes without stinting his time or setting limits beforehand to the degree of his solidarity.'

We can all argue till the cows come home about the extent to which the working-class movement of revolt, and the methods of its revolt, are approved or condemned in the mind of Christ. What is beyond argument is this, that righteousness resides solely in any one class alone and only unrighteousness in all the others is a definitely unchristian idea. But it is hard to read any other meaning into the two quotations just made, which are only two among scores which could be made. In consequence this book is much more filled with hatred than with love, much more concerned with social revolution than with redemptive power, much more informed by a cast-iron certainty of an almost exclusive righteousness than by the spirit of, 'God be merciful to us, miserable sinners.' The heroism remains, a burning and a shining light, but the heroes are eating out their hearts in unhappy solitude. Few sadder books have been written in our time.

What will happen to them next remains to be seen. But what has gone wrong with their dream is already clear. They have taken the idea of self-identification with the



workers' world to such lengths of logical consistency that it has become self-mutilation. They have entered upon their mission with such fanatical zeal that they have taken it for granted that no other mission, aiming at the same goal, could possibly exist. Placed by their original heroism in an ideal position for exercising Christian reconciliation between class and class, social order and social order, artisan and employer, they threw it away by involving themselves in the heats of partisanship, and became themselves not a reconciling but an exacerbating force.

The two supposedly self-evident assumptions with which they began are now therefore seen to be not assumptions at all but tentative assertions which need to be established or disproved by argument. These were, first, that only by an extreme of the priest's self-identification with the worker can the gulf between Church and artisan be bridged, and, second, that the Church's ministry to the industrial world must be primarily the concern of specialists.

The self-identification of the French priest-worker with the artisan he wished to reach was carried to the length of a real self-mutilation. It is true that our Lord said, If thy hand or foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee. He said it in the context of personal morality, and in that context no Christian would think to challenge it. But what happens when the principle is carried a stage further and transported into another context? Is it right then to say, If thy hand or foot offend thy brother and separate thee from him, cut them off and cast them from thee? This can only be right on two assumptions—first, that the mutilation is not only possible but actually enriches rather than impoverishes the personality which performs it, and, second, that it not only bridges the gulf but remains the only possible way in which it can be bridged. Neither of these assumptions seems to be true. The priest-worker did not merely sacrifice his economic standards, his personal comforts, and the ecclesiastical security which his office gave him. Along with these he tried to cast from himself the whole of his previous life, his education, his cultural inheritance, his priestly 'separateness' which ordination necessarily fastens on him, and to become an entirely new kind of person. In other words, the cleavage between parish priest and priest-worker was wider and deeper by

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far than the cleavage between layman and priest. It was to ask far too much of our poor human nature, and it was to attempt a degree of self-sacrifice which is really impossible to achieve without compensatory damage. No life can rightly be cut clean in half like that, and neither person nor nation can rightly and creatively separate themselves from the whole of their historical inheritance.

Nor does it appear to be true that this extreme of self-identification is the only way to achieve its object, or even that it achieves it at all. If the purpose is to become so completely *persona grata* with the other person or group that a man wishes to reach, that one so completely knows their thoughts and guesses their feelings as to be wholly at home and at ease with them, and comes at last to be accepted by them as their friend and their interpreter, then an imaginative sensitiveness will often do it, and has often done it. That is true of any great parish priest. It is his vital equipment. Father Lowder of St Peter's London Docks did not live as a docker, and did not cast away the whole of his cultural inheritance by which he was separated from the dockers who could not share it. He simply gave himself by day and by night for years on end to the dockers and their families, and it was true to say that they had no thoughts he did not know, no instinctive reactions to events which he did not understand. He did not take off his parson's collar, and he nearly always wore a cassock as he walked along the grimy streets. But he identified himself wholly with his people—all of them, not only some of them—and little by little was accepted by them as an essential and valued part of their own life. It is only what every parish priest must try to do if he is any good, and though Fr Lowder was an exceptional man, a giant and a hero among parochial clergy, his insight and his methods were the same as those of all his tribe. He knew his sheep and was known by them. He loved his sheep and in the end he was loved by them. It all took time, as it always must. The good priest will always be able to stand imaginatively in his people's shoes, to know their thoughts, espouse their cause, and identify himself with their lives. It is unthinkable that any of this should be done without constant self-sacrifice, but for the identification to be fully as healthy and creative for both sides, the sacrifice should stop short of mutilation, and should not

wipe out the degree of separateness and detachment without which priesthood loses its point and its strength.

The second assumption which needs to be examined is that the Church's modern mission to a dangerously paganised industrial proletariat must be an affair of specialists and 'experts.' If this is true—and the truth of it was not only taken for granted but asserted in the very conception of the priest-worker—it must follow that an industrial mission of this kind is beyond the scope and above the weight of the traditional ministry of the parish. Let us restrict this argument for the moment to the artisan's situation in the French industrial cities. For there the whole weight of testimony from everyone in a position to know the facts, from the Abbé Godin onwards, is that the industrial districts of cities like Paris and Marseilles were so completely pagan, so indifferent or so hostile to the Church, as to present the Church with what were virtually virgin missionary fields. It was this fact, agreed to sadly by Cardinal Suhard and the whole of the French episcopate, which caused them to accept the Abbé Godin's revolutionary suggestions, and to set in motion the Mission to Paris with the priest-workers as its chief instrument.

Industrial Paris, then, was to be treated as though it were a new and unworked missionary district in the heart of the Congo or New Guinea, where Christianity is simply not in possession at all. Now a mission of that kind is for many years a field for specialists who have been trained for that particular work. You do not begin by carving the district out into parishes, giving to each one its own vicar, and expecting him to do in New Guinea exactly the same sort of parochial work which he and his kind have done for centuries in Europe. The business of the pioneer missionary is to build the Church in the new land. It then becomes the business of the Church, when built, to save the souls. The distinction, put thus, is no doubt too stark, for unless the missionary saves some souls he will not build the Church. Nevertheless it is a principle written all over missionary history that the pioneering stage of a mission is the affair of experts and specialists. The settled, permanent pastoral work of the Church, which is never the affair of experts and specialists, comes later. Any and every kind of good priest can serve in the settled Church, but only the exceptional, the unusually circumstanced, the

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specially trained priest can serve in the pioneering mission.

The French priest-workers were to be the pioneer missionaries and as such they submitted to the training and they undertook a way of life which could never be that of more than a few of the priests of the Church. But in what sense was Paris a missionary district? Clearly, not in the same sense as a new district of the Congo. For if the Church was not in possession in these districts, it was not on the other hand absent. Its buildings were there even if hardly anybody went into them, even if they were as neglected and uninfluential as the two parish churches in the market in the quotation at the beginning of this article. And where parish churches exist at all, however uselessly, there too are the parochial clergy who serve them and the perhaps very tiny congregation of laypeople who worship in them. Now the assumption of the specialist-expert was that these parish churches were such that no self-respecting working man would be seen dead in them. The priest-workers might make their converts on the floor of the factory and in the living-room of the tenement flat. But having made them, they must provide some new apparatus for the gradual building of them up in the Faith through prayer, worship, and sacrament, since it was impossible to expect them to receive these means of grace inside the walls of the parish church. So the prayer meetings were held in the factory and the masses were said in the kitchen.

For all this there is an immense amount to be said. Too many parish churches are only too often such as would either repel or make miserably uncomfortable any working man or woman who was setting out on the Christian adventure for the first time. The more prayers which can be said in the factory and the more masses in the kitchen the better pleased everybody who cares for the Kingdom of God ought to be. But to rest content with the idea that there is a necessary hostility or estrangement between the world of the industrial district and the world of the parish church is really a piece of concealed cynicism, and is most dangerous both to the Church as a whole and to the worker and his family.

Its dangers to the Church are obvious. It creates an inevitable hostility between the specialist priest and the parish priest, since it assumes as a primary axiom the

incompetence of the whole parochial system, an assumption which no parish priest on earth is likely to relish. Then, if you say, The average worker cannot be expected to worship in his parish church and therefore we are bound to provide him with his own specialised kind of church, how long will it be before there is a new and particularly deadly kind of schism? Moreover, if you pander so completely to class consciousness and class feeling as to say that for working-class people there must be a special kind of working-class parish church, you end logically by accepting the class structure of society as divinely appointed, and building up your new church system on a class and not on a territorial basis. That seems extremely hard to reconcile with any recognisable Gospel precept.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Cardinal Suhard never for a single second accepted any such assumption. When the Abbé Michonneau wrote a famous book, 'Revolution in a City Parish,' which showed with glorious plainness how the ordinary parish church in the ordinary working-class district could with conspicuous success bring the Gospel to the working man and bring the working man happily into the fellowship of the parish church, Cardinal Suhard contributed a preface to it. The Cardinal, who had been the enthusiastic patron of all the specialised apostolates to the industrial worker from the days of J.O.C. to those of the priest-worker, and grouped them all under the generic title of Catholic Action, had his own conception or pattern. It was that Catholic Action found and converted the new Christians and then the parish must stabilise them in the Faith. He wrote in his preface:

'We are drawn inevitably to the heart of the problem, which is the rechristianising of the life of our people at its source. Even though Catholic Action is a privileged instrument of this task, we have to admit that only the parish, the local and universal seat of the Redemption, can become the adequate means.'

In the same preface the Cardinal turned to deliver a warning on the subject of the limits of self-identification of a priest with the people he must try to win for Christ:

'The demands of this apostolate [to the working classes] are not such as to force us to abandon all care for "culture." What is demanded is that the priest must know how to be

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approachable, and so he must somehow share in the "culture" of his people. It may be that Fr Michonneau does not make his distinctions clear enough between that illusory familiarity with the popular mind which would result if a priest were to jettison the humane culture which is part of the equipment of the minister of God, and the true adaptation by which a priest can be understanding and be understood. The first would be a deplorable abasement.'

Self-identification, in fact, cannot and ought not to be absolute.

Then there is the point of view of the working man himself, the 'new Christian' who is 'found by Catholic Action.' Can he in fact become any kind of satisfactory Christian outside the parish system of pastoral work? Is he not condemned to be spiritually lop-sided if he is encouraged to by-pass the parish church? Of course he is, because no man is a working class (or capitalist) zealot and nothing else. The most class-conscious shop-steward in the world is not being a shop-steward twenty-four hours a day. He is also a family man, a husband and father, a neighbour, a man who is sometimes sick and must some day die, and a creature in need of various kinds of recreation. No one in this world is only one person. Most of us are at least eight different people, and all those eight have somehow to be ministered to and pastorally cared for by the Church. The only instrument which exists which has the resources to minister to the whole of a man is the parish, which is, in the Cardinal's great phrase, the 'only local and universal seat of the Redemption.' That not every parish in the world is doing this is only too true, and those which are doing it best are most conscious that they do it only for a few of those who have the right to claim it from them. But in the long run no good is ever done by impatient attempts to by-pass the parish, if only because no one has yet invented anything to put in its place.

It is reasonable to claim that events in France have shown this to be true there. When we turn to England the truth is incontestable. It is the parish in the end to which all evangelistic hopes are inexorably attached. However maddening to the ardent and impatient specialist the hesitant caution of so many parish churches may be, in the long run it is always the parish churches which decide

the fate of any and every kind of evangelistic experiment which the specialists may launch. The most promising experiment will always founder in confusion if it wholly fails to win the support of the parish churches. And this is not merely how things sadly happen to be, but is how they actually ought to be, because the parish church is the only instrument which exists that is capable to ministering steadily year after year to the whole man, in all his parts, passions, and relationships.

The growth of the Kingdom of God rests then on the parish churches more than on any other instrument or group of instruments. But the parish churches in their turn rest more than they often realise on all the experimental ministries—to the sick, the industrial worker, the students, and so on. The success of evangelism in our time really depends on our finding the right kind of co-operation between the experimental ministry of the specialist and the regular ministry of the parish. It must be a partnership, but the parish is always the senior partner.

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## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

**Men and Power, 1917-1918.** Lord Beaverbrook.

**One Man . . . Many Parts.** Lord Gorell.

**Byron and Goethe. Analysis of a Passion.** E. M. Butler.

**Grand Strategy, Vol. V.** John Ehrman.

**Portraits from Memory.** Bertrand Russell.

**The Oxford Companion to American Literature.** James D. Hart.

**The Wisdom of Winston Churchill.** F. B. Czarnomski.

**Survivor's Story.** Air Marshal Sir Gerald Gibbs.

**De Valera and the March of a Nation.** Mary C. Bromage.

**That Devil John Wilkes.** Raymond Postgate.

**A Doctor Returns.** Donald McI. Johnson, M.P.

**The Boy and his Needs.** Dr Erich Meissner.

**Black Power.** Richard Wright.

**The Agincourt War.** Lt.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S 'Men and Power, 1917-1918' (Hutchinson) is suitably titled, as it throws much interesting light on the struggles and manoeuvres of many eminent men of the period for office and power. The book would be worth while if only for the brief biographical notes at the beginning: skilful, illuminating, barbed, pertinent in the correct sense and often impertinent in the popular sense of the word, shrewd and entertaining. But there is much more in the book than this. Few people emerge from Lord Beaverbrook's scrutiny with their characters enhanced. Lloyd George gets a fine tribute at the end, but before that is shown to be arrogant, insulting, given to intrigue, spiteful and not always veracious, though admittedly a great war leader. Lord Curzon comes out badly—a pompous 'jumping-jack' always ready to change sides in order to be among the winners, 'the old cart-horse Curzon who could be relied upon to support his master providing the fodder held out.' The first Lord Rothermere perhaps alone gets more praise than most people would allow him. Lord Beaverbrook has always had great skill in knowing what was going on behind the scenes—and this book proves it, whether it be Cabinet making, bargaining for honours or bitter disputes between the generals and the politicians. There is valuable material for future historians here, and good reading for the intelligent reader—all told in the best Beaverbrook style.

A house, provided the design is pleasing, can be equally attractive whether built of a comparatively small

number of large blocks of stone or many bricks. So it is with autobiography, which can consist largely of great events and high positions or of many details, slight perhaps in themselves but making together a good pattern. Lord Gorell in his *'One Man . . . Many Parts'* (Odhams) has chosen the latter course. About a hundred pages are given to childhood, boyhood, and youth in a happy and affectionate family, with much personal detail which, so to speak, fits into the mosaic background against which his later experiences are shown—and he has had most varied experience. He has been, or is, poet, novelist, religious writer, editor, publisher, educationist, politician, artist, traveller, first-class cricketer and sportsman, and chairman of a famous hospital, of the Society of Authors, and of many official and other committees largely dealing with public welfare. He writes, 'I may never have done one-twentieth of the things I set out so boldly to do fifty years ago, but I have at least been brought into unusually close personal contact with almost everyone—in Great Britain, I mean—who during the intervening years was in conspicuous action, and this in almost every field.' And 'I can assert without fear of contradiction that it has chanced that I have been, often incidentally, sometimes essentially, a participant in many very interesting, and even great, events and in many extremely varied walks of life, and that I have striven—fitfully and imperfectly assuredly, but still zealously—to obey the Christian truths and to seek the heights of poetry.' How far he has achieved his high aim this book will show. It makes excellent reading and the narrative is skilfully embellished with many good stories.

*'Byron and Goethe. Analysis of a Passion,'* by E. M. Butler, Emeritus Professor of German in the University of Cambridge (Bowes & Bowes), is a notable addition to the now large library of books dealing with Byron. It shows the extraordinary effect which Byron's life and personality had on Goethe, despite the fact that there were forty years in age between them, and that they never met and seldom wrote to each other. They spoke different languages and belonged to different races, 'yet their conjunction was to influence European literature and the future of mankind.' We are told that in this book 'Two utterly dissimilar voices will be heard: Byron's

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(incisive, vivacious, challenging) rings out clearly and carries far. Goethe's (mellow and sonorous) sends out prolonged and reverberating echoes.' And so we are guided through the story of their association in the three parts of the book called 'Sympathies and dispathies, 1816-1824,' 'Post mortem, 1824-1832,' including 'Retrospects,' and 'Full Circle' of Byron's influence. Incidentally we are given the true story of Byron's prefaces and dedications, suppressed and otherwise, and the muddle which led to one appearing in more than one poem, 'Marino Faliero,' 'Sardanapalus,' and 'Werner' all being affected. Some of this muddle certainly seems to have been the fault of John Murray. Professor Butler writes with distinction and thorough mastery of her subject.

Six volumes in all dealing with the Grand Strategy of the war are due to appear. The fifth of the series, but the first to be published—out of its chronological order—is 'Grand Strategy,' Vol V (H.M. Stationery Office), by Mr John Ehrman. It opens with the Anglo-American conference at Quebec in August 1943, at which the Allied offensive for winning the war was planned. It closes with the second Quebec conference held in September 1944, when this offensive had received a serious check which destroyed the hope that Germany would be defeated by the end of 1944. The further, and last, volume shortly to appear will deal with the story up to and including the surrender of Germany and Japan. 'Strategic thought,' we are told, 'moves and eddies with the movement of great events.' Plans, in fact, during this period of the war were constantly being changed or modified. Such fluctuations were often caused, quite simply, by the lack of essential materials in one theatre or another. This was particularly the case with landing-craft, and as Sir Winston Churchill himself has remarked, 'That the plans of two great Empires . . . should be ham-strung and limited by a hundred or so of these particular vessels will never be understood by history.' In the second place, diplomatic problems naturally reacted strongly upon strategy, and it was obvious that the American point of view would be dissimilar from the governing British policy. However, as remarked by the author, 'the area of consent remained larger than the area of dispute, and that even when the partners differed, they remained close partners.' But the

differences were very real and difficult to reconcile. The British placed a high value on strategic flexibility in preference to a rigid adherence to a long-prepared plan. The Americans, on the other hand, preferred the direct approach, a single strategic target, and a matured plan. In this connection there is a revealing sentence in General Eisenhower's book 'Crusade': 'The doctrine of opportunism,' he says, 'so often applicable in tactics, is a dangerous one to pursue in strategy.' Those who read this book expecting a ruling where strategic conceptions differed—that this course was right or that wrong—will be disappointed. Mr Ehrman, where conflicting courses were open to the Allies, is careful as a general rule merely to marshal his facts, and leave the reader to form his own judgment. Nevertheless the general impression that emerges is that the British were the guilty partners of the Alliance so far as the wish to alter or modify existing plans was concerned, and that this impatience and desire to break away from the governing strategic considerations were caused, primarily, by the fact that the British had planned to reach the climax of their effort in 1944, and thereafter 'could only decline within an Alliance whose own foundations were shifting.' Though dealing with a complex subject and a mass of detail, the author has succeeded in presenting a most readable and well-arranged work, in which lucidity and impartiality are striking characteristics. The second and last volume from Mr Ehrman, which will deal, *inter alia*, with the Yalta Conference, the problem of 'unconditional surrender,' and the effect of the strategic bombing of Germany, is to follow very shortly.

Messrs. Allen and Unwin, the publishers of Bertrand Russell's 'Portraits from Memory,' claim that this is one of his most popular books, and indeed it may well prove to be that, for it provides excellent reading for several classes of minds. There are vivid pictures of his rather lonely childhood in his grandfather's house, and his gradual emancipation from strict mid-Victorian Whig atmosphere and ideas, beginning with Cambridge, passing into the larger world, and even including prison as a pacifist in the First World War. The book is partly factual and historical, partly speculative and philosophical, partly psychological. Lord Russell gives very clever portraits of, among others, Lord John Russell, J. S. Mill,

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Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and D. H. Lawrence. He writes about Common Usage, knowledge and wisdom, clear thinking, definite meaning of words, history as an art, and the road to happiness. He explains his dislike of Communism and the peril of mankind at the present time. He is sometimes provocative, as he would wish to be, sometimes rather difficult to understand for those who do not lean to philosophy, often stimulating, and always with the skill of long experience and much thought, and always well worth reading, however much the reader may disagree with his views.

'**The Oxford Companion to American Literature**,' by James D. Hart, lately published by the Oxford University Press, is a new and revised edition of a valuable standard work. In 900 pages it contains short biographies and bibliographies of American authors, with information about style and subject-matter, and summaries and descriptions of hundreds of important American novels, stories, essays, poems, and plays and details of literary societies, magazines, anthologies, co-operative publications, literary awards, book collectors, and printers. It will be seen from this that its aim is high and its range wide—from E. A. Abbey or 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois' to Lean Zugsmith and 'Zury.' It will bring home to most readers how little they really know of an enormous number of American authors and books of which they have seldom if ever heard, but which must have reached some eminence to be accorded the honour of inclusion in this volume. It is obviously difficult to review in the ordinary sense a work of this nature. It is a mine of information for students and educated readers wanting to know more about American literature. It is an extremely useful work of reference, well arranged and well carried out. Its price is sixty shillings, but the work is well worth the price and it should find a home on all good public library shelves—and on as many private ones as can be fortunate enough to buy it.

'**The Wisdom of Winston Churchill**,' edited by F. B. Czarnomski (George Allen & Unwin), is subtitled 'Being a Selection of Aphorisms, Reflections, Precepts, Maxims, Epigrams, Paradoxes, and Opinions from his Parliamentary and Public Speeches, 1900-1955.' Nothing

could explain the book better. It is cream of Churchillian oratory—3,500 extracts under appropriate headings and arranged in alphabetical order. As the editor writes, Churchill's 'story is an amazing medley of tragedy and triumph, of frustration and achievement. He has provoked all responses from anger to veneration, and has exhibited many of the frailties of human nature with the highest capacity for service and leadership.' He has an amazing mastery of the English language, which enables him to clothe his ideas in noble words—or enforce his attacks with remarkably apt and sometimes highly barbed phrases. This book can be opened anywhere and something good will be found, a storehouse in which is garnered much good grain, and but little chaff except in the sense of humorous dealing with opponents.

Air Marshal Sir Gerald Gibbs has had a long and distinguished career—over forty years, as he says, largely taken up with conflict and preparation for conflict. In his '**Survivor's Story**' (Hutchinson) he tells us of his life, and naturally stresses his work in the R.A.F., going back to the R.F.C. before the First World War. He served in Iraq, Palestine, and Transjordan, also in Kenya and the Sudan in the two wars and between. His final appointment was as the last British Air C.-in-C. in India, and he gives a most interesting and encouraging account of that country in its present condition of independence. In 1940 and 1941 he held a high command at home which brought him great responsibility in the Battle of Britain, of which he gives an important and really useful account, and some of us will be glad to hear from so high an authority that 'the R.A.F. made enormous strides during the period of grace between Munich and 1940. Of course the Luftwaffe developed too, but our position improved decisively and in this respect the shame of Munich paid off.' This should be considered by the many who hold that we should have gone to war in 1938. Sir Gerald's graphic account of the war in Burma emphasises once again the supreme importance of air superiority. He writes simply, clearly, instructively and at times humorously of his many experiences and the lessons that he has learned from them.

'**De Valera and the March of a Nation**,' by Mary C. Bromage (Hutchinson), tells clearly and skilfully the



life story of one of the most contentious figures of our times. De Valera is of the stuff that makes fanatics—and in many cases martyrs. Rigid, austere, humourless, working in blinkers, seeing neither to the right nor the left of the strait and narrow road to his objective, deeply religious in a stern Old Testament manner, obstinate and entirely convinced of the rightness of his views, he stands out as a formidable but perhaps hardly lovable figure. Lloyd George, irritated after negotiating with him, exclaimed, 'I have never found anyone like him; he is perfectly unique. I think the poor distracted world has a good right to be profoundly thankful that he is unique.' In De Valera's life we find a commentary on fifty years and more of Irish history, troubles, bloodshed, struggle and, to a large extent, success of the Republicans. It is a complicated story, inevitably so in view of such facts as that in 1921 there were four competing governments in Ireland: Dail Eirann, the provisional government, the British government, and the Northern government. The author has successfully faced the difficulty of writing about one who is still alive and she provides a well-balanced portrait.

'That Devil John Wilkes,' by Raymond Postgate (Denis Dobson), is a new edition, with additional information, of a book originally published in 1930. It might be said of Wilkes that his ugliness of face was exceeded only by his ugliness of character. He was immoral, dissolute, untrustworthy, venomous, and spendthrift. Yet it cannot be denied that he had great physical courage and resolution and determination in the many troubles into which he landed himself. His was the extraordinary case of a man who for some time had been in prison, in exile, and an outlaw becoming Lord Mayor and M.P., though he had previously been expelled by the House of Commons four times after being elected. He was a successful demagogue and 'Wilkes and Liberty' became a popular slogan. He won the support of the working classes and the uneducated mobs, and, with that backing, defied the Commons and the King and his party, then so powerful in Parliament. The chapter titles include 'The Hell Fire Club,' 'Wilkes and Liberty,' 'Wilkes and America,' 'Victory in the City of London,' 'Lord Mayor and M.P.,' and 'An Extinct Volcano.' That really sums up the story



of a remarkable and highly unattractive man, told clearly and convincingly by Mr Postgate.

'**A Doctor Returns,**' by Donald McI. Johnson, M.P. (Christopher Johnson), is a curious and in some ways disturbing book. About six years ago the author (who is a fully qualified doctor) was suddenly certified and, against his will, confined in a mental hospital. He fully realises that at the time he had delirium and rather violent delusions, though part of his mind was always able to consider his position normally. His wife, as it happens, had the same delusions and delirium to a lesser degree. Against the verdict of the authorities who dealt with him, Dr Johnson was, and still is, convinced that his illness was due not to internal decay but to dope or poison somehow administered from outside. How that can have been is still the problem. He made a quick recovery and subsequently, both before and after he entered Parliament, he made a deep study of poisons both on the individual and in some odd cases on many people at the same time. In Parliament he has become the champion of the mentally sick and has thrown grim light on much that goes on in some of our mental hospitals, which badly needs full examination. Dr Johnson produces strong evidence that his illness was due to outside causes—but still the question remains, how could it have been administered?

Dr Erich Meissner, author of '**The Boy and His Needs**' (Macdonald), is Warden of Gordonstoun, that remarkable school which has led the way in educational science and practice, especially the development of physical and character training as well as bookwork and games. Dr Meissner discusses many philosophical problems connected with education and at the end writes, 'We have been travelling "over the hills and far away" and now that the end of the journey is within sight the question will perhaps be asked, What are the practical conclusions? We have, however, penetrated into regions where practical proposals cannot be picked up like pebbles.' The conclusions reached are that the boy needs power of sustained, contemplative attention which alone secures a healthy, habitual trend of thought. Secondly, confidence in nature is required and thirdly 'religious prudence. It is a complex virtue. The entire man enters into it. Intellectual acumen, tempered by humility and patience; emotional

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honesty, moral courage.' There is nothing specially original in this, but the author travels to these conclusions by interesting and sometimes unusual paths.

'**Black Power,**' by Richard Wright (Dobson), is a good book spoilt by too-obvious bias and prejudice. The author is an American Negro who for ten years was a Communist. He no longer belongs to that party and he now lives in Paris. Not long ago he felt moved to go and visit the land of his forefathers, the Gold Coast. He is obsessed by the idea of the white man's selfish exploitation of the black, and, as the British are the dominant whites on the Gold Coast, they become the constant whipping boy. Nearly all that has gone wrong is their fault and they get no credit for any good. Incidentally, in references to Algeria the French of course become the whipping boy. The hero of Mr Wright's book is Kwame Nkrumah, the forceful, able, somewhat turbulent and fanatically nationalist Prime Minister. Mr Wright says, 'What a bewildering unity Nkrumah had forged: Christianity, tribalism, paganism, sex, nationalism, housing, health and housing schemes. Could this sweep Africa?' The conflicts would seem to be more obvious than the unity. The most interesting parts of the book are those on religion and the extraordinary way in which the native can claim to be a sincere Christian and yet quite openly continue his pagan beliefs, ritual, and superstitions. Mr Wright has studied the many political, social, and industrial problems now facing the Gold Coast and on the strength of his experiences of a few months ends his book with a long open letter to Nkrumah telling him how he should face those problems, carry on the government, train up his people, and of course deal with the British. Dr Nkrumah will doubtless be grateful for the advice. Mr Wright can write in a clear and perceptive way: it is a pity that he allows his prejudices to run away with him.

'**The Agincourt War,**' by Lt.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O. (Eyre and Spottiswoode), is a refreshing and most interesting account of the land campaigns in the second phase of the Hundred Years War. The close link that the author maintains between the geography of the ground over which the battles were fought and the various contemporary accounts brings to life events that remain amazing to this day. Especially, one welcomes the invita-

tion to visit the battle grounds that is implicit throughout, and the occasional mention of a feature that is still visible now—be it a depression in a field, a wall, a gateway—cannot fail to evoke a realisation of the nearness of these great battles. Colonel Burne has a gift for setting the scene before us; the great leaders stand out with their characteristic qualities and weaknesses, and the whole atmosphere of warfare in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is vivid. In a book of this nature it is unfair to expect a reader new to the subject to burrow and hunt for place-names, which have an annoying habit of not being on the first map referred to; there should be some aid to finding one's way about. There are repetitions and the occasional contradiction that might easily have been noticed and remedied. There is a tendency towards a bias in favour of the English and a lessening of interest in the description of stages when the ascendancy was passing to France. This might appear to be one of the most widespread failings of historians, for to the individuals concerned each battle had to be fought on its own merits. But this is a book that overtops any such faults, and it will repay fully any time spent on it. Not only is it a pleasure to read, but it stimulates to find out more—and that is the life of history.

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## THE ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES

THE election held in the United States on November 6 may well prove an important landmark in its political history. The results of Gallup polls before voting day had shown clearly that the personality and record of President Eisenhower had such a magnetism for a multitude of Democrats and Independents that his re-election by a large majority was assured, but it was a great disappointment to the President and the managers of the Republican campaign that the landslide of almost record proportions, which carried him back into the White House, failed signally to bring in its train Republican majorities in both Houses of Congress. Not for nearly a century has there been revealed such a disparity between the popular support of a President and that of the Congressional candidates of his party, and the contrast is ominous for the fortunes of the Republican Party, when it loses the immense asset of the personality of Eisenhower, who to-day is accorded in the United States the same sort of affectionate veneration as popular constitutional monarchs like Queen Elizabeth enjoy in their countries. But the cross-currents and shifting eddies in the voting for Congress suggest that the late election may have begun a very desirable revolution in American politics.

A few years ago a British journalist in Washington made the comment that 'the function of an American party is to be all things to all states,' and the programmes of both the Republican and Democratic parties were being constantly remodelled under the pressure of spokesmen of different states and sectional interests. Consequently each party has always had a conservative and a liberal wing, between whom fierce battles were often fought over policy and legislation. The result was an artificiality in political alignments, which often made the choice of intelligent voters at elections extremely difficult. But the election indicated that influences are now at work for a drastic realignment, which will produce two political parties making a coast-to-coast appeal for votes with sharply contrasting policies and will thereby offer the promise of a healthier political life for the United States.

The election was conducted on a very creditable plane and kept free from the acrimonious exchanges, which occurred in the contest of 1952, but the large measure of agreement on important issues between the two best available candidates for the Presidency and the consequent dearth of material for sharp clarifying debate tended to make the campaign dull. President Eisenhower and the Republican Party based their appeal for a new mandate on the record of their administration. In the domestic field their chief claims were that under Republican rule since 1953 the national income of the American people had risen to record heights, that unemployment had been trivial, and that, while there had been a steady rise in the scales of wages and salaries, the cost-of-living index had only climbed 1.6 per cent. in the first three and a half years of the Eisenhower administration, as compared with 37.2 per cent. between 1946 and 1952. Under the preceding Democratic administrations the Federal Budget had only been balanced three times in twenty years and so the Republicans felt justified in claiming credit for bringing by judicious retrenchments Federal expenditures into balance with Federal revenues by 1956, to the accompaniment of reductions of both taxation and the public debt. They could also show that, instead of paring down Federal participation in social services, they had actually enlarged it and taken steps to eliminate slums and build more schools. Their move to reduce the level of price support for farm products was very unpopular with most of the farmers, but they defended it on the ground that the previous level had been an expensive piece of favouritism for one class and that it had produced unwieldy surpluses of their products, which could not be sold profitably, and this argument appealed to the urban voters. So the contention of the Republicans was that they had provided their country with the sound viable economy, which was essential as a basis for effective national security.

In the international arena the Republicans sought credit for ending the Korean war, for reducing expenditures for defence, but at the same time maintaining the armed forces at a strength which left them capable of offering in co-operation with Allies an effective deterrent to Communist aggression, for continued support of the United Nations and NATO, for enlarging and strengthening the network of treaties of mutual assistance, for generous measures of

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assistance to other nations of the free world, and for the establishment of a ring of defensive military bases overseas.

The Democratic line of attack was that the domestic policies of the Eisenhower administration had been largely dictated by the desires of the 'big business' interests, which had such strong representation in the Cabinet, that special partiality for their interests had been shown in policies about taxation, about the transfer of tidelands with rich resources in oil from Federal control to individual states, and about water powers. The Republican policy for agriculture was branded as grossly unfair to the farmers and the labour unions were invited to punish the Republican Party for its failure to fulfil pledges to remedy flaws in the Taft-Hartley Bill, which regulates industrial disputes.

The Democrats also made a very damaging arraignment of Mr Dulles' management of American foreign policy, charging that its tortuosities and vacillations had often left the Allies of the United States baffled and disgusted, that instead of checking Communist aggression it had enabled the Russians to gain a series of diplomatic victories, which had strengthened their position, and that it had made no headway towards a settlement of problems like the reunification of Germany and a restoration of stability in the Middle East. The claim of the Republicans that they had built up an adequate system of national security was denied and great play was made with evidence about gross wastefulness in the expenditures upon defence. The Republican policy about atomic energy was also criticized, but an effort by Mr Stevenson in the closing days of the campaign to win votes by a strong demand for a cessation of nuclear tests by explosions fell flat.

During the campaign President Eisenhower, contenting himself with a few speeches and broadcasts, in which the partisan note was muted, exploited successfully the appeal which his personality makes to the American public in a nation-wide tour, and was the object of tremendous ovations during its course. Mr Adlai Stevenson was a much more industrious exponent of his own ideas and his party's policies for the enlightenment of the voters, but he was a less effective campaigner than in 1952. Sensitiveness to the charge of his opponents that he was an 'egghead'—the new American term for intellectual—and too rarefied a being to be a competent leader for the nation impelled him to adopt an earthier line of

approach to the voters, but the change from the high intellectual level of his appeal in 1952 missed fire, as it cooled the enthusiasm of many admirers of his earlier style and did not produce any great harvest of votes from the farmers and urban workers.

The strange apathy of many Americans towards politics was again disclosed by the figure for the total popular vote, 62,025,576, which only accounted for 60.3 per cent. of the estimated population of voting age. But the preference of those who voted for President Eisenhower was so decisive that, polling some 35 million votes, he defeated his Democratic opponent, Mr Adlai Stevenson, by a majority of roughly 9 million, a figure which had only been exceeded by Franklin Roosevelt's majority of 11 millions over Mr Alfred Landon in 1936. He ran well ahead of his record in 1952, as he increased his percentage of the popular vote from 55.1 to 57.2 and carried 41 states with 457 electoral votes, as compared with 39 states with 442 electoral votes in 1952. By contrast, Mr Stevenson had to admit a decline in public favour, because, although he polled nearly 26 million votes, his percentage of the popular vote dropped from 44.4 to 42 and he only carried 7 states with 74 electoral votes as compared with 9 states with 89 electoral votes in 1952. He lost two southern states, Louisiana and Kentucky, and also West Virginia, and his only crumb of comfort was the return of Missouri to the Democratic column. There was the usual crop of nondescript minor candidates, but between them they only polled 417,090 votes.

But a large host of Democrats and Independents, who voted for Eisenhower, because they had come to regard him as a non-partisan President, who could hold in leash the reactionary elements in the Republican Party, were not prepared to entrust it with the control of Congress. So in practically every state the Republican candidates for both Houses of Congress ran well behind the President, in some cases by large margins. As a result the Democrats, making a net gain of one seat, retained their comfortable working majority in the House of Representatives, where they hold 234 out of 435 seats.

In the Senate, which the Democrats had controlled by the narrow margin of two votes, 35 out of its 96 seats were at stake in the election, and when the polls revealed that each party had captured four seats from the other, the relative balance of parties, 49 Democrats as against 47 Republicans, remains unchanged. When the new Congress assembled on January 3, the Democrats proceeded

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to exercise their right to organize both Houses and secure for themselves the Chairmanship and a majority of the members on each of their numerous special committees. But their definite control of the Senate may be only temporary, as one of their number, Senator Green of Rhode Island, is an aged man of eighty-nine, and, if he were to die or resign, his successor would be chosen by the Republican Governor of his state, who would certainly nominate a member of his own party.

The Democrats were also well satisfied with the results of the gubernatorial elections. Out of the 48 governorships 27, of which they held 16, were contested, and, while they lost Ohio, West Virginia, and New Mexico to the Republicans, they made good these losses by capturing Massachusetts, Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, and Oregon, and now possess 28 out of the 48 governorships.

But perhaps the most encouraging feature of the election was an upsurge of intelligent political discrimination among the American voters. The conviction of a great majority of them that President Eisenhower would be an efficient guardian of peace and prosperity and that Adlai Stevenson merited almost equal confidence in his wisdom made them feel free to choose in state or local elections candidates without regard for party labels or the orders of political bosses. Accordingly in many states and districts the voters disregarded their nominal political affiliations to elect candidates of approved merit and dismiss from office humbugs and misfits, who had been found out. For example, Mr Jacob Javitz, an able Jewish lawyer of very liberal views, defeating Mr Robert Wagner, the Democratic Mayor of New York City, captured the state for the Republicans. Mr Joseph Clark, who had been an excellent Mayor of Philadelphia, easily defeated Senator Duff, a Republican, in Pennsylvania, despite the fact that President Eisenhower had carried this state by the huge majority of 591,000, and the voters of Idaho, which has rarely elected a Democrat, ousted a notorious Republican reactionary, Senator Herman Welke, in favour of a progressive young opponent, Mr Frank Church.

The Republicans made considerable inroads upon ethnic and religious blocs, which in recent elections had been giving almost solid support to the Democrats, and their greatest success was with the coloured voters. From the Civil War onwards a sense of gratitude to the Republican Party as the agents of their emancipation

from slavery had made most of them support it, but in 1932 Franklin Roosevelt began to allure them into the Democratic fold and in all the elections between 1932 and 1956 the Democratic Party secured on an average 79 per cent. of the coloured vote with their percentage in some districts rising as high as 90 per cent. But, when the pressure of the Southern Democrats at their party's convention in Chicago was responsible for a half-hearted endorsement of desegregation and some of their negrophobe leaders, like Senator Eastland of Mississippi, proclaimed war to the knife against it, thousands of coloured voters could see no profit in helping the Democratic Party to victory.

It managed, however, in the north, where the number of coloured voters is estimated at 3 millions, to keep the allegiance of a majority of them, but there were serious defections to the Republicans in cities like Chicago, where the Democratic percentage of the coloured vote fell by 16 per cent. In the South the coloured people had been gradually breaking down the barriers erected by state legislatures to prevent their exercise of the franchise, and for this election they had increased their registrations on the electoral rolls to 1.45 million. In 1952 their support of Adlai Stevenson had been an important factor in keeping several states for the Democrats, but last November a wholesale switch to the Republican side enabled Eisenhower not only to retain the four Southern states which he carried in 1952, but to win two more, Kentucky and Louisiana. The latter state had always been regarded as an impregnable fortress of the Democratic Party, but it fell to Eisenhower, when he received the almost solid support of its 156,000 coloured voters. A similar shift was visible all over the South. In Atlanta, Georgia, in districts, in which the coloured folk were hived, had in 1952 given Eisenhower only 21 per cent. of their votes, they increased his share nearly four-fold to 82 per cent., and in similar districts in Richmond, Virginia, his percentage rose from 32 to 69 per cent. Moreover, while many white Democrats, who had supported Eisenhower, voted for their party's Congressional candidates, their example was not followed by the coloured deserters, with the result that the Republicans were able to hold the six Southern seats in the House of Representatives, which they had gained in 1952, and give the Democrats a hard fight in others.

Undoubtedly this decisive switch of the coloured vote was

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deliberately organized to punish the Southern Democrats for their obdurate opposition to desegregation and to encourage the Republicans to employ the full power of the Federal Government to render ineffective the legislative measures, which Southern legislatures have been passing to frustrate the enforcement of the judgment of the Supreme Court, which made racial segregation illegal, and to suppress the tactics of violence, to which rabid opponents of the reform have been resorting in numerous places. The Eisenhower administration is keenly aware that it must take vigorous action, if it is to hold its coloured support, and immediately after the election Mr Brownell, the Attorney-General, summoned to Washington the Federal prosecuting attorneys in the Southern states and instructed them to enforce firmly a recent ruling of the Supreme Court against the legality of a local ordinance, under which racial segregation had been preserved in the bus service of the city of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama. The effect of this decision is to make segregation in public transportation as legally dead, as it has previously been declared for public schools and public facilities for recreation and it paves the way for the nullification of similar statutes in other Southern states.

But on the other hand in the Congressional election Democratic candidates polled heavier votes than in any former election in the Republican stronghold of northern New England and offset losses in the central regions by gains in the Middle West and the Far West, two political terrains, in which the Republicans have usually held the upper hand. Republican losses in the so-called 'farm belt' could be ascribed to agrarian discontent with the agricultural policies of the Eisenhower administration, but in the far West, where public ownership of power has overwhelming popular support, it was the persistent partiality of the Republicans for the private power companies that cost them thousands of votes. It lost them senatorial seats in Colorado and Idaho and helped Democrats, like Senator Morse in Oregon and Senator Magnusson in Washington, to defeat attacks by strong Republican opponents. To-day the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean is growing faster in population than any other section of the United States and the consequence will be an increase of its political weight at Washington. So, if the Democratic Party can establish for itself



a definite ascendancy in this area, it might find adequate compensation for any loss of strength in the South.

President Eisenhower, now that he is firmly reseated in the White House, must feel that his overwhelming majority gives him a mandate to persevere with his efforts to liberalize the Republican Party and guide it along reasonably progressive paths. A very illuminating account of the difficulties which he encountered and the progress which he made in this task is given in a recently published book, called 'Eisenhower—the Inside Story.' Its author is Mr R. J. Donovan, correspondent of the *New York Herald-Tribune* at Washington, and for the writing of an independent authentic account of the management of the affairs of the United States since 1952 he was given the rare privilege of access to highly confidential documents and the assistance of members of Eisenhower's Cabinet and staff and other high officials. The result is an arresting portrait of a leader of high ideals and progressive instincts, starting his career in the White House as a confused political innocent and acquiring by slow degrees a deft mastery of the arts of the politician, while he engaged in a constant struggle with the reactionary elements of his party. He soon discovered that most of the Republicans of the 'Old Guard' cherished a deep resentment against him for his defeat of their hero, the late Senator Taft, in the bitter contest for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1952 and that he had often to reckon with their opposition to his policies and legislation. Fortunately, however, he was able to enlist the co-operation of very influential Democrats like Senator George, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs after 1954 and of Senator Lyndon Johnson, leader of his party in the Senate, for mustering Democratic support for his legislation. 'Forty times,' according to the *Congressional Quarterly Almanac for 1953*, 'the Democrats saved the President by providing with their votes the margin of victory, when Republican defections or absences imperilled the happy glow.'

Apparently the President was deeply disturbed and aggravated by the split in the Republican Party and the stubborn refusal of powerful figures in it to appreciate that the ultimate aims of his programme were the promotion of peace and prosperity. Their open antagonism to his avowed aspiration to lead the Republican Party along a progressive path without deviating to the Left gradually

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convinced him that too many of its influential leaders in Congress were narrow-minded reactionaries, devoid of any clear understanding of the sort of policies, which were required for the satisfactory solution of the complicated domestic and international problems facing the United States in the middle of the twentieth century.

So, according to Mr Donovan, President Eisenhower towards the end of 1953 had become so exasperated with the conduct of the Republican 'diehards' that he talked frequently to his intimates about the need for organizing a new political party. His conception of it was that its programme should embody the domestic and international policies, which he believed were essential for the security and prosperity of the United States and he hoped that it would attract from both the old parties men and women, who sympathized with his ideals and practical aims. For its name his original preference was the clumsy title of 'Progressive Moderate,' but subsequently he developed a liking for the words 'dynamic conservatism,' which he advertised to the country in the following passage in a speech:

I have said that we are progressive moderates. Right at the moment I rather favour the term 'dynamic conservatism.' I believe that we should be conservative. I believe that we should conserve everything that is basic in our system. But we should be dynamic in applying it to the problems of the day so that all of the 165 millions of Americans will profit by it.

But his personal knowledge of the paralysing effect of a multiplicity of parties upon the government of France and his recollection of the histories of third parties in the United States, which had invariably faded away after the death of their founders, persuaded him that any temporary gains, which might accrue from the creation of a new party would not compensate for the dangerous confusions, which might follow the break-up of an old-established party. So he decided that his best chance of achieving his objective lay in continuing his efforts to liberalize the Republican Party and to rely for help in this good cause upon his own powers of persuasion, the pressure of changing conditions, and the emergence of younger leaders in his party, who shared his views and had faith in his policies.

There are also signs that President Eisenhower has become con-

scious of the need for a reinvigoration of the foreign policy of his country and for the application of remedies for the weakness of the State Department, which was shown in high relief by the crisis created by the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt. It was the subject of a very damaging indictment in an article published by the *New Republic* and written by Professor Hans Morgenthau, Director of International Studies in the University of Chicago, who in it placed the chief responsibility for the weakness of his department squarely upon the shoulders of Mr Dulles, the Secretary of State. Declaring that Mr Dulles' assumption of the rôles of roving ambassador and ubiquitous negotiator had impaired his ability to perform essential functions of his office with efficiency, he alleged that it had 'transformed the top echelon of his subordinates into a sort of collective leadership, performing the institutional functions of the Secretary without his permanent control and without his authority.' And he added this further charge:

The circumstances, under which Mr Dulles has operated, were never of the best and they were never worse than they are to-day. For reasons which will be discussed in a moment, Mr Dulles has consistently appointed to key positions in his department men who are out of sympathy with his own policies. This being so, it is but natural that in the process of execution the Secretary's policies are often infused with the spirit of their opponents. The Secretary's policies have sometimes been so completely perverted by his subordinates that deliberate sabotage provides the only plausible explanation.

When the crisis over the Suez canal developed, Mr Dulles was incapacitated by a serious operation, and, after certain grave deficiencies of his Under-Secretary, Mr Herbert Hoover Jr., who is credited with inheritance of the notorious anglophobia of his father, ex-President Hoover, became apparent, President Eisenhower took into his own hands the management of American foreign policy and seems determined to retain a large measure of control over it. Moreover, he has evidently realized that, while he may have to retain Mr Dulles as his chief adviser on foreign policy, he must be given more competent and enlightened assistance. So Mr Hoover has resigned and been replaced by Mr Christian Herter of Boston, and the change ought to infuse a vitalizing spirit into the Department, because on his record Mr Herter is a very able man of liberal views, who was a progressive governor of Massachusetts, and, while he was, at an earlier date, a member of the House of Representa-

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tives, was one of the most useful members of its committee on foreign affairs and gained in this rôle an informed knowledge of international problems.

There is some evidence that the President, although he will find it difficult to forgive Sir Anthony Eden for his actions, has some regrets for the harsh treatment which he meted out to Britain and France and now sees the need for active intervention by the United States to create bulwarks against Russian domination of the Middle East. It is true that the authority, which he is seeking from Congress, to employ the armed forces in the United States in the Middle East and to spend an additional 400 million dollars on economic aid to countries in that region does not mean much, as the United States is already committed to protect Turkey and Greece against Communist aggression and had previously allocated a substantial sum for economic aid in the Middle East, but it serves as a fresh warning to Russia that the United States is deeply concerned about the future of this section of the world.

But, since the views of Senator Knowland, the Republican leader in the Senate, and other Rightist colleagues are strongly tinged with isolationism, the President, on account of the retirement of his invaluable Democratic ally, Senator George, has to make a fresh start with the problem of securing the co-operation of Congress for his international policies, whose objectives are the strengthening of both the UNO and NATO and a workable system of general disarmament. From Senator Green, who has succeeded Senator George as Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs, vigorous leadership at the age of eighty-nine cannot be expected, but the committee includes in its membership a group of able younger Democratic senators like Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, a former Rhodes scholar, and Senator Mansfield of Montana, who was a Professor of History before he entered politics. And, if the cordial co-operation of Democratic Senators of their quality can be secured by the President, his difficulties about Congressional support for his foreign policy will be greatly eased.

Meanwhile a serious feud, which may have far-reaching consequences, has developed inside the Democratic Party. The Republican gains in the South have naturally convinced the liberal Democrats of the North that their capitulation on the racial issue at Chicago to the blackmail of the Southern Democrats was a serious error,

which must not be repeated, and their dissatisfaction with the Southern leadership of the Democratic Party in Congress was fanned to boiling-point when, immediately after the election, Senator Lyndon Johnson informed a press conference that he would continue to prescribe for his party a sympathetic attitude towards the Eisenhower administration and would refrain from formulating any alternative programme of legislation. This pronouncement was immediately challenged by a manifesto signed by six liberal Democratic Senators from the North, which outlined a reformist programme of sixteen points for their party and in its last item laid special emphasis upon a demand for the restoration of majority rule in the Senate. Its target was Rule XXII of the Senate, which decrees that a majority of two-thirds of the Senate, 64 votes, is required for the application of closure to a debate. And this rule has frequently been employed by the Southern Democrats for the maintenance of the obstructionist tactics—known at Washington as a filibuster—against legislation about civil rights and other matters, which was unpalatable to them. But, when at the second session of the new Senate, the Northern liberal Senators moved for the abolition of Rule XXII, the Southern Democrats secured so much support from the Republican opposition that the motion was defeated by 58 votes to 35.

This defeat, however, will only stimulate the efforts of the Northern liberals to wrest the direction of the policies of the Democratic Party from the control of the conservative Southerners and an important move for this purpose was made at the last meeting of the Democratic National Committee. At it authority was secured for the appointment of an Advisory Board empowered to frame for the party a legislative programme on progressive lines. Its personnel will consist of fourteen members of the executive of the National Committee, five members of both the Senate and the House of Representatives, four Governors of States, one Mayor, and five members at large, who are ex-President Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Estes Kefauver, and ex-Governor Battle of Virginia. Furthermore arrangements were made for a conference of the Democratic governors and members of both Houses of Congress elected in the Western states for the purpose of evolving for the party sound progressive policies in regard to developments of power and the conservation of natural resources. And these

moves provoked from Senator Johnson the defiant comment that 'in the months ahead the leadership of the Democratic Party will be essentially Congressional.'

However, in their present mood the Northern liberal Democrats are almost ready for a complete breach with their Southern brethren, and, if it occurs, it will produce a realignment of political forces, which will bring all the conservative elements in the country under the Republican banner and leave the Democratic Party free to become a more effective instrument of progressive ideas and policies than it could ever be as long as the conservatism of the 'Solid South' could wield such influence in its councils. This term has now become a misnomer as, apart from the switch of the coloured vote, in most of the Southern states industrial developments, whose promoters feel the need of high tariffs, have created a potential reservoir of Republican voters and a state like Florida is full of prosperous Northern Republicans, who have chosen it as their refuge for retirement. In the South it has become respectable, as it once was not, to vote Republican and in most states the Republicans have no longer merely skeleton organizations.

Accordingly most of the Northern Democrats will regard the defection of most of the Southern states to the Republican side as the removal of an incubus. They interpret the results of the late election as proof that a definite majority of the American voters are Democrats and they feel that, when the Republicans are deprived of the immense asset of the personal popularity of President Eisenhower, their own recapture of the Presidency can be assured by offering to the voters a coherent, constructive liberal programme as a clear alternative to the conservative policies of the Republican Party and an attractive candidate with a progressive record. They may at the moment have in their ranks no commanding figure of the stature of Franklin Roosevelt, but their party is richer in young progressive leaders of real ability than it has been for many a long day. Prominent among these are Governor Mennen Williams of Michigan and Governor Leader of Pennsylvania, and in the recent election the latter state sent to the Senate a very able Democratic recruit in the person of Senator Joseph Clark, a wealthy young Philadelphian, whose very successful record as a municipal reformer and vote-getter has marked him out as presidential timber.

J. A. STEVENSON

## AT HOME AND ABROAD IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE

*Home and Abroad.* By Lord Strang. André Deutsch. 1956.

LORD STRANG'S is a notable book. Like his earlier work, *The Foreign Office*, it makes its appeal to the specialist rather than to the general reader; but in these days of popular diplomacy and secular idealism it becomes the business of every voter to know something about the practice of foreign policy. Lord Strang himself, as he explains in his opening chapter, springs from a class that had had no connection with international affairs, his forebears having for generations been Scottish farmers. He therefore has himself seen the whole subject with a fresh eye. And how different is this story of his career from any of the multitude of books that have been written in the past by ex-members of the Foreign Service—usually by retired ambassadors. With some recent exceptions, such as Sir David Kelly's, those have revealed much more of the social than the political side of their authors' careers. Comparatively few books have come from the pen of Foreign Office officials, and Lord Strang's is the first written by a Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs containing a detailed description of his work in the Foreign Office and of day-by-day negotiations on his occasional missions abroad.<sup>1</sup> All the way through he writes from experience. He frankly enumerates the qualities or defects of a Foreign Secretary which make him easy or difficult to work for, and he gives a list of the engagements and other duties of a Permanent Under-Secretary which make the burden heavier than one man should be expected to carry.

When *The Times* announced the forthcoming retirement of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick from the post it observed that to-day the permanent head of the Foreign Office must first and foremost be

<sup>1</sup> The late Lord Hardinge of Penshurst was twice Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and wrote *Old Diplomacy*, but his book is mainly taken up with his missions abroad and especially his visits to foreign capitals in attendance on King Edward VII. Lord Vansittart's books have not covered actual diplomatic negotiations.



an administrator and co-ordinator. This was certainly not true of Sir Ivone's predecessors; and when Sir Ivone's Chief was paying his visits to the Middle East, to New York, and various European capitals, can it have been possible for the Permanent Under-Secretary to devote his attention chiefly to administration? From my dealings in a journalistic capacity with Permanent Under-Secretaries—I have known nine out of the last ten personally—I would say that the balance between political and administrative duties must greatly depend on the taste and talents of the holder of the office and on the habits of his Chief. I cannot, for instance, imagine Lord Tyrrell devoting most of his attention to administration, nor Lord Vansittart either; and Sir Orme Sargent, I fancy, would also have found himself more at home in the political than the administrative duties. Sir Ronald Lindsay and Sir Alexander Cadogan were no doubt first-rate executives; but even in their time the Chief Clerk had taken most of the administrative business off their shoulders. Lord Strang's attention was preponderantly given first to the one and then to the other of these disparate duties. His primary care on assuming the post was to cut out unnecessary paper work and he succeeded in two years in reducing the average daily volume of telegrams to and from the Foreign Office by nearly half. His Chief, Mr Bevin, was a stay-at-home rather than a peripatetic Foreign Secretary, so Lord Strang was able at the start to make more effective the working of a machine which was being choked by the mass of files, memoranda, 'appreciations,' *précis*, and despatches. Thereafter his time seems to have been taken up chiefly by diplomatic business.

Lord Strang had no set ambition or predilection when he was demobilized from active service in 1919. He would rather have liked to be a university language teacher, but a brother officer, who was clearly a shrewd judge of his man, drew his attention one day to a notice in *The Times* about a coming competition for entry into the Diplomatic Service. 'It had never entered my mind,' he writes, 'to aspire to join this service.' He made his application. He received, after an interval during which he had provisionally accepted an appointment as Lecturer in English at the University of Hong-Kong, a large official envelope conspicuously franked 'Curzon of Kedleston.' He passed the diplomatic examination with flying colours, and so the first grammar-school candidate ever to

become head of the Foreign Office was initiated into its mysteries under the last of the grandees who ruled there.

Having first provided a conspectus of his whole career Lord Strang devotes five chapters to separate episodes, of which the first is the now almost forgotten case of the British engineers who were arrested and tried—if that word can be properly applied to a Russian indictment—in Moscow in 1933. 'No one who has served in Moscow,' writes Lord Strang, 'can ever be quite the same person again'; and 'the pattern of life in the Soviet Union would be incredible if it did not exist.' Russian methods have become more familiar during the last two decades, and the 42 pages which the author allots to the 'trial' will probably interest only those who wish to get a completely authentic account of the Russian method of collecting evidence, of intimidating prisoners and witnesses alike, and of hampering the foreign Embassy, in this case the British, which was endeavouring to help the accused persons. One of the engineers was interrogated for 21 hours without a break, and had signed a damaging admission when he was 'too tired to care what he wrote.' The Public Prosecutor, Vyshinsky, here first gained notoriety, and the world was shown that Communist, like Nazi, justice was wholly subservient to the State administration. The proceedings were of course conducted in Russian, and the officials of the British Embassy were at the end of the five weeks' trial almost as exhausted as the prisoners themselves by having to attend in court, translate the proceedings, and report home every night in cipher.

The next post to which Lord Strang was called was the League of Nations Department in the Foreign Office. He was there in 1936 when Hitler invaded the Rhineland. He confesses that he may have been wrong in accepting the popular view that it would not be good policy to expel German troops by force from German territory. It was only later that he became convinced that 'Europe had to expel the foul infection of Nazism from her system' and force was the only medicine. It is bitter now to reflect that the disinfection might have been effected by a mere show of force in 1936, for Hitler, as observers in Berlin reported at the time, was not then ready for war and counted, successfully, on the unwillingness of France and Britain even to think of fighting. At the post where he was in the Foreign Office it was natural, though it was a grave miscalculation, that Lord Strang should have thought it to be his first concern to

bring Germany back into the League of Nations, and his view was that of the great majority of Englishmen—to whom a broken treaty seemed to be a minor consideration. At the time, moreover, the Foreign Office failed to give to the country the strong lead which it needed. It had been discredited first by Lloyd George, who gave support to the ridiculous idea that 'the old diplomacy' had caused the First World War, and later it had been thrown out of gear by the unfortunate Treasury Minute which prevented the Foreign Office from having any effective influence over financial-economic policy. Not for the first or the last time, therefore, public opinion was allowed to give the lead. The mistakes of the inter-war period can indeed be largely attributed to the over-emphasis on the wishes of the public, who can never be fully informed of all the facts of foreign affairs and so are unfit to be the arbiters in vital matters of State. Control can never be properly exercised from the market-place.

In 1936 Lord Strang became head of the Central Department—the busiest and the most nearly concerned with Germany. His chapter entitled 'Czechoslovakia 1938' and the one which follows, 'The Moscow Negotiations 1939,' provide numerous examples of information conveyed in despatches and confidential conversations with foreign representatives essential to a proper understanding of the European situation, most of which have by now been published but which could not be divulged at the time. In this key department Lord Strang was brought into close contact with the new Prime Minister, Mr Chamberlain.

The great Joseph Chamberlain had sent his eldest son, Austen, to study in Germany and in France; Neville, he decided, should be educated in England and trained for a business career—in which the father showed rare intuition into the respective aptitudes of his sons. Sir Austen Chamberlain would never have said in the House of Commons, as Mr Chamberlain did after Munich, 'I believe that there is sincerity and goodwill on both sides.' Nobody can live in Germany for long and study the German character and history without discovering in that people an innate capacity for dissimulation, which Hitler possessed to an even greater degree than Bismarck. Hitler could proclaim with an apparent intensity of feeling exactly the opposite of what he really had in mind. For example, after every British concession he would let it be known, with a simulated appearance of sincerity, that this was 'his last

demand'; and Mr Chamberlain, and the British public, were too ready to believe him—just as the majority of our people shared Mr Chamberlain's dominating thought, as Lord Strang calls it—a hatred of war so great that very heavy sacrifices would be justified to avoid it. Wiser, like most of us, after the event, the author remarks in a footnote: 'There are some international problems which are not soluble except by erosion of time or by a stroke of force.'

Lord Strang has a generous word to say for Sir Horace Wilson. He was 'a Civil Servant of the highest quality,' he writes, 'well skilled in negotiation. We Civil Servants,' he continues, 'whether we agree or not, must act with all our might to carry out our instructions.' But nobody criticizes Sir Horace Wilson for doing what he did. The criticism falls on the shoulders of Mr Chamberlain—for employing a man on business which was outside his competence. Sir Horace had been very successful in settling industrial disputes in this country. But to be a successful intermediary between British employers and employed does not qualify a man to intervene successfully between the British Government and a Hitler. Similarly the Prime Minister sent Lord Runciman, a highly estimable shipowner and President of the Board of Trade, to try to settle the difference between Germany and Czechoslovakia over the Sudeten territory. Britain had a perfectly competent negotiator in Prague, Mr (now Sir) Basil Newton, who had the advantage of knowing Czechoslovakia well and having spent several years in the embassy in Berlin before he went to Prague. A trained diplomatist might well have perceived that Hitler never had the slightest intention of being satisfied with greater autonomy for the German minority within the Czechoslovak frontiers. This was certainly well understood in some quarters in this country. When *The Times* on September 7 published a leading article throwing out the suggestion that the Czechs might think it wise to transfer the disputed territory to Germany, there was a great cry of indignation from the throat of the British public. But it was known in Printing House Square that both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, were ready to agree to the cession in the last resort, and it was a fair guess that at the close of the Nuremberg rally, which was then being held, the German leader, in his final harangue, would at least demand total autonomy for the disputed region—

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which he duly did five days later, on September 12. It was surely something saved to British self-respect that the proposal should have come first from an unofficial source in London—rather than that the British Government should have waited for Hitler to bang the table before they gave way. Lord Strang himself sees the matter in perspective and merely mentions *The Times* leading article *en passant*. Captured documents and the Nuremberg trials have since revealed that already in 1937 Hitler had in fact decided to proceed with the annexation of Austria and not only the Sudeten region but of the whole of Czechoslovakia. These were to be the first objectives in his search for greater *Lebensraum* for the German people. The documents also show irrefutably that from their beginning the negotiations conducted by the Sudeten leader Henlein were (Lord Strang's words) 'a cynical farce.' Unless we and the French were prepared to use force—in which case Dr Benes would certainly have fought too—the issue was already decided before the Runciman negotiations began.<sup>1</sup>

All this can now be read in the published documents or in the admirable writings of Sir Lewis Namier, as can also the proceedings at Obersalzberg, Godesberg, and Munich, where Mr Chamberlain met Hitler. A few personal touches in Lord Strang's narrative will therefore suffice. For the first meeting the Prime Minister took Lord Strang with him as well as Sir Horace Wilson, and summoned the ambassador in Berlin, Sir Nevile Henderson, to join them; but for the actual conversations Mr Chamberlain relied on himself alone, with the assistance only of the German interpreter. Hitler 'led off with a couple of characteristic untruths,' the author says, namely that 300 Sudeten Germans had just been killed, and that he had already made an agreement with Poland, 'which finally settled territorial questions' between the two countries.

For the two Godesberg conversations, Mr Chamberlain first took with him into the conference Mr (now Sir Ivone) Kirkpatrick, 'to interpret and take the record,' and at the second meeting he

<sup>1</sup> In one of the captured documents Henlein had written of his Sudeten Party, in November 1937. 'It (his Party) at heart desires nothing more ardently than the incorporation of Sudeten German territory, nay, of the whole Bohemian, Moravian, and Silesian area, within the Reich . . . but outwardly it must stand for the preservation of Czechoslovakia. . . . Only by demanding "autonomy" and not separation, was it possible to put the Czechs in the wrong . . . above all, in the eyes of the British.'

also required the presence of Sir Horace Wilson and Sir Nevile Henderson. Lord Strang was there, but was left in the lounge of the hotel in which the conference was being held. He gives a vivid account of the thoughts that floated through his mind as he sat waiting:

The hall was thronged with members of the Führer's entourage, prominent members of the National-Socialist Party, senior military officers and officials of the German Ministry for Foreign Affairs, laughing and talking. Here at Godesberg, as earlier at Obersalzberg and later at Munich, one thought—making the necessary historical transposition to a more sordid and vulgar key—of the domestic establishment of some great barbarian chieftain of Germanic heroic legend, Ermanaric, Theodoric, Gundahari, or Alboin—Goth, Burgundian, or Lombard—attended by his companions, retainers, and house carles, and the impression was heightened in each place by the glimpse through an open door of a great table laid ready for a meal, where the leader would sit down to eat and boast with his men. But first he would assert his authority. When the Führer came out from the conference room he advanced towards the company, halted and fixed them with his eye. They rose to their feet and froze to immobility and silence. The Führer then turned on his heel without a sign, and moved away.

'The Munich Conference was a hugger-mugger affair,' writes Lord Strang. Its story need not be re-told. Unlike Hitler and Mussolini, who had their Foreign Ministers with them, Mr Chamberlain had only Sir Horace Wilson and Lord Strang, with Sir Nevile Henderson and a legal adviser. It was 'a German-Italian occasion,' is another of Lord Strang's comments. The 'short statement' which Mr Chamberlain got Hitler to sign immediately afterwards was originally drafted (at the request of the Prime Minister) by Lord Strang, but the middle paragraph, in which the Anglo-German Naval Agreement was mentioned as a model on which further negotiations could be pursued, was not of his drafting and was retained in spite of his objections. 'Never was a diplomatic document so summarily agreed upon,' writes Lord Strang. 'As it was being translated *viva voce* to Hitler there broke from him delighted *ja ja*'s and his signature was given the moment the translation was finished.' 'We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries . . .' How the Führer must have enjoyed signing it.

The next chapter of his career, in which Lord Strang gives us 43 pages of the minutiae of negotiation, covers the abortive attempt of the British Government to reach agreement with Russia on the eve of war. The failure of his mission to Moscow in 1939 (March 31 to August 7) was the finally disastrous turning-point of the series of inter-war diplomatic failures. Lord Strang's task may have been hopeless from the start—readers of the chapter must form their own judgment. There has in any case been widespread misapprehension as to the cause of its failure, and the author refutes the common supposition that the negotiations broke down because Britain refused to sign away the independence of the Baltic States. He is entitled to do so, because the diplomatic negotiations were not yet actually abandoned when the military conversations, only recently begun, broke down over the Russian demand to be allowed to move troops through Poland in the event of war. The Polish Government, knowing well the habits of its giant neighbour, refused point-blank to allow their transit. Similarly the Baltic States, Latvia and Estonia, and Finland also, declined absolutely the help offered by the Soviet Union in the event of their being invaded by Germany. All these countries on Russia's fringe had no doubt at all that the Russian armies would outstay their welcome, and subsequent events have shown how much better they understood Russian ways than we did. We also had the disadvantage of being less unscrupulous than our rival for Russia's co-operation. Germany jumped in with the proposal that there should be a fourth partition of Poland. Moscow required little persuasion to agree, and reckoned that war would also give her the opportunity to annex Finland, Estonia, and Latvia.

The enthusiasm caused by Russian victories in the war wiped suspicion out of the Allied minds, and in 1943, when Lord Strang's next important mission was laid upon him, the British and American delegates 'feared' that Russian troops would not enter Germany from the East but would remain on their own side of the frontier. Their fears were soon allayed. The European Advisory Commission, of which Lord Strang was the British member, was created to reach agreement on the terms of surrender on the zones of occupation, on the system of international control in Germany and in Austria, on the inter-Allied Government of Berlin and Vienna, and 'the whole complex of the requirements to be imposed



on Germany.' The Russian representative was Gusev, whom Lord Strang found to be a most obstinate negotiator, but a man of his word. The British delegate had learnt a lesson in negotiation from Molotov. He found that to get his way he had to 'plug' his argument by unwearied repetition and reduce his opposite number to exhaustion. 'Only after such a test of endurance,' writes Lord Strang, 'will a Soviet negotiator make a concession.' There might be weeks of contest, and then one day Gusev would say, 'I have no objection.'

The work of this Commission has been sharply criticized for setting the limits of Soviet occupation so far west and for not making specific arrangements for the Western allies to travel to and from Berlin. The answer is simple, if not altogether satisfying. At the time when the Commission was sitting—it had begun its labours in London before D-day—the Allied troops had not yet reached the Rhine, and our military authorities' anxiety was lest the Russians should dally at their frontier and German troops from the Eastern front should be flung against us; and we were led to suppose that the Russians needed prompting to march into Germany. Looking back after the event this seems almost incredible, but the Russians may have wished to create that impression precisely with the object of being allotted the prize of a larger area as a reward for continuing to fight. It is fair to the Western negotiators to remember that they had to make their decisions in the fog of war; seeing ahead was even more difficult than it usually is. It was obviously important for the Western allies to keep on good terms with the Russian negotiator at least until hostilities ceased; and President Roosevelt actually seemed to trust Stalin's intentions more than Churchill's. The three principals at the conference table (four when the Frenchman joined them) came to understand one another and it does not seem to have occurred to them that Russia would start making difficulties the moment the war should be over. As in 1918, the final military collapse of Germany came suddenly. An appropriate joint act of surrender had not yet been framed and there was no German Government to sign it. The consequence was a series of independent declarations of an armistice by the Allies and of their own assumption of supreme authority in the Reich.

When the fighting was over Lord Strang was attached to Field-Marshal Montgomery as political adviser and joined him in Western Germany. He was surprised to find the inhabitants of the ruined

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Ruhr 'going serenely and even cheerfully about their business,' and he got the impression that the Germans suffered less from the continued strain of war than we did. They did not bear the appearance of a broken people, the explanation being, the author suggests, that they had the material resources of Europe to draw upon and had ruthlessly exploited the man-power of the occupied countries. Lord Strang was recalled to London to be Head of the German Section in the Foreign Office in 1947, and two years later he crowned his career by becoming Permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office. On the very day of his appointment he flew off to eastern Asia, an obviously important part of the world of which he had no experience, and, as he wisely says, first impressions 'are always powerful,' and though they do not make a man an expert they do help to bring to life the official files which would come in from the countries visited. Lord Strang was impressed by Nehru's remark that in the long run Communism would always be overlaid and transformed by the national character of the country into which it had been introduced, and he came to the conclusion that the basic problem for Asia is food, not democracy. On his return to London Mr Bevin encouraged him to make a similar trip to the Middle East. His remarks about Arabs and Jews have a topical interest. 'No Arab,' he writes, 'was at heart reconciled to the existence of Israel,' and it was a widespread view in the Arab countries that an economic boycott could in the long run bring down the intruding State. But it seemed to Lord Strang that the intelligence, resource, tenacity, and vision of the Israelis were so outstanding that it would be a mistake to expect that they would capitulate to economic difficulties. Here he showed himself to be a shrewd prophet.

Equipped now with a close-up knowledge of post-war Europe and a slight personal acquaintance with Eastern affairs, Lord Strang found that the three fundamental duties of the Permanent Under-Secretary were, in this order, to be chief adviser to the Foreign Secretary on policy, to be responsible to him for the good administration of the office, and to be personally responsible to Parliament for Foreign Office expenditure, for which purpose he had to appear before the Public Accounts Committee of the House. For advising his Chief on policy he had of course every day to master the gist of innumerable despatches and to see regularly his own principal

advisers—the Assistant Under-Secretaries and Heads of Departments—and also representatives of foreign States. He gives us a list of one day's engagements, which shows fifteen separate personal interviews all connected with the political side of his work—one is left wondering how he found time to read the documents sent up to him, or to pay any attention at all to administrative business. 'Experience tends to show,' he writes, 'that if the job is to be done with due conscientiousness, the hours (of work) must normally be twelve or upwards.' He found that he could 'sometimes manage fourteen.' He describes in detail an average day. Waking at about 7.30 he read *The Times* in bed and had breakfast—also in bed—an hour later. By nine o'clock he had probably had a telephone call from the Secretary of State on some point that required immediate attention. He left his house at 9.30 and walked to the Foreign Office. His first job was to dispose of the papers he had been working on the evening before, then to read the telegrams which had come in during the night. Some of these would require immediate decision, for action either abroad or in the office. He would consult by telephone the members of the staff concerned. At any moment he would get enquiries or instructions from the Foreign Secretary. All this time the routine files would be mounting on his desk—the more urgent being brought to his special attention by his private secretary. One or more of the Under-Secretaries might wish to consult him before he went out to luncheon and he might have a Foreign Ambassador to see him. He liked to have his luncheon alone at The Travellers' Club, and to sit there, also alone, for half an hour afterwards. He tried to arrange his necessary interviews to be booked for early afternoon. Only occasionally did he receive Press representatives—he preferred that they should seek their information in the News Department, which was directly responsible to himself. The visitors he welcomed most were Heads of our Missions abroad whenever they came home on leave.

By about five o'clock he might find that the day's urgent business was despatched, but then began the inflow of papers dealt with by the Under-Secretaries during the day. These had to be mastered and sorted out, some being selected for the Red Box that was to go to the Foreign Secretary. Or he would go himself to see the Foreign Secretary, taking with him the Black Box which would give him his own evening's work. Soon after nine he would go to bed, but

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would still have his last papers to read. Of course a telephone call might come at any moment from the Foreign Secretary, who was studying the papers the Permanent Under-Secretary had left with him. A more irksome interruption of work was an unofficial dinner—the rush home to dress, leaving papers unread, the effort of making non-political conversation to unknown dinner neighbours, the nagging consciousness of the Black Box which still had to be dealt with before the hope of sleep could come. 'To know how to conduct public business,' Lord Strang wryly observes, 'is the prime function of a Civil Servant and is more highly prized than brilliance or intellect.'

Lord Strang makes no mention of the Maclean-Burgess episode which marred his tenure of the Under-Secretaryship.

The last chapter of *Home and Abroad* is appropriately devoted with similar exactitude to the work of a Foreign Secretary, and here again the detailed account leaves the reader with the conviction that he also has too much laid upon him, and that unless relief can somehow be contrived our foreign policy must in the long run suffer from being conducted by exhausted men. Mr Bevin was a man well accustomed to hard work, and he had the qualities which Lord Strang most admires in a Foreign Secretary—the knowledge to understand the past, perception to judge the present, imagination enough to scan the future, and the resolution to take courageous decisions and act upon them. Above all, while staunchly defending British interests, Mr Bevin possessed in an unusual degree 'the sense of international relationship.' He had had the advantage of having attended meetings at home and abroad of the International Labour Organisation, in which he had learnt the art of negotiating with persons whose outlook and methods were different from his own. And he was of tougher mould than most of the predecessors in his high office.

But even he succumbed in the end to 'the killing task of being Foreign Secretary.' Before 1914 Foreign Secretaries had held their post for long years without undue physical fatigue. Democracy makes demands upon its leaders which may become catastrophic to statesmanship. Since 1918 Lord Curzon, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr Henderson, and Lord Templewood have all suffered serious breakdowns as a result of overwork at the Foreign Office. Responsibility has been too much centralized, and at the same time more

work is placed upon the Foreign Secretary (as upon other Ministers) and the opportunities of rest and aloofness have been taken away. They are expected to appear in public far more often and to make speeches to the public, to private and semi-private associations, clubs and conferences, to visit their constituencies, to say a few words to the world's Press at the beginning and at the end of their numerous journeys to all parts of the world, by sea and air. And their business pursues them wherever they go—incidentally their visits to foreign capitals diminish the prestige of our envoys abroad, who when an important question arises have to watch it being settled by the Foreign Secretary. The telephone and wireless are ever with them; they can never be certain of getting an uninterrupted period of quiet consecutive thought when faced with a vital problem complicated by wide ramifications affecting other countries than the one directly concerned. At home they in their turn have to receive a succession of distinguished visitors from abroad. As for a holiday, they are lucky if they get a clear fortnight in the year. What a contrast to the three or four weeks which Lord Salisbury used to make sure of having every spring and autumn! And before 1914 almost all Foreign Secretaries, like Lord Salisbury, sat in the House of Lords; they therefore had no constituents to whose needs they had to attend, and they were not subjected to almost daily questioning in Parliament and the heckling which may so easily prompt an injudicious reply. Lord Strang enumerates the conditions which might make the Foreign Secretary's burden bearable, 'but,' he adds, 'they are never all satisfied.' He concludes this chapter with the words 'If he could be in the House of Lords, this would certainly be an advantage, though in modern conditions this is perhaps impossible.' Why impossible? Is it simply because the Labour Party objects? Nothing more than a short Bill would be required to enable a Cabinet Minister to make periodical appearances in the Commons while having his seat in the House of Lords. The Foreign Secretary is the Minister whose work, more than in the case of any of his colleagues, must involve secrecy. He must be trusted by his masters, the people. To-day it is the crime not of haughty aristocrats but of democracy to overwork its servants.

A. L. KENNEDY

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## THE QUINCENTENARY OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH

### AND THE RELATIONS BETWEEN IT AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THE Moravian Church celebrated on March 1st the quincentenary of its foundation, and this provides us with a good opportunity for tracing the connection between the 'Unitas Fratrum' and the Church of England. The relations between the two churches go back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when exhibitions were provided for Moravians to study at the University of Oxford. One of the Brethren named John Bernard, who had studied at Heidelberg, was allowed to supplicate at Oxford for the degree of B.D. in 1583.

An attempt was even made to plant a Moravian colony in London in the reign of James I, when it was intended that they should be allowed to observe their own ecclesiastical discipline. This project was defeated by Lord Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, to the deep regret at a later time of his biographer, Bishop Hackett, whose study of their doctrines had led him to feel that the Moravians were so near to the Church of England 'that for my part,' he says, 'I wish we had had their company.' A more lasting connection arose out of the labours of Samuel Hartlib, who was famous for his educational schemes. In 1641 he invited the celebrated John Amos of Komna, generally called Comenius, to come to England. Comenius had been made a Bishop of the 'Unitas Fratrum' in 1632 and became their president in 1648. Though his visit to England was very brief, it enabled him to study the ecclesiastical affairs of this country. Accordingly, in 1648, he wrote a treatise which was intended to reconcile the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians. He had studied closely the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly, and was most anxious to find a compromise between their principles and those of the Church of England.

He made many friends in this country and kept them well informed of the sufferings of his Brethren in Moravia and Poland. On the restoration of Charles II, Comenius presented him with a copy of his famous *Ratio Disciplinae*, together with a dedication in

which he described himself as the Bishop of an expiring race, and he expressed his desire to bequeath to the Church of England the principles for which the 'Unitas Fratrum' had always contended. He sent Adam Samuel Hartmann as one of the bearers of this dedication to the King, and Hartmann himself was also consecrated a Bishop of the 'Unitas Fratrum' in 1673. Aided by letters from Archbishop Sancroft and Compton, Bishop of London, Hartmann succeeded in raising enough money to found three scholarships at Oxford for students of the Moravian Church. He was himself made a D.D. of the University of Oxford in 1680, and was fully acknowledged in the Diploma as a Bishop of the 'Unitas Fratrum.' Paul, a brother of Hartmann, was made a chaplain of Christ Church and afterwards Rector of Shellingford in Berkshire.

Daniel Ernst Jablonsky, the grandson of Comenius, held one of these scholarships at Oxford. He afterwards became court chaplain at Berlin and, like Hartmann, received the degree of D.D. from the University of Oxford. He was consecrated a Bishop of the 'Unitas Fratrum' in 1699, though he still continued to hold his position as chaplain to the Lutheran Court of Prussia. Jablonsky, together with his Calvinistic colleague Ursinus, aided the efforts of King Frederick I to unite the various Protestant denominations in his dominions. For this purpose it was even proposed to introduce the English Prayer-book into Prussia. Jablonsky opened in 1710 a correspondence on this subject with Dr Sharp, the Archbishop of York. Queen Anne herself took great interest in this scheme, but on her death and that of Archbishop Sharp this interesting project was abandoned. At the beginning of the reign of King George I, Sitkovius, who was the fellow bishop of Jablonsky, was sent to England to plead for help on behalf of 'the Episcopal Reformed Church, formerly in Bohemia and now in Poland and Polish Russia.' On March 10, 1716, their cause was brought by Archbishop Wake before the Privy Council, and we are told 'Upon a representation made on this day to His Majesty by the most Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, of the deplorable condition of several Episcopal Protestant churches, a collection throughout the country was ordered for their relief.' Some English High Churchmen insisted that the 'Unitas Fratrum' had 'a spurious Episcopal succession because their Bishops were indistinguishable from mere Presbyters.' Consequently, Archbishop Wake asked for

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further information from the headquarters of the Unity, and it was in reply to this request that Bishop Jablonsky sent him in 1717 a circular letter in which he upheld the Episcopal succession. This was in the form of a treatise called *De Ordine et Successione Episcopali in Unitate Fratrum Bohemorum conservato*.

Jablonsky describes in a letter dated 1729 the effect which his treatise had upon the Archbishop. 'In England,' he says, 'about twelve years ago, certain enemies of all the Evangelical Churches asserted and even published in the Press that the Moravian Brethren had never had, and had not then, lawful Bishops. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr William Wake, thereupon wrote to me and asked for information on this subject. I replied by giving him a circumstantial account of our succession with which the Lord Archbishop declared himself to be perfectly satisfied.'

Such were the relations at the beginning of the eighteenth century between the ancient 'Unitas Fratrum' and the English Church. As the persecution in Moravia made it impossible for the Brethren to remain any longer there, a small band of refugees was welcomed by a nobleman of Saxony, Count Zinzendorf, and they settled in 1722 on his property at Herrnhut, which became the headquarters of the Brethren. One of them who had come from Kunvald, where the Moravian Church had been originally founded five hundred years ago, was consecrated bishop by Jablonsky. His name was David Nitschmann. Two years later, in 1737, Jablonsky and Nitschmann consecrated Count Zinzendorf, who is often described as the second founder of the 'Unitas Fratrum.' The Brethren were anxious to carry on missionary work in the English colonies in America. In order to do this, it was necessary to obtain the permission of the British Government. General Oglethorpe, who was the chairman of the trustees of the colony of Georgia, warmly espoused their cause, but there were certain difficulties in the way.

A series of negotiations took place. Count Zinzendorf himself came to London, and Potter, who was then Archbishop-elect of Canterbury, had an interview with him. Potter said: 'That the objections against the Moravian Church were frivolous, and that no Englishman who had any knowledge of ecclesiastical history could doubt their succession and that "for his particular" he was fully persuaded that they... ought to vindicate and defend the Constitution of the Moravian Church.'

Two days later General Oglethorpe and a friend approached Archbishop Potter on behalf of the trustees of Georgia, and we are told that some of the members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were inclined to hand over to the Brethren the whole of the missionary work in the North American colonies. The deputation asked the Archbishop: 'Is anything in their doctrines so far repugnant to those of the Church of England as to make it improper to employ some of the Brethren in instructing the negroes in Christianity?' Once more the Archbishop declared himself satisfied. He said: 'I have long been acquainted by books with the Moravian Brethren and they are Apostolical and Episcopal, not sustaining any doctrine repugnant to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.'

When Count Zinzendorf received his consecration as Bishop of the Moravian Church, Archbishop Potter wrote him a warm letter of congratulation in which he said: 'Most sincerely and cordially I congratulate you upon your having been lately raised to the sacred and justly celebrated Episcopal Chair of the Moravian Church by the grace of Divine Providence.' The Archbishop went on to say: 'Insufficient as I am, I should be entirely unworthy of that high station in which Divine Providence has placed me were I not to show myself ever ready to use every exertion in my power for the assistance of the universal Church of God, and especially to love and embrace your Church united with us in the closest bond of love, and which has hitherto, as we have been informed, invariably maintained both the pure and primitive faith and the discipline of the primitive Church.'

Encouraged by such kindness the missionary work of the Moravians in America went forward, but it was still on a precarious footing. In 1747 they had petitioned Parliament for an Act in their favour in order that they might obtain public sanction for the free exercise of their own ecclesiastical constitution. The House of Commons thereupon appointed a special committee to enquire into the nature and claims of the Moravian Church; and in 1749 a Bill 'For encouraging the people known by the name of "Unitas Fratrum" or "United Brethren" to settle in His Majesty's Colonies in America' was introduced and was unanimously passed by both the Lords and the Commons. In the Lords it had the support of Archbishop Herring, and Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, spoke very

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eloquently on its behalf. 'It would be an edification to myself,' he said, 'and the whole Episcopal Bench, and all true Protestants in England, if the British nation expresses itself in favour of the Brethren.' He went on to say: 'Whatsoever benefit England confers on this ancient confessor Church must be an encouragement to all Evangelical Christians throughout the world to expect nothing but good from this country.' The preamble of the Act recognized the 'Unitas Fratrum' to be 'an ancient Protestant Episcopal Church,' which it said 'has been countenanced and relieved by the Kings of England, His Majesty's predecessors.'

Meanwhile the work of the 'Unitas Fratrum' was not only making progress in the English colonies but had also taken root in Great Britain itself. A congregation had been first formed in Fetter Lane, London, in 1737. Others soon sprang up throughout the country, especially in Yorkshire, the West of England, and in Northern Ireland. These congregations were connected with the Church of England and they only resorted to the meeting-places of the Brethren for private edification. They discouraged the admission of English Brethren and Sisters to full Moravian membership, but only received them as helpers in the work of evangelization. But in the state of the law which then existed in England their position was found not to be tenable in the long run. A body of Germans who held public services for English people in unlicensed chapels was an anomaly. They were at last compelled to seek the protection of the Toleration Act and to register themselves as Dissenters. They adopted the name of 'Moravian Brethren formerly of the Anglican Communion.' Although now legally Dissenters, they considered themselves to be still in union with the Church. True to the spirit of the Unity, their object was not to proselytize from other Evangelical Churches, but to stimulate spiritual life wherever they went. Gambold, who was originally one of the Oxford Methodists and had become a Bishop of the Moravians, still clung to the Church of England.

Unfortunately the eighteenth century was not a favourable time for attempting experiments of a far-reaching kind like that which would have made the Moravian Brethren in England 'a brotherhood within the pale of the Anglican Church.' There cannot be any doubt that if Convocation had been sitting at that time the Moravian Church would have been officially accepted by the Church of

England. Unfortunately both the Convocation of Canterbury and that of York were 'silenced' from 1717 to 1852. It is true that they were still summoned by Royal Writ for every Parliament, but after passing the Loyal Address they were promptly prorogued.

It is well known that with the inauguration of the Oxford Movement in 1833 great emphasis was laid on the Apostolic Succession of the Church of England. At a later date, influenced by Bishop Gore, who had been Librarian of Pusey House at Oxford from 1884 to 1893—before becoming successively Bishop of Worcester, Birmingham, and Oxford—and who was predominant in Convocation and even at the Lambeth Conference, doubts were raised by some High Churchmen as to the validity of the Orders of the Moravian Church.

Many leading Churchmen, however, held an entirely different opinion with regard to the Doctrine of Apostolic Succession. For instance, Dr Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham, wrote:

It is more than 30 years since I reached the conviction that in a spiritual religion such as Christianity certainly is, questions of specific polity can never be primary, and therefore any assumption such as that of our episcopal rigorists that Episcopacy is essential to a rightly constituted church must always be fatal to true religious fellowship between the Christian Churches. [*Letters of Herbert Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham*, p. 64.]

Dean Inge even went so far as to state in the same work:

In the Oxford Movement proper, before the secession of Newman, the emphasis was laid on the Apostolical Succession. This fantastic and unhistorical theory, which is not held in the same form by any other Church in Christendom, was intended to unchurch all non-episcopal bodies, and to range the Church of England definitely on the Catholic side. [*Protestantism*, by W. R. Inge, Dean of St Paul's, 1911-1934.]

Dean Inge even went so far as to state in the same work:

The Catholic theory of the episcopate falls to the ground because the first link in the chain, the commission of the Bishops by the authority of the apostles, is an obvious myth, which no scholar can any longer defend.

It must not be forgotten that the Papal Bull, *Apostolicae Curae*, 1896, declared Anglican Orders entirely null and void. All members of the Church of England of course refuse to accept this Decree.

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definitely rejected by the Church of Rome, we should apply the same theory to the Moravians who have always maintained that they possess the Historic Episcopate?

Although the orders of the 'Unitas Fratrum' have never been officially recognized by the Church of England, successive Lambeth Conferences have dealt with the question. In 1897 Resolution 37 said 'that this conference, not possessing sufficient information to warrant the expression of a decided opinion upon the question of the Orders of the "Unitas Fratrum" or Moravians, must content itself with expressing a hearty desire for such relations with them as will aid the cause of Christian unity.' In 1948 the report of the Committee on the Unity of the Church stated: 'We note the fact that conversations with the Moravian Church go back, though not without intermission, for a long period. . . . The Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury under the Chairmanship of the Bishop of Derby on relations with the free Churches has entered into communication with the Moravians, and we recommend that negotiations should be continued by that Committee.'

It is quite certain that the Brethren themselves are convinced that they possess the Historic Episcopate, and any attempt to establish a union with them on terms which would imply an acknowledgement on their part that they have not the succession would be worse than useless. In the report of the Lambeth Committee of 1948 on the unity of the Church it is stated: 'The vision which claims us is that which was granted to the Lambeth Conference of 1920.' It is 'that of a Church genuinely Catholic, loyal to all truth, and gathering into its fellowship all "who profess and call themselves Christians" within whose visible unity all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in common, and made serviceable to the whole body of Christ.'

For anyone who has seriously studied the history of the Moravian Church, and the relations between it and the Church of England during the last three centuries, there can be no doubt whatever that the 'Unitas Fratrum' fully complies with the above definition of a Church that is 'genuinely Catholic,' and it is to be fervently hoped that the next Lambeth Conference will fully recognize its Historic Episcopate.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

## BADEN-POWELL AND THE BOY SCOUTS

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL was born on February 22, 1857, and he had passed his fiftieth birthday when he ran his experimental camp with twenty boys on Brownsea Island in the summer of 1907. Those boys were the forerunners of the Boy Scouts who now, half a century later, number some seven millions to be found in more than sixty countries. To these must be added half as many Girl Guides.

Here, then, is a vast movement that England has given to the world—or at least to that part of it where free association is permitted. Moreover, it was the creation of one man, and that surely stamps Baden-Powell as one of the great Englishmen of the century.

The movement shows no signs of regression; indeed, since its Founder's death it has doubled its numbers. Nor has it reached that stage which seems to come to most societies sooner or later—petrification by bureaucratic control. There was no danger of that during Baden-Powell's lifetime, for he was highly suspicious of centralization and of over-regulation. 'Scouting,' he would say, 'is a movement not an organization.'

It is none the less astonishing that, in view of changed social conditions, Scouting has increased its appeal to boys. In 1907 the school-leaving age was fourteen, but there were so many permissible exceptions that at least 40 per cent. of the pupils left before reaching that age. Many of these boys went into blind-alley jobs, with long hours, six days a week, for a meagre wage. The Elementary Schools rarely provided out-of-school activities, and there were few voluntary organizations to meet the need. Medical inspection of school-children began in the same year as the Boy Scouts. For the town boy of poor homes, the street was his playground, and, unless he attended a Sunday school, there was little guidance if his parents failed to control him. An outdoor activity such as camping was not available for the ordinary boy, and even among adults it was regarded as an eccentric pastime. The contrast with to-day is startling. Schools have become living communities with numerous

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ancillary activities. New attractions, such as broadcasting, television, and the cinema, offer a choice of spare time occupation. A revolution has taken place in the environment of the young during this last half century. Yet, in spite of all these fresh ways of enjoyment, the Boy Scouts flourish more vigorously than ever.

Baden-Powell once said that the need for his movement would die out when the schools widened their appeal and humanized their methods. The schools have done so, but the position of the Boy Scouts is unaffected. It is of interest to inquire why this is so. The answer lies, I think, in two facts. The appeal of Scouting is to certain elemental and universal needs in boy nature, and the activities and methods grew out of Baden-Powell's own experience of life.

Most boys and adolescents have an urge to get down to earth; they want to live out of doors, to camp, to cook over a wood fire, to build shelters and bridge streams, to play the explorer with a pack on the back, to sleep rough and tramp the hills. All the ingenious labour-saving devices of the day are not a substitute for this primitive need. A boy may have an astonishing knowledge of motor-cars and aeroplanes and have views on space-ships, yet at the same time he longs for the fun and adventure of outdoor living. Robinson Crusoe is not yet dead. The Boy Scouts offer outlets for these longings.

The method Baden-Powell used—and this is his most distinctive contribution to boy-training—was the Patrol System: that is, making the unit for instruction and activities a group of half-a-dozen boys under their own leader. This satisfies the gang spirit that is so strong between the ages of ten and fifteen. Baden-Powell seized on this and turned it to good purpose; we all know how easily the gang can become a source of mischief and even wrong-doing. He had, however, a further purpose in using the small group as the unit of training. His experience had shown him that this method gives the maximum responsibility to the individual while at the same time encouraging him to use his own initiative.

Nor should the intellectual content of the Boy Scout training be overlooked. While there are many opportunities for constructive work with the hands, equal emphasis is put on developing the powers of observation and deduction. One might describe this as an elementary training in scientific method—accuracy in noting



facts, in reporting them, and in drawing conclusions from them. To the Scout as he follows a trail or puzzles out the meaning of signs, it is a Red Indian or Sherlock Holmes game, but it is none the less an exercise in the use of intelligence.

There is another elemental need that is met in the Boy Scouts: the need for an ideal. A boy's hero-worshipping is an expression of this. We may think his choice is at times strange, but he is unconsciously searching for the man whose conduct and achievements can capture his admiration. His fancy may select a cricketer or a film actor or his schoolmaster or a mountaineer; the influence, even if but transitory, may lead to imitation or to day-dreaming. Baden-Powell took this into account, so he put before the Scouts the attributes of explorers, backwoodsmen, and pioneers as worthy of emulation, with special emphasis on initiative, enterprise, and courage. With this he coupled a code of ethics (the Scout Law) which describes in simple terms universally accepted standards of conduct. This Law is important; the loosening of religious ties and the consequent loss of direct teaching on the nature of the good life has left a gap in the training of young people apart from what they imbibe from home and school influences. The Boy Scout Movement has done something towards filling that gap for its members.

These principles and methods did not suddenly spring up in Baden-Powell's mind when he was urged to devise a scheme of training for boys. They developed out of his own experience. He was typically English in his shyness of pure theory. 'Will it work?' was the test he applied. This wariness also explains the gradual evolution of his scheme. At first it was very simple, so simple that it could be quickly understood by boys as well as men. Then, as the need arose, he expanded the original scheme. Two examples of this may be given. At first he did not lay down any rule as to age of entry; he spoke of 'boys'; it was not until the movement had been established for three years that he decided on eleven as the lowest age for a boy to join. Nor did he at first give any strict ruling on how Scoutmasters should be dressed; he suggested they should wear 'something that can easily be made up, that gives freedom for work, that gives some sort of uniformity.' However, as some men gave too much rein to their fancies, he eventually made a few simple rules.

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The stability of the Boy Scout Movement may in part be ascribed to this cautious process of building-up, and to the fact that its principles and methods grew out of Baden-Powell's own experiences. It is therefore of interest to trace their place in his life.

Robert Baden-Powell was a younger member of a large family. He was three years old when he lost his father, the Rev. Baden Powell (the name was not yet hyphenated), an Oxford professor and a distinguished mathematician and scientist. It may be noted that the father was born in the year in which the young Napoleon invaded Italy, and the son died in the year in which Hitler invaded Russia. Mrs Baden-Powell, who was thirty years younger than her husband, was a woman of character; on sufficient but not lavish means she had to bring up six sons and a daughter, of whom the oldest was thirteen years of age and the youngest one month. There were also a step-son of twenty-one and his two younger sisters. It may be presumed that she carried out her husband's wishes in educating the children. The older ones had been encouraged by him to collect specimens of rocks and plants, to recognize birds, and to name the stars. This delight in nature was part of her own family life; one of her brothers was Astronomer Royal of Scotland and a sister married the Director of the Natural History Museum. It was not surprising, therefore, that the children acquired a wide knowledge of outdoor life. Robert became as enthusiastic as any of the family, and amongst his earliest accomplishments was the imitation of bird notes.

He never lost his enthusiasm for learning about wild life; his knowledge was that of the patient observer rather than of the scientist. His favourite recreation in later life was fishing; its attraction was that it took him into places of natural beauty where he could use his skill and at the same time enjoy the presence of birds and the sight of plants and trees and hills. It gave him the solitude he craved from time to time so that he could quietly think out his plans. His two most influential books were planned amid such scenes. *Aids to Scouting* was the fruit of a vacation camp in Kashmir, and the first pages of *Scouting for Boys* were written in the Isaac Walton Hotel, Dovedale.

Mrs Baden-Powell and her husband were both skilful amateur artists, and several of the children inherited this ability; Baden-Powell's own vigorous sketches and water-colours were used to

illustrate his books and magazine articles. He was particularly successful in representing animals in motion, and during his final retirement to Kenya he painted a number of pictures of wild beasts in their natural haunts.

The Rev. Baden Powell had been a member of Oriel in the days of the Noetics; his last published writing was a contribution to *Essays and Reviews* in which he discussed the evidences of Christianity; his views provoked much controversy. He was a Broad Churchman placing the emphasis on ethics and conduct rather than on dogma or creed. The fact that Mrs Baden-Powell retained the friendship of Dean Stanley and of Benjamin Jowett suggests that she shared her husband's attitude towards religion. Certainly Robert Baden-Powell carried the stamp of Broad Churchmanship throughout his life, long after that term had ceased to be current. This made it possible for him to devise a religious policy for the Boy Scouts that is acceptable not only to all Christian Churches but to those of other faiths. The Boy Scout promises to do his 'Duty to God'; the interpretation of that is left to those who control each troop—it may be a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic Troop; where boys of several Churches are in one troop, the Scoutmaster is obliged to see that they can fulfil their duties. Where boys belong to no Church (an increasing number) the simplest forms of prayer are used, with talks on the meaning of the Scout Law.

The Baden-Powell family did not conform to the accepted pattern of Victorian life. The father had disliked the strict sabbatarianism of the Evangelicals, and the mother allowed the boys a large measure of freedom in finding their own amusements. Robert Baden-Powell went off with his older brothers on country tramps or on canoe trips. They once went up the Thames, crossed over to the Wye and so up through Wales to join their mother on holiday. Warington, the eldest, was keen on sailing, and took his brothers as crew on his own boat in home waters or across to Norway. It is perhaps not fanciful to see in this band of brothers the germ of the idea of the Scout Patrol.

Baden-Powell was fortunate in his school life. He went to Charterhouse under Haig Brown, who, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* says, was 'no lover of exact rules, and rather one who allowed both boys and masters the largest measure of independence.' When the school moved to Godalming there were new opportunities

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for outdoor experiences. A stretch of woodland near the school was out of bounds, and it was here that the young Baden-Powell increased his knowledge of woodcraft; climbing trees, snaring rabbits and cooking them over a smokeless fire, learning the meaning of animal tracks and how to move silently through the undergrowth; the fact that it was all against the rules no doubt added zest to such enterprises. Fortunately it was before the era of compulsory games, though he took his part in such games as were played. Football was more to his taste than cricket. Another outlet for his energies was provided by the school concerts and plays, in which his lively sense of fun and his versatility as a performer had full scope.

He was equally fortunate in his first Commanding Officer when he joined the 13th Hussars in India in 1876. Baker Creed Russell allowed his officers a large measure of responsibility and encouraged them to use their own wits rather than to rely on the drill book. Baden-Powell was led by his own interests to specialize in reconnaissance, surveying, and scouting; the last was a much neglected branch of military science, and the young officer was allowed to work out his own methods of instruction. He put great emphasis on accuracy of observation and reporting; his men were taught to look after themselves and to use initiative in any emergency without waiting for the guidance of superior officers. He found that they became more self-reliant if working in small units of half-a-dozen under the leadership of an N.C.O. He once summed up his method as:

'1. The giving of *responsibility* to the N.C.Os.

2. Making the training *enjoyable* to the men.'

The second was achieved by means of competitions and games, all of which meant practice in those skills needed by a Scout.

When he returned to India in 1897 as Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards he was able to develop this scout training more fully. He got the War Office to permit the award of a badge to those who passed the necessary tests; it took the form of the fleur-de-lys, the ornament usually found on the north point of the compass; this was worn on the sleeve of the tunic. It was the first badge of its kind to be permitted, and this simple device stimulated the men to become more efficient. Here was another idea that was to prove useful in later years.

Between leaving India in 1884 and his return in 1897, Baden-Powell had a varied experience of military life. He had taken part in the brief war with Dinizulu and had been Secretary to the Swaziland Commission. He then went to Malta as Military Secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Smyth; his routine duties bored him, but he found some relief and excitement as Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean; he later recorded his experiences in his book *The Adventures of a Spy* (1915). In 1895 he was sent to Ashanti to command the native levy in the expedition against Prempeh; this meant pioneering the way, making bridges and building shelters, as well as carrying out scouting operations ahead of the forces. It was in Ashanti that he wore the cowboy hat for the first time; he found that it shielded his eyes and protected his neck from the sun. This expedition also provided the future Boy Scouts with their staffs. Baden-Powell noticed that one of the officers in charge of laying the telegraph line always carried with him a six-foot staff marked in feet and inches; he explained that he found it useful for testing the footings in swamps, for jumping small streams, and for making rough measurements. So that idea was tucked away in Baden-Powell's memory.

In 1896 he went to Matabeleland as Chief of Staff during the war against the native rebels. Here it was that he matched his skill as a Scout against enemies who were masters of that art. Plumer, then a major, paid tribute to the 'wonderful knowledge' Baden-Powell 'had acquired of all the intricacies of the fastnesses of the hills.' It was here that he earned from the Matabele the name of Impeesa—the wolf that never sleeps.

Matabeleland was followed by his return to India; then came the South African War and the siege of Mafeking. The importance to the Boy Scouts of that seven months' defence lies in the use made of the boys of that little town. Lord Edward Cecil, the Chief of Staff, organized them as a corps of messengers. Baden-Powell was impressed by the cool way in which the boys carried out their orders, by their discipline under their own leaders, and by the sense of responsibility they developed.

After Mafeking came the recruiting and training of the South African Constabulary; he again used his tried methods of working in small units, of cutting down drill to the minimum, and of making the training as exciting and enjoyable as possible. He impressed

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on his men the need for using their own gumption in carrying out their duties after the war.

This survey of the first forty-five years of Baden-Powell's life shows some of the influences and experiences that were later to determine the character of the Boy Scout Movement. They do not, of course, explain how he came to combine these elements into a system of training; indeed, it is impossible to account fully for the workings of a man's genius. We can, however, note certain personal qualities that contributed to his achievement.

There is a passage in *The Times History of the War in South Africa*, written before the Boy Scouts had been thought of, which admirably describes one aspect of his personality:

The uncompromising enemy of hidebound rules and unintelligent drill, he made his aim to develop initiative and individual responsibility, not only in junior officers but in every man of a regiment, and always laid great stress on the use of observation and intelligence in war.

The *Official History* may also be quoted:

His originality lay in a certain unquenchable and almost exotic attraction towards the unusual in warfare; in a preference for setting precedents rather than following them, for making rather than adopting experiments; and he was at once at home with any description of comrades whom the emergency which he courted might produce to meet it.

These marks of his personality are found in the Boy Scout scheme. Thus he ruled out 'unintelligent drill,' and he encouraged 'initiative and individual responsibility,' and 'the use of observation and intelligence' has a prominent part in the scheme of training. In his organization of the Boy Scouts he set his face against 'hidebound rules.' Regulations were inevitable, but he called these 'Rules on how to play the game of Scouting for Boys.' The word 'must' was rarely used. This lack of strict and detailed regulation left Scoutmasters considerable latitude for the use of initiative, and, at the same time, placed on them the responsibility for carrying out the scheme in the spirit in which it was framed. This has meant variations in the standards of Scout Troops, but Baden-Powell believed that some inefficiency was a price worth paying for the sake of preserving the Scoutmaster's freedom of action. He always welcomed fresh ideas and he encouraged experiments. 'Try it, and tell me how you get on,' was his attitude. The control of the movement

has never been highly centralized; every allowance is made for local conditions. He himself held the reins loosely, and preferred to encourage than to direct. He always held that example was a far more effective influence than regimentation.

It is hard to believe now that this far-flung movement was started almost by accident. There is no evidence that he had any special interest in the training of boys before 1903. On his return from South Africa he was astonished to find that his small military manual *Aids to Scouting* was being used by some teachers to train children in observation and deduction. Surprising as this was, it did not turn his mind to the general problem of boy-training. It was in 1903 that the decisive impulse came. He had been invited to review the Boys' Brigade in Glasgow on the twentieth anniversary of its foundation. He was greatly impressed by the boys' smartness and efficiency. In congratulating Sir William Smith, the Founder of the Brigade, Baden-Powell suggested that he would get many more recruits if the activities offered were more attractive. William Smith asked Baden-Powell to produce a list of such activities, and, at the same time, suggested that he should rewrite *Aids to Scouting* as a training handbook for boys. Baden-Powell promised to keep the idea in mind, but his army duties prevented him from doing anything until 1906, when he produced a programme of outdoor practices which he thought would appeal to boys. This was published in the Brigade's *Gazette*, but was not officially adopted. It was typical of Baden-Powell that, once his interest had been roused, he liked to carry an idea through to its conclusion. He elaborated the few suggestions put to the Boys' Brigade and circulated his scheme amongst friends for their criticism. As we have seen, he began writing *Scouting for Boys* during a fishing holiday, and he ran an experimental camp.

In September 1907 he published a twopenny pamphlet giving the bare outline of the training with some hints on methods, including the organization by patrols. At that stage he still thought of Scouting as, in the main, an activity that could be added to the programmes of existing clubs, though he also suggested that Scout patrols could be formed where suitable clubs did not exist. Experience quickly proved that the second idea was to win the field. Boys and men were soon forming patrols and troops; *Aids to Scouting* and the twopenny pamphlet gave them enough to go upon.

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There was, as yet, no central office; indeed even the rudiments of an organization did not exist, but this spontaneous uprising of Boy Scouts made it clear that a separate movement had come into existence.

At the end of the year Baden-Powell took rooms at the Windmill on Wimbledon Common to finish writing *Scouting for Boys*, and a two-roomed office in London was opened to register Scouts and to supply badges. The publication of the book early in 1908 opened the floodgates, and soon Boy Scouts were to be found in all parts of the country. By the end of 1909 the membership was at least 100,000, and in 1910 Baden-Powell retired from the army to give all his attention to this new movement.

The rapid spread of the Boy Scouts in Great Britain came as a surprise to Baden-Powell and to the public. Soon it found an equal welcome in British countries overseas. The next development, however, had not been anticipated. Other countries adopted the scheme, and by 1913 there were fifteen well-established national associations. Baden-Powell was quick to see the possibilities in this unexpected expansion; the Boy Scouts could take its share in promoting friendships and good will in the world; this new purpose became the dominating thought of the remainder of his life.

The outward demonstration of this friendship is the series of World Jamborees which have brought together the boys of dozens of countries, all sharing the same activities and paying tribute to the same ideals. These Jamborees have now been held in England, Denmark, Hungary, Holland, France, Austria, and Canada. The 1957 Jamboree will be held in England; it will be a celebration of the Jubilee of the foundation of the Boy Scouts, and also of the centenary of the birth of the Founder.

At the first Jamboree in 1920, a biennial Conference was inaugurated to strengthen relations between the national associations; an International Bureau maintains the day-to-day connection.

The links between Scouts of various countries are, in the main, strengthened not through officials and offices but by the movements of the boys themselves. Thus in 1956 nearly eight thousand Scouts from Great Britain went to camp in nineteen different countries.

Common principles and methods are promoted by the system of training Scoutmasters begun by Baden-Powell in 1919 at Gilwell Park. The scheme he adopted was unique; the Scoutmasters camp

together as a troop; they are divided into patrols and each member takes his turn at the camp duties. Gilwell Park began as a British training camp; it has developed into an international one. During 1956 the total number trained was 902; they came from fifty-six different countries. They return to run their troops and associations on the lines laid down by Baden-Powell himself.

It is not possible here to do more than mention how the movement has been expanded in other ways; provision for younger boys is made by the Wolf Cubs and for the older fellows in the Rovers. Special branches include Sea Scouts and Handicapped Scouts.

While the story of Scouting has been one of steady expansion, there have been local set-backs. There were at one time flourishing associations in such countries as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. These have been suppressed. The emphasis put by Baden-Powell on personal initiative and responsibility is incompatible with totalitarian ideas, and the only form of world co-operation approved by Communist countries is based on their own exclusive political dogma.

One would like to think that the story of Scouting in Italy is a foretaste of what is to come. A flourishing Scout Movement was suppressed by Mussolini in 1928. As soon as Sicily had been occupied by the Allies, Scout Troops were formed in the island. On St George's Day 1944, Cardinal Lavitrano handed back to the Palermo Scouts the flags which had been preserved in the Cathedral for sixteen years. Now there is again a healthy and growing Scout Movement throughout Italy.

The growth of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements during the past half century is an astonishing achievement. It is due to the creative genius of one man, Robert Baden-Powell; a man of far-sighted vision, resourceful and wise in peace as in war. He brought happiness to millions of boys and girls, and set before them ideals of honour and service that have influenced the lives of a vast host of men and women who were once Boy Scouts or Girl Guides.

E. E. REYNOLDS

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## THE VATICAN

1. *Report on the Vatican.* By Bernard Wall. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson.)
2. *Vatican Assignment.* By Sir Alec Randall, K.C.M.G., O.B.E. (Heinemann.)
3. *The Splendour of the Church.* By Henri de Lubac, S.J. (Sheed and Ward.)
4. *The Nature and Function of Priesthood.* By E. O. James, D.Litt. (Thames and Hudson.)

A RETIRED Ambassador and an able journalist have each brought out their impressions of the Vatican as an institution. As such it has three aspects: it is a collection of palaces and museums closely related to St Peter's; it is an independent state in diplomatic relation with some forty-five governments; and it is the central office of a church which is the most widespread, numerous, and organic of religious bodies. But the Pope is not only the central Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church—he has a solicitude for the well-being of the world in general: and he proclaims that his fatherly regard extends to all who profess and call themselves Christians; indeed, it is his belief that to receive the sacrament of baptism is to be made through grace a member of the one universal Church, and it is his desire to further the good and concord of all Christians.

We live in an age when, after four centuries, the divisions between Protestant and Catholic have lost the sharpness of their cut. Theological scholarship is less controversial than constructive. The learned French Jesuit Père de Lubac, writing on the splendour of the Church, draws on the New Testament and on such early fathers as Origen, Irenaeus, and Hippolytus, who are authorities for theologians as a whole. Professor James, a distinguished Anglican scholar, is equally free from polemical controversy as he develops his theme of priesthood: it is, he says, the function of priests in all religions to minister to the needs of man by offering sacrifice and giving absolution—freeing men from the bond of their sin, these rites offer a means not only for the expiation men seek, but of actual

contact with the Divine. For the offered gifts when accepted become a means of participation in that grace which is an actual kinship with the Divine Nature and indeed a participation in it.

With such themes finding acceptance not only in the Anglican Church but among students of religion generally, it is not difficult to appreciate the theme of M. de Lubac, who returns to those words which St Paul chose to express his doctrine of the Church—such words as mystery, fulness, riches, power, glory, grace, and heavenliness when he spoke of one God being with us all. He goes on to say of the Church in relation to the incarnate God that 'she is the building of which He is both architect and cornerstone and into which he draws with Him the whole Divinity . . . she is Paradise and He is the Tree of Life and its well.'

If our minds are closed to such images of glory in relation to the Church in its unity, we miss the fundamental idea of the Vatican—its *raison d'être*. Its name suggests the working of some hidden yet formidable energy; its effectiveness is no matter of commerce or finance, but of the prestige, the zeal, the skill—or, as some prefer to say, the craft—of priests who are the hieratic stewards of mysteries centred on a Bishop who inherits on one side much from the Pontifex Maximus of the Cæsars and on the other, as Professor James reminds us, of the Apostle to whom the Redeemer said, 'On this Rock I will found my Church, and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.'

As the central office of the Roman Catholic Church, the Vatican attracts that attention and scrutiny which have been on one side suspicion not unmixed with fear, and on the other enthusiasm, veneration, and awe. None of these is groundless. The world has been aghast when contrasting the glories of the ideal Church with the depravity in certain Popes and Cardinals; their record, as Sir Alec Randall says, has sometimes been scandalous to the point of horror. But if on the one side there has been scandal in the Papacy, yet it has been hailed with veneration as it has ever again returned to its constant mission as a centre for spiritual energy, selfless devotion, and heavenly blessing. Looking at it now, as we approach the end of two thousand years, we must admit that the gates of hell have not prevailed against it. Watching the rise and fall of thrones and the contentions of despots with what has often proved yet more tyrannous revolutions, it turns to cope with the upheavals

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caused on the one side by monstrous ineptitude of national leaders and on another by the inventor's triumphs. How will it do so?

The two laymen who have written on the Vatican are neither of them blind to the darker side of its history, nor to the human element in its administration to-day. They both explain it as they have honestly found it, and both have enjoyed special opportunities. Each, supplementing the observations of the other, combines to give us an insight into its nature and function. Sir Alec Randall went there from the Foreign Office in 1925, four years before it had made its Concordat with the Quirinal. Mr Wall, though he has long known Italy, has been there pressing enquiries in the last year or two, but not quite late enough to be abreast of the latest changes; he does not know the name of the present commander of the Swiss Guard, nor that it is Monsignor Angelo Dellacqua who has succeeded Monsignor Montini as the Pope's right-hand man, now that Montini is Archbishop of Milan. But for the most part Mr Wall is up to date, pointing to the two Cardinals who are regarded as particularly able at the present time: Siri at Genoa, Lercara at Bologna. These are mentioned with Montini as possible successors to Pope Pius XII. Another mentioned is the Patriarch of Armenia, Cardinal Agagianian, who has an expert knowledge of both the Middle East and Rome; he would be the favourite of those who think that the next Pope should not be Italian and that the great problem will be to cope with Russia. Cardinal Agagianian comes from that Caucasus region from which sprang Stalin.

Both Sir Alec and Mr Wall agree, however, that it is not only probable but preferable that the Papacy should continue in the hands of an Italian. The few Popes who came from beyond Italy lacked the gift of finesse, and, even if a foreign Cardinal could transcend nationality, he would hardly have the close understanding of Italy which is imperative. For a Pope is, after all, Primate of Italy, and it might easily create as much difficulty if a non-Italian were elected to Rome as for a foreigner to be appointed to Canterbury, Westminster, or Malines. It must also be remembered that since the fall of the monarchy the Pope occupies the only throne in Italy: he reigns in Rome as a sovereign—he is the figure best known and honoured by the whole Italian people; and he exercises an extremely delicate yet essential function as the head of the whole organization which checked fascism and counters Communism.

The Church is the stabilising force in Italy. In all this work the present Pope has acted with the skill of a trained diplomat and a political expert. After the death of Cardinal Maglioni he even took the unprecedented step of refusing to appoint a Secretary of State; he did the work himself, dealing direct with the two Monsignori who do the work of Under-secretaries: Tardini and now Dellacqua who, as we saw, succeeds Montini.

It may be understood how Pius XII, who had been for ten years Secretary of State under his predecessor, decided sixteen years ago not to delegate this central and delicate responsibility. But it was an innovation that never pleased the ambassadors and ministers to the Holy See; these were a little nettled at having to do their work with secretaries instead of dealing with a man who had rank and authority. Now the Pope has passed the age of eighty, after a long and dangerous illness, they naturally feel the anomaly more acute.

In the Vatican the post of Secretary of State combines that of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary; he should deal directly and frequently with the envoys of foreign governments—he has the work of co-ordinating the Vatican policy in all its departments, or 'congregations,' as they are called. He should be able to take the burden from the shoulders of an ageing Pope, as Rampolla did for Leo XIII at the turn of the century. The question has become yet more acute because of the frequency and length of the pronouncements of Pius XII. Never has a Pope spoken so often, so much, or on such a variety of subjects. Congress after congress, pilgrimage after pilgrimage comes to Rome; each important one is received by the Holy Father, who delivers himself on subjects so diverse as banking, gynaecology, athletics, atomic energy, or the career of Fra Angelico. On each he speaks with detailed exactness and at length. Each cannot but be impressed by the Pope's grasp of and interest in his own particular subject and of its relation to religious ideals. But inevitably both the frequency and the variety of these pronouncements are disconcerting to the majority of those who have to keep up with the sum of them, for the very reason of their enormous range. No other mind can vie with this; and some impatience would be but natural. But when it is said that if the Pope spoke less often he would be heard with more attention, the answer is given that he aims at meeting all who come to him with the attention and helpfulness of a Bishop who wishes to welcome, to meet,

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and to guide every sort and condition of those who approach him. And age seems neither to wither him nor custom to stale the infinite variety with which he impresses and wins those who come to his audiences. But of course the time that he gives to youth clubs and trade unions curtails that which was formerly given to archbishops!

Few now are the visitors to Rome who take no interest in the Holy Father. It is not only Catholics who ask for audiences or who crowd to the Piazza of St Peter's at the moment he is expected to appear at his window and, after making gestures of welcome, to impart his blessing. So great are the numbers of Italians who come in clubs and corporations that the Pope appears on his moving throne, the Sedia Gestatoria, not only as heretofore in the Basilica but in the piazza outside, so that he can be acclaimed literally by hundreds of thousands at a time.

To the stranger this suggests that not only Italy but its capital is pulsing with Catholic fervour. Those who live there know that the contrary is the case. There is no town in Italy where the Church attracts so small a proportion of the population or where among the few who do worship there are so few signs of attention. The population of Rome now approaches two millions. In these not more than one or two have in recent years come forward for ordination. Where will the pilgrim find a city more inspiring, more edifying than the Eternal City? But its hold on the stranger means little to the Vatican's neighbours. Rome, they say, promulgates the faith for others to practise. The personal and political prestige of the Pope in Rome has nothing to do with the actual worship of the populace. The Pope confides his actual diocesan responsibilities in Rome to his Vicar, Cardinal Micara, who with an air of weariness and of angelic disdain presides at innumerable functions, but who can do nothing to waken the Romans from their religious doze. They feel, says Sir Alec Randall, a civic pride in the Papacy; and he voices the feelings of countless grateful hearts when he speaks of the opportunities and delights of Rome for the man of culture and the worshipper. There is no city to vie with it in monuments, in ceremonies, in august memories going back past the times of St Sebastian and St Lawrence, St Agnes and St Cecilia, to St Peter and St Paul themselves. It evokes from year to year the enthusiasm of the classic hymn sung on the feast of its patrons:



*O Roma felix quae duorum principum  
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine  
Horum cruore purpurata ceteras  
Omnes excellis una pulchritudines.*

One finds a kindred ardour in the pilgrims and in the students who come from all over the world to prepare for a dedicated life.

What is the relation of this world to strangers to the organization of the Vatican? Sir Alec, after arguing that the Papacy should continue in Italian hands, protests that this should not be the case for his advisers in the court or Curia, nor for the Cardinals who live in Rome in charge of the Vatican congregations. With the exception of the oriental specialist Cardinal Tisserand, who is a Frenchman, these are all Italians.

After the death of Cardinal Gasquet the British Legation suggested the name of another Englishman, but with no avail. The tendency is to reserve the supreme positions for those who have served as secretaries in the Vatican departments and for these departments to be staffed—certainly at the lowest pay—by Italians. Should this be so? Does the efficiency or the prestige of this international centre depend on them?

The Vatican, says Mr Wall, is administered by a gerontocracy at a time when the world is changing at a cataclysmic pace. It is an institution traditionally conservative and slow to move. Yet none who know it fear that it is blind to what is happening in the world or doubt that its grasp of truth and of mysteries which are independent of time is one secret of both its appeal and its strength. The Pope has not only annulled cumbersome regulations with regard to Holy Communion but opened the way to two things which even a few years ago were regarded in Britain as Protestant extremes: evening communions and communions on Good Friday, actually supporting the evangelicals in their argument from the Last Supper as itself an evening communion. He urges all to read the Bible and encourages the study of it in the translations which take the fullest advantage of recent scholarship. He is preparing to offer the Church a simpler liturgy in closer reach of the people, though priests must use the Latin Mass. All this means that Rome—after a delay of four hundred years—is nearer to offering her people the immense advantages which the Church of England owes to the Prayer Book. In this connection it is not inapposite to recall that there have been

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Catholicizing changes in the worship of the Church of England. The writer of this article found among unpublished papers at Pusey House in Oxford a letter from Newman in which he wrote that what he had loved as an Anglican was his own departure from Anglican ways in having a Communion every week at St Mary's. To-day both Anglican and Roman seek the Presence of the Redeemer in the Blessed Sacrament.

These two authors, both good Catholics, do not hesitate to speak of clumsiness and conventionality in the conduct of Vatican affairs, which are run by old men who have breathed from youth in a clerical atmosphere which strikes the average laymen as stifling. How is it, then, that the Vatican has both an insight into the trends of our revolutionary time and such a religious momentum? The explanation is no more in the heads of the Curia than in the Roman parishes: it is the work of the religious orders in which, through the ages, the Catholic Church has found the cure of her ills, and renews herself to-day. The Benedictines, with aid from the Dominicans, and headed by the heroic figure of Dom Lambert Baudouin, who was supported by Cardinal Mercier, have faced the problem of fitting people and worship together. It is the Jesuits who do the chief staff-work for the Holy See and supply the Pope with the wide variety of his precisions. The order keeps from its founder the spirit of a cavalry officer, whose loyalty and efficiency gains from his scope for individual reconnaissance. And it is of far more practical moment that the Pope should have non-Italian Jesuits at his beck than non-Italian cardinals.

Among the Jesuits in Rome there are many Americans: there might be more Englishmen. Their language is not only that of the Commonwealth and North America, but it is also the lingua franca for Africa and most of Asia; the Vatican would be throwing away opportunities if, cultivating Latin and even Italian to the exclusion of English, it failed to avail itself of a medium which is now what Latin was ten and fifteen hundred years ago.

What, on the other hand, can the British gain from their relations with the Holy See? Sir Alec Randall makes the point that here is a rocklike support of clear mind and fixed principles of an age which has lost confidence in the processes of its own thought. With regard to the main political problem of our time, the problem created by faulty diplomacy in the war, Britain finds a counsellor,

an ally, and a support. Neutral as the Vatican has been in European wars, which it deplored, it is not neutral in the immense struggle to which they have led, the struggle against Communism. Forty and fifty years ago, Leo XIII declared against communism and socialism. The Catholic ideal, he explained, is always that all should have some property, not that none should have any; the Church approves ownership because it believes that property is an extension of personality. It therefore does not care for nationalisation; and this is how much more true when the state, not content with seizing a monopoly of capital and directing every industry, claims also the dominion of ideas, says that matter alone has any real existence, and denies therefore everything both metaphysical and divine from the time of Aristotle to that of St Paul. The Pope has been described at Moscow as the bulwark of reaction, as both capitalist and superstitious, while 60,000,000 of his adherents were overrun in Poland, Hungary, Roumania, and China. It was not surprising in 1949, when ten years of world-war terminated in the conquest of China by Mao Tse-Tung, that the Vatican excommunicated every one of its adherents who were making common cause with the foe; the reason for this was that Communists had been arguing in Italy that their aims were those of Christians.

But though in the struggle with Communism the Vatican is on the same side as the United States (now that they have realized where Roosevelt was leading them—and us) it is averse to anything of a political alliance. When the Pope was pressed by Roosevelt to hail Stalin as a supporter of the Catholic cause, reluctance was expressed: when a few years later he was asked by General Marshall to denounce Stalin as renegade, he also refused. He cannot be the pawn or puppet of American tacticians, whether they are urging a move or reversing it. He will never fall in with the plan of being made a useful adjunct to any national policy.

When it comes to money, however, America must count at the Vatican of to-day. There may be as many listed as Catholics at Rome or Milan as in Chicago, where the number recently was 1,779,324. But in Milan only a fraction go to Church and in Rome the fraction is smaller still; and when they do go, they contribute—what? Perhaps sixpence, more often a penny. In Chicago they practically all go, and contribute not less than 25 cents, which is close on 2s. The result is that American bishops, who, like all others,

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send the Vatican a proportion of their diocesan funds, pay a great deal more than their European confrères. From them comes, perhaps, 50 per cent. of the Vatican income, and the result is that in Rome Cardinal Spellman counts. The Vatican does not attempt to alter the breezy ways of the American clergy—their comfortable living, their practical outlook, their mentality moulded in the past by Ireland. And here Mr Wall makes a penetrating remark: that Irish Catholicism, alike in its strictness and in its lack of culture, shares a good deal with British Nonconformity for the simple reason that legally it was for so long under the Protestants who had the ascendancy. The temper is changing now, after the Irish Catholics have had an influence in Britain, and an enormous one in the United States, where they held a balance between the parties. But Irish-American Catholicism is a very different thing from the temper of the Vatican, which has always been surrounded by culture and had the breadth of view which goes with culture. Logically the Vatican system is complete and exact; but, being Italian, it makes endless allowances for human nature and accommodates itself to situation and opinion.

Bismarck once said that every diplomat who comes to the council table lays down on it the weight of his guns. The Vatican, however, has no background of armed force. What does its diplomacy offer instead? Courtesy, adroitness, reasonableness, and what counts yet more than those: the power of moral and spiritual principles, the will and power to do good. Human nature in the first place, ordered governments in the second depend for their stability on being in accord with the laws written in the human heart by Him who made it. The Vatican has no longer need of princely territories to ensure its prestige: it wins the regard of governments because it performs a function.

That is the reason why the Foreign Office maintains a Legation to the Holy See. Sir Austen Chamberlain when Foreign Secretary said that the mission was useful as a point of observation, as a means of keeping the British view before the Vatican, and that it gratified the Catholics who were British subjects. When he signed a minute to this effect, he added that he signed it as a Nonconformist born and bred. In war the mission was an imperative necessity; to withdraw it when war was over would have been invidious, discourteous, and short-sighted.

And what is the rôle of the Vatican in diplomacy? It has three clear lines of policy: (1) to enter into agreement with any effective government; (2) to maintain its rights and privileges in Catholic countries; and (3) to work in with the Italian government for the welfare of both Church and State. It supports established governments, but sympathises with popular movements when they have justice behind them. However adamant the Catholic Church may sound in its principles of faith and morals, it is extremely pliant and adaptable in dealing with either governments or individuals. Not only is it free from absolutism and tyranny, but it regards those as the very things with which it has always been at issue.

Towards government in general it has no settled policy: it watches occasions. No one who knows it views it as an ingenious contrivance for Machiavellian intrigue or ambition. Those who work with it—whether Catholics or not—tend to take one of two views: either that it is clerical, old-fashioned, and provincially Italian; or that it is a political intelligence service of unequalled range and accuracy, with a balanced judgment of extraordinary foresight, with secrets that could be learnt only in the Confessional. Apart from its normal envoys who send it regular dispatches, it is certainly bound to acquire a vast amount of information about the climate of opinion and the economic and social conditions which affect the Church. What use does it make of all this? Nothing in the way of definite directives. It leaves Primates with authority to decide. Catholics are warned against Communism, but otherwise left in complete liberty with regard not only to art and science, but also economics and politics. The Vatican is a strong centre, but it would be an error to confuse it with an absolute monarchy or a Kremlin; and, in the view of Sir Alec Randall, only 'ignorant and romantic nonsense' would credit it with founts of secret information not available to any competent diplomacy. Where it offers a special opportunity to the British diplomat is in its combination of a balanced moral judgment on long-term issues and the life of a world centre not only opposed to Communism but looking always for the welfare of Christendom and of the world.

If we regard it simply as a state or as a convenience we will find that relation with it is a waste of time; for our business with it would be founded on confusion. The reason why it is valuable to governments as an institution is that it is the big centre of

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Christendom acting in the whole international organism as any Church acts for its adherents; it maintains law; it preaches virtue; it ministers grace; it is a fount of wisdom and it recalls to men the truths and values of eternity.

All this makes it particularly valuable in the crisis of present history. We live in an age when neither nation nor property is a fixed and binding idea. The struggle of Communism is no longer with the wealthy owner but with a socialism which in full career is yet uncertain of its own direction, so that, like Germany under Hitler, it could be compared to an express train driven by a madman. It is confused by a huge technological revolution which supercedes the rivalries of the West, as those must either fuse against the Communism they have spread or go down before it. The Vatican combines with all free nations to resist the trend to materialistic totalitarianism. A European institution, it regards with us the new storming nationalism in Asia, Africa, Indonesia. With the self-assertion of new peoples more primitive comes the threat of another barbarism in the revolt of the masses.

On the relations between Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain the well-being of Europe has long depended; a lack of harmony among them means ruin to them all. In the first war, in the second, and between the wars the Holy See as a neutral and benevolent power offered them the sagest counsels which none could afford to ignore. If even now those four powers were to confer with the Vatican about the safeguards of their common welfare, honour, and safety, they would yet find that it is prudent to maintain their missions to the Holy See and perilous not to use them.

In the last war, Christendom's heroic gallantry was expended in vain, owing to the lack of political wisdom in the governments which floundered on, swayed now by intrigue, now by obstinacy, now by blind hatred, now by yet blinder gullibility. The enemy peoples were entirely devilish while Russia and China were 'sound.' But since there was no real end in view, we now face the enigma of our victory. After twelve years of it, we are still in an age of upheaval and fear. But even now, the wisdom—inherent in an international centre of Christianity—which warned us where we were going wrong can still, in this succeeding night of doubt and sorrow, point the way to the promised land.

ROBERT SENCOURT

## LYAUTEY

IN the nineteenth century France, first-born child of European civilization, carried her civilizing inheritance across the Mediterranean. Few bore that tradition with nobler vitality than Hubert Lyautey. He was born in the Land of the Maid, in Nancy, in November 1854. France's epic lived in his family. For generations Lyauteys had been generals. His father was *ingénieur des ponts et chaussées*. Victory fanfares in Italy and the Crimea cradled his childhood. At the lycées at Nancy and Dijon he showed rare literary gifts, but, when he was sixteen, came defeat and the Commune; he belonged to 'the generation of the defeated' and turned naturally to St Cyr and soldiering. Defeat was a challenge to his mind, social discord to his heart. At St Geneviève, Catholic and royalist traditions moulded him. Military displacement found him in Algiers in 1880. St Geneviève and Algiers proved formative influences. For the conscience of France was stricken by the people's conduct. The prophetic voice of Albert de Mun called on the nation's élite to put away frivolities, not to accept the mediocre. He pleaded with students to create a foyer for social regeneration, impressed on them how incumbent it was to serve France while remaining Christian. In Orléansville, Lyautey read *Le Mariette-bey en Egypte*, by de Vogüé, who too sought to conciliate ideas in order to conciliate men, and dreamt of a social entente. Lyautey's military record outpaced routine promotion. Captain in 1882 and stationed in the crack garrison town of St Germain en Laye, by 1893 he was chief-of-staff at Meaux. From Meaux all that life could offer to fortune and ability was open. But this fortune's child could not enjoy his fortune. As a soldier the army caused disquiet. Like all patriots he mourned the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, while governments played politics instead of hoisting the flag. Gambetta counselled, 'Think of them but never speak of them.' Bitterly it was said that, by not speaking of them, you forgot to think of them. The democratic tide reacted against obedience's stronghold. In vain Chanzy, resistance hero, pleaded, 'You can't play at democracy in the army.' In vain de Mun defended long service as essential to soldier virtues and a corrective



to democracy's corroding powers; the Assembly proposed its reduction. By the act of 1899 the long-service army disappeared and a new army was born, prejudiced against military discipline and distrustful of soldier chiefs. To this gnawing sense of frustration was added the impiety of Republican attacks on the Church. Lyautey felt the confused malaise. The Republic might be the form of government that divided Frenchmen least; it was nevertheless *La Gueuse*. Yet while education and milieu made him ready for any adventure that would restore throne and altar to pristine grandeur, his intellect pulled the other way. After a pilgrimage to Goritz and Rome he sensed that Leo XIII was republican, and when Cardinal Lavigerie toasted with Duperré, erstwhile aide-de-camp to the Prince Imperial, 'La République,' he too rallied. He discussed the problems in a Catholic action group, Albert de Mun, La Tour du Pin, Raoul Ancel, and Perceval, and grew convinced that mess complaints were sterile regrets that could only lead to disaster. Compulsory military service could become a social cement uniting all in common service to France. He frequented intellectual circles and at de Guerle's met Brunetière, Coppée, and chanced to sit next to de Vogüé. The writer turned to the soldier: 'Put your ideas on paper.' Vogüé sent the article to *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Lyautey called it: 'On the Social rôle of the Officer under universal military service.' It appeared anonymously in March 1891. His thesis was revolutionary. He declared that the new soldier, product of compulsory military service, needed a new officer who would not limit his activities and influence to military duties. By his authority and prestige, he could work for common accord and social entente. Compulsory military service need not be a brutal, sterile corvée, but a field of social action. The army was a school of social citizenship and the work of officers a social mission. His hopes of national accord harmonized with those of high-minded contemporaries. They directed the moral and intellectual reaction to what appeared as the sun-down of France after defeat and upheaval; with Gabriel Monod, the *eminence grise* of the University, Paul Desjardins, Henri Béranger, Victor Bérard, Lazard, Pasteur Wagner. Lyautey found de Vogüé the most sympathetic in appealing to France beyond the seas as nursery for La Mère Patrie. This colonial prophet, half-Kipling, half-Ruskin, possessed the divine gift to fire with imperial visions, and in *Le Maître de la mer* he contrasts the creative, civil-

izing influences of France with the predatory Anglo-Saxons, devourers of the world.

While Lyautey was eating his heart away for lack of social objectives and soldier virtues made him criticize barrack corporalisms, events opened his road. Imperial horizons widened. The scramble for Africa, China's partition coloured the age. The reaction was to come in the twentieth century, when Europe enfeebled herself in strife and by her savagery denied Christian ethic. She abdicated her moral leadership before losing her technological advantages. Lyautey was on manœuvres in Brie when General de Boisdèfre ordered him to Indo-China. He was forty. He regarded his life as empty. In fact he now began his life's work. On board he discussed lost opportunities, Perim, Suez, Aden; all cursed British imperialism. He went ashore at Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and recognized contrasts; he envied the comfort, lay-out, liberty of British barracks; noted how they were provided with gardens and fresh water; how soldiers were kept busy with games and open-air activities. French, he complained, were uniform, inconvenient, often dirty, and supervised like prisons. Into Indo-China he brought abilities to conquer somnolent acquiescences. France's story here blends with Europe's expansion. Garnier was killed in 1873, Rivière in 1883. While Brière de l'Isle was conquering Tonkin, Négrier was caught at Lang Son and had to evacuate in 1885. A cry of despairing retreat rose in the Assembly. Ferry, author of colonial adventures, was assailed for forgetting the two lost children and offering France step-children. Expansion nevertheless continued. Lyautey was posted to the Second Bureau, dealing with piracy and military territories. He made friends with the Governor, Jean de Lanessan, and in thoughtful discussions learnt the colonial revelation: to crush no tradition, to change no custom, rule through the rulers and bind them to France. They went off to inaugurate the railway to Lang Son. Here Galliéni ruled with laurels of Senegal and the Sudan. Never was a new colonial so captivated as was Lyautey by Galliéni. He saw colonialism in practice. Colonials were building roads, markets, security, carrying French peace and prosperity to a land ridden with piracy and penury. Because of the desire for tranquillity some had treated with pirates. Danegeld has ever failed. Duchemin with Pennequin, Servièrre, and Galliéni were ordered to suppress them. Galliéni built blockhouses, behind which peaceful life reappeared.

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Lyautey shadowed Galliéni and saw the reasons. Galliéni threw the spark of responsibility into every post, never bound men with military paragraphs but left each to his own initiative, and Lyautey envied these officer-administrator-farmers and recognized their obscure, faithful work. Behind each lay an epic of combat and creation. Galliéni always thought in terms of reconstruction, and was as concerned with the establishment of a market after the capture of a fort as with its capture. Lyautey received the sacred baptism of colonialism. Colonies were nurseries of creative energies that could revitalize France, and he wrote home such self-revealing letters that he opened a new field of activity for both.

André Lebon, colonial minister, discussed with Max Leclerc rebellion in Madagascar, for Governor Larache had been unequal. Leclerc replied, 'You have a man for the post, Galliéni. Listen to what he is doing in Tonkin'—and read Lyautey's letters. In 1896 Galliéni was sent to restore Madagascar to France. Lyautey continued his newly learnt policy, descended the River Claire which he considered the best road into China and nourished dreams of a Greater France in the Far East, saw Indo-China compensating for the loss of India and the Kra Isthmus for that of Egypt to the ubiquitous, unscrupulous British. He had begun to arrange for Trappists to plant coffee, indigo, and wine when he received the call from Galliéni and embarked to the vast continent, predestined according to the prophets to the renaissance of France and where her bravest were receiving their baptism of fire. Madagascar's story epitomizes imperial rivalries. France secured treaties with the ruling Hovas in 1885. Ferry wished to annex the isle; the Assembly was hostile. In 1890 Britain recognized France's protection of Madagascar in return for her recognition of British protection over Zanzibar, and a French expedition under Duchesne landed in 1894. But the Hovas would not brook French power; Galliéni came to pacify the island. He deported Queen Ranavalona and tried to create groupings to resist the Hovas, a policy contrary to that adopted in Indo-China. The experience was not successful. As Lyautey neared Madagascar, enthusiasm captured him. It appeared a pendant to South Africa, Galliéni the French Rhodes, and he entered Tananarive in a cortege of red-uniformed Spahis amidst a cowed population with heads bowed. Galliéni advised, 'You must strike with your grandeur. To think that Laroche saluted first!

Why, they all sneered.' Galliéni assigned him the task of tracking down the Hova chief Rabezavana, who after a month's struggle submitted. He came on horseback with his warriors, descended, his men threw down their arms and bowed low; he pronounced the act of submission and handed the conqueror his ring of command. Rabezavana expected to be killed or deported. Lyautey placed him at the head of the region, where all respected him and where he could work for reconciliation. Soon Lyautey was master of the area, ruling as soldier-administrator à la Bugeaud. In a great *tournée* he saw his own city of Ankazobé grow. In exhilaration he wrote to his sister, 'I have just found a verse of Shelley which I should like for my device. The soul's joy lies in doing. Please have it engraved for me on a ring and send it to me.' To Paul Desjardins, he insisted, 'You can't call it warlike conquest to substitute peace for a reign of brigandage.' Dire news arrived. Vogüé reported *l'affaire Dreyfus*: 'At first we thought it was a conspiracy against the army, the last rampart of order. To-day we must accept the evidence. Our staff has been caught in a chain of lying. It is a ruined citadel.' To crown all, came news of Fashoda. At last in 1899 he returned to Paris in torment, with Auteuil scandals, Deroulède's trial, and Marchand himself. After a year's leave, he was given powers in the unsubmitted south. He planned with infinite care, which he explained *Dans le sud de Madagascar*. He built telegraph networks from Fianarantsoa to strategic points and by his process of infiltration villages were disarmed and rebel chiefs dislocated. He saw how impracticable it would be to divide these diverse peoples into departments, so he respected native groupings and by his indirect rule was able to reach defiant spirits and closed societies. He returned in 1902 a tried colonial and wrote his profession of faith: *Rôle colonial de l'armée*. He declared himself the enemy of theories: 'Only men count in colonies, where the unforeseen is the rule and decision a daily necessity, for no formula can replace the man who does not hide behind regulations but accepts responsibility.' He preferred those who abstained from spectacular action, for true merit consists in toil and the best work is slow and obscure, and underlined Montesquieu on Alexander the Great. 'He opposed those who wished Philip to treat Greeks as masters and Persians as slaves. He not only allowed the conquered their customs, but also their laws and often their governors. He respected ancient traditions and conquered to pre-

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serve.' He regarded his work as a divine mission of regeneration. 'We do work as meritorious as that of our forefathers when they gave their blood to acquire our historic frontiers.' In France he was given command of the 14th Hussars, of absurd interest to one who had governed a million subjects. Events favoured him. In 1903 Jonnart succeeded Révoil as governor of Algeria. He had read *Du rôle social* and followed Lyautey's career in Tonkin and Madagascar. They met at Eduard Aynard's. Jonnart was a pupil of Ferry and Burdeau, and when need arose for a governor of South Oran he thought of Lyautey playing soldiers at Alençon. Algeria was the first-fruit of France's recovery; the Napoleonic epic-failure had ended earlier colonial dreams. Under Charles X, Bourmont landed at Sidi Ferruch and captured Algiers. Lamoricière, Damremont, and Bugeaud moved inland. Morocco was near and by the twentieth century became an international problem. Not only was she a neighbour with an undefined frontier, she impinged on European rivalries. She remained a weak-divided enclave between Algiers, Gibraltar, Algeçiras, a magnet for imperialism. Some tribes obeyed their marabouts, some a sultan with capitals at Marakech, Fez, Meknes, and an administration, the Makhzen of loyal tribes; frontier tribes ignored the Sultan and Makhzen. A strong Sultan, Moulay Hassan, ruled from 1875 to 1894, but he left a child, Abdul Aziz, and adventurers swarmed into the land. Symptomatic was Caid Mac Lean, who, dressed in turban and bournous, bagpipied, 'I'll take the high road' as he and sycophants ruined the realm. Revolts were continuous, for the people regarded Abdul as perverted by Europeanism, for the Sultan of Morocco was successor of the Emir of Andalusia, Iman of the Faithful. France was concerned, for Algeria felt Moroccan tremors. The logical frontier was the Moulouya, reached by Bugeaud at the victory of Isly. Britain then protested and now the frontier was hazy, cutting across tribal palm groves. To stem attacks, France had occupied Ain Sefra, but brigands found refuge in Morocco and France dared not follow. She would have liked to control her dangerous neighbour, and Sir Arthur Nicolson reported to the Foreign Office that he would welcome such French 'collaboration.' Banditry compelled France to master the desert by continuous capture of oases, till she reached In Salah, the sanctuary of seventy saints. The Chorfa preached a Holy War, which found ready support, for, in this land of scarcity, idealism

accorded with necessity. Razzias were followed by open attacks. Jonnart proceeded to Ben Ounif and was almost ambushed. Clearly it was essential to master the area, but world entanglements imposed inaction. An international conference had adopted the principle of Moroccan integrity; and France respected her frontiers. She tried to enlist the help of the Sheriffian empire for the two powers to act together, but how could the Iman act with infidels? His malevolence equalled his powerlessness. Jonnart discussed the problem with André, War Minister, and Lyautey was appointed commander at Ain Sefra. South Oran was ready for civilizing control: the proconsul was ideal. He abhorred destruction and shrank from violence. He found it more glorious to persuade than to compel. He brought with him a knowledge of European perspectives and solid experience. After an inspection tour with Henrys he began his grandiose, awe-inspiring reconnaissances. The brigands surged through the Djebel-Bechar passes. He installed a post at Bechar, the door of the oases, and with superb effrontery called it Colomb. When Delcassé heard from Jonnart, he thundered, 'Evacuate it. It is in Moroccan territory.' 'But we are not in Bechar. We are in Colomb.' Next year Lyautey repeated his infiltrating power-displaying reconnaissances, bridled the brigands by occupying Forthassa, and fixed observation posts at the skirts of the Tell at Berguent. The Makhreb protested that a conquest was beginning. Premier Combes jumped on hearing of this new breach by the governor and ordered him to evacuate immediately. On receiving the order Lyautey dictated to Renouard a telegram explaining how, without shedding a drop of blood, he had secured order and respect for the Sultan in this turbulent area. If he saw his work undone he would resign. Jonnart, who had returned to Paris on the sudden death of Waldeck-Rousseau, parleyed and a compromise followed. Berguent remained in Lyautey's hands; to his were added Sheriffian troops. Lyautey was now master of the area and lived *en grand seigneur*. The great South Oran caravan that had ceased because of turbulence again set out in 1905 along the traditional Gourara route to the joy of the oases, menaced with ruin because they could not sell their dates. In his letters from Géryville, he joyously recorded: 'It was like fairyland, a cavalcade of colour. Here Arab feudalism has retained its splendour and integrity.' And he stood out in his gold-embroidered bournous, the gift of Agha Si Louley, whose 'sons act as my pages,

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hold my stirrups, kiss my hand.' This scorched earth burnt by the implacable sun awoke; his soldiers dug wells, built posts, planted trees, sowed grain. In 1906 he was promoted to command the entire Oran division, to control the turbulent frontier between Algeria and Morocco, from the oued Kiss to the Saharian ksour.

Meanwhile a diplomatic revolution swept the west. Talks between Edward VII and President Loubet, followed by diplomatic discussions between Paul Cambon and Lord Lansdowne, allowed France a free hand in Morocco for French recognition of Britain in Egypt. This Anglo-French entente transformed the situation. Britain recognized that France as neighbour to Morocco had a rôle to help the Sultan carry out reforms. Germany sought to display her might and break the newly-formed Entente. On German advice, the Sultan refused help and proposed a conference. Bülow asked the Kaiser to disembark at Tangiers. The echo of the Kaiser's journey on its badly-paved roads resounded through Europe. Delcassé fell, Rouvier wanted peace; a Conference met at Algeçiras in 1906. To Germany's anger it strengthened the Entente, but Morocco was to be reorganized under international control. But Algeçiras deeply wounded Moroccan pride. His people turned on the despised Abdul, and his brother, Moulay Hafid, was proclaimed Sultan. Lyautey recognized that no police force, no matter how strong, could check banditry. Only sound administration could pacify, by curing poverty. He organized the nomads, consolidated the authority of djemaas, and linked ksours to form something like districts. Such organization needed the Sultan's authority. Under cover of Franco-Moroccan collaboration he peacefully penetrated. For Lyautey had a horror of bloodshed. Before he stretched out his hand to strike, he stretched it out in sign of friendship. Before inspiring fear, he appealed to confidence. He continued his imposing reconnaissances—to display force avoided its use. In contrast to Sheriffian mehillas, who ate the land like locusts, he came as protector, fostered markets which in turn fostered security. Doctors installed mobile hospitals. Markets and hospitals attracted tribesmen. For his aim was that French posts should be centres of attraction, not poles of repulsion. In 1910 he confirmed accords with Moulay Hafid to police frontier zones and appointed Féraud Makhzenian police chief. Resentful tribes attacked. The bugles sounded *en avant* as legionaries threw them back into the Moulouya. This battle of Moul-el-Bacha



indicated his military methods. He only used force in the last resource with repugnance and to repay aggression. And he did not abuse his triumph. He fined the foe 100 sheep for each dead, and moderation increased his prestige. The Sultan appointed Si abd es Sadok Sheriffian High Commissioner, but Lyautey suggested who were to be appointed caids and receive the Sultan's investiture. And always his civilizing influence continued. He built schools at Berkane and Martimprey, inaugurated roads, drove back insecurity hundreds of kilometres. When in 1910 he was promoted to an army corps in France, on the long frontier there reigned *la paix française*.

While Lyautey was soldiering at Rennes, events again drew him to Morocco. In 1911 tribesmen, exasperated by Moulay Hafid's rapine, attacked Fez. On his demand General Moinier freed the capital. In vain France declared that she had acted in the name of the Sultan, an independent sovereign; Germany pretended that she planned control and staged the 'panther spring' to intimidate. After renewed negotiations Germany recognized the French Protectorate over Morocco in return for part of the Congo. But scarcely had the Treaty of Fez installed the French Protectorate, when the empire seemed to dislocate. To escape his people's anger the Sultan allowed news to spread that he was a prisoner. Mobs massacred Europeans and sacked the Mellah. After street fighting Philippot and Brulard stemmed the revolt. Whom could the government send? The Fez massacres demanded an immediate choice. Lyautey was not anxious to go. From Rennes he was marked out for the Conseil Supérieur de Guerre and he had recently married Mdm. Fortoul. Millerand nominated him. He found rebels across the Sabur, bullets ricocheting on the palace Menchibi. The fortunate arrival of Bugeaud, Samory's conqueror, surprised them. Lyautey galloped to meet the victor and saluted the Sultan to indicate that protection did not mask annexation. Then to his consternation Moulay Hafid abdicated. He had ascended the throne as symbol of anti-Europeanism and failed. He explained to Lyautey: 'France was wrong in claiming a Protectorate, for the English in Egypt never used the word, yet had all the advantages.' But without a Sultan Morocco was rudderless. In whose name could the Faithful pray on Fridays? In whose name could justice be rendered, where civil emanates from religious law, where caids charged to apply the *cheria* must be invested by the Emir? The Makhzen chose his brother, Moulay Youssef, but a

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false Sherif rose, the Saharian El-Hiba. In the Sultan's name Mangin scattered them at Ben Guerir. So Moulay Youssef was consecrated, celebrated at Rabat the solemnity of Aid-el-Kebir, and commemorated at the ancient sanctuary of Chella the sacrifice of Abraham by immolating a ram with his own hands. Lyautey, who had felt 'like a naval commander appointed to a sinking ship,' began to organize and build posts, telephones, and railways which served native and colonial alike. With the collaboration of Poëymirau he transformed the land, and he remained undisputed master, governing with enlightened despotism yet with an integrity that left him as poor as he had begun. In January 1914 he decided to unite east and west Morocco. Overwhelming reconnaissances neutralized intermediary tribes and the move forward began, Gouraud round Tsoul, Baumgarten round Taza, which was taken in the Sultan's name. Lyautey reviewed his troops beneath the old bastion and proudly roll-called: 'Algiers taken in 1830, Tunis in 1881, Fez in 1911, Taza in 1914.' Taza joined the two Moroccos, linked Tunis and Algiers to Fez, the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The French North African empire was crowned by the master builder.

In August 1914 the Tour d'Eiffel wireless broadcast mobilization decrees. Many were jubilant; now to avenge Sedan. Lyautey recognized the disaster: 'They are mad,' he repeated; 'war among Europeans is civil war.' The government ordered him to empty the interior and retire to the coast. But retreat was a sign of weakness. He held a memorable council at Rabat with Gouraud, Henrys, Brulard, Peltier, Gueydon de Dives and decided obediently to disobey, to send troops to France and still hold Morocco. Prudence held more pitfalls than boldness. He arranged that a handful should hold extreme posts Taza, Khenifra, Marakech, Agadir, a chain of mobile defences. Days of anguish followed till 'the miracle of the Marne' reassured the horizon. The war affected the entire Moslem world. Germany fed rebellion—part of the Holy War preached in the Caliph's name and directed by Prince Ratibor, German Ambassador, whose agents arrived through Spanish Morocco. Lyautey maintained '*Qui n'avance recule.*' With his fragile battalions, he successfully met the assault. But the sword was not his only weapon. His order and peace contributed. He gave all an assurance of a future, to imans and oulemas their authority, merchants their gain, farmers their crops. Of a mocked Sultan he had made a respected

sovereign. On the outbreak of war Germans were interned at Debdou, their consulates closed, their agents Ficke and Grundler executed. Germany's flag disappeared from ports, her wares from markets. Lyautey became Moroccan *commis voyageur* and French goods replaced German. So was born the Casablanca fair, the greater fair of Fez followed. For the soldier recognized that 'the brilliant but sterile work of war is only a means to an end.' By 1916 criticism of Chantilly grew, and demands arose for new men to cut the Gordian knot. After the Rumanian collapse and the Somme losses, some blamed Briand, some the generals, others the allies; all turned to Lyautey who incarnated action *à outrance*. Even Lloyd George could not make war with a Sanhedrin. Lyautey's success stood out. While Islamic lands were war-ridden, Morocco remained an oasis of peace. In December 1916 he was appointed War Minister. He demurred, for he harboured a secret grudge for being neglected so long. Berthelot pressed him and he remembered Vogüé's dreams of France saved by her overseas children. At Gibraltar he met the first rebuff. Briand re-formed the Cabinet. Malvy went to the Interior; war functions were given to Thomas, Herriot, and Claveille. Lyautey was given the responsibility of power without the means to exercise it. Even the High Command was arranged without consulting him. Faced with *faits accomplis* he told Briand he preferred to return. But Briand wished to preserve his Cabinet. The malaise grew. His staff officers d'Ormesson, Firmin-Didot, Pelier did their best, but his temperament was not equal to the circumstances. He wished to appoint Castelnau chief of staff; Malvy objected on behalf of the Radicals. Renouard came to report Nivelle's plans. He gasped. Russian revolution and Hindenburg's retreat had changed the scene, yet Nivelle persisted in plans that no one trusted. He left for London, lunched with King George V and established peace between commands, but Nivelle's plans haunted him. He turned to Painlevé: 'C'est Kriegspiel.' But how relieve a general who was to lead the attack? With the Assembly relations were tense; to the left he incarnated colonial imperialism, the pro-consul who had come from Africa to bridle parliament, while he had the ungrateful task of recruiting for the coming offensive. On an interpellation concerning aircraft, Lyautey retorted: 'The people are tired of words. They are anxious for decisions of command and authority.' Why not suppress parliament? interjected

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Raffin Dugens. By a decree of April 1917 Ribot reappointed Lyautey Resident-General and he re-entered Rabat after five months' absence. In 1917 France was gathering her last forces. Morocco provided her with soldiers, workers, and food. During 1918 he emptied Morocco to the extreme limits and matched Clemenceau in vigour. Fortunately the Ramadan fast and a good harvest calmed the countryside. When the foe surrendered on November 11, he began land-registration to safeguard native rights in face of a flood of immigration. The Versailles Treaty completed the liberation; the Moroccan question appeared closed. But peace cannot be made like war with a stroke of the pen. Demands arose for civil government, but Lyautey insisted that French institutions could not be transplanted. He was harassed as a satrap; fortunately he had the confidence of Millerand and the Chambre du Bloc, and his triumphant reception to the Académie soothed his wounds. Only in 1921 did he receive rewards long due. He was elevated to be Marshal of France, recognized as one of the arbiters of victory, and honoured by the Ligue Coloniale under Charles Chaumet.

And he continued creating. When in 1921 phosphate mines were discovered he created 'l'Office Cheriffien des Phosphates' and built the Kouriga model factory. When Millerand, now President, came on a visit he persuaded him to accept the principle of annual conferences of North African Resident-Generals. The first was held at Algiers in 1923, but ill health began to dog the pro-consul. As he lay bedridden in the palace Bou Jaloud, Fez, there came oulemas and imans with their sacred banners to recite beneath his windows the *Ia-el-Attif*, the prayer only said when Islam is menaced by danger. Next year with Millerand's defeat a new political climate emerged. Profound changes transformed Africa. Lyautey had pacified French Morocco. But there was Spanish Morocco, and among the Riff Berbers rose caïd Abd-el-Krim to challenge the West. Spain sent two armies from Melilla and Tetuan. He cut the eastern army to bits at the crowning victory of Anoual and became master of the Riff. Christian dissensions and the break-up of the Caliphate made Abd el Krim the spearhead of Islamic Africanism. Spain evacuated her posts, leaving the French in jeopardy. Lyautey warned the government that while vaunting a Riffian Republic, Abd-el-Krim threatened the Sheriffian dynasty. The danger approached when Abd-el-Krim attacked buffer tribes, Beni Zeroual.

Chabrun was detailed to defend Fez, Freydenberg to hold the enemy. Painlevé came to consult with Lyautey, who stressed the need for combined attacks on Ajdir. Reinforcements arrived under Naulin and Pétain, but Lyautey found the administration of Morocco and command of troops too delicate a task. In September 1925 he resigned. So passed out of Africa the great spirit that had rejuvenated her. His homecoming was bleak. Wladimir d'Ormesson records: 'There was no official welcome, no troops, not a prefect, not a general, not a mayor. The only official letter awaiting him was an income tax demand.' He settled in Thorey, dominating the hill of Sion, for he did not wish to rebuild his war-destroyed Crévic home. He entered local politics, organized the colonial exhibition, and speedily became a legend. He passed into the Sanctuary of Immortals in July 1934. There came president, ministers, deputies, generals to mourn. By permission of Otto of Hapsburg he was interred in the chapelle des Cordeliers, Nancy, where lie Lorraine dukes. At Rabat, scene of his life's work, was built a funeral chapel and thither his remains were transferred. But the river of life would not stay still. In his twilight the warning star of the new North Africa appeared on the horizon. Si Allal El Fassi founded in 1932 Istiqlal to work for Moroccan nationhood, and after a struggle Premier Pinay and Mohamed ben Youssef signed in 1955 the Treaty of la Celle that accorded her statehood. Yet the surface failure concealed majestic triumphs. For a historic glory surrounds Lyautey's work. He remains the heir of ages, continuing achievements of de Bouillon and Lusignan, who too carved realms from Islam; while he equates with Baring and Lugard, who added their distinctive contribution to the building of enduring habitats for Man. For Lyautey had the joy of creation. Alfred de Târde records Lyautey's conversation in 1915 round Marakech: 'What revealed me to myself was having met an Englishman, Sir Charles Hartley, at the mouth of the Danube. It was a dead river, losing its waters in the sandy delta. He spent his life in recreating it and opened it to European traffic. Men must die, but he left an enduring work. Since then I too dreamt of creating, to bring life into dormant lands. There are some who consider colonial enterprises barbaric. How absurd. Wherever I passed I built, and what I had to destroy I rebuilt later more durably.' He came on the swift violence of an age that sought to ignore past sanctities, yet he contributed to the

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dawn of the new era. For driven on by his own creative fires he built an abiding memorial to France's civilizing mission. Judged by any standards he remains unique. He was a conqueror who was also a statesman; he possessed the rare ability to combat as well as govern. And no despot wielding absolute power such as he possessed abused it less. Princess Bibesco named him 'the royalist who gave the Republic an empire.' He was grander; he nursed his Protectorate from tribalism to nationhood. Morocco remains his legacy to the comity of modern nations.

VICTOR COHEN

## FROM GOLD COAST TO GHANA

'THEY say that twenty-two white kings had reigned over this country before the year of the Hegira. Their origin is unknown': so wrote Es-Sadi, a native writer born in Timbuctu in the sixteenth century. In his *History of the Soudan* he told of a kingdom extending to the Atlantic Ocean of which Ghana was the capital. 'The Birth of Ghana' were the words with which *The Times* headed its leading article in honour of the forthcoming independence of the Gold Coast.<sup>1</sup> But should it not have been 'The Rebirth of Ghana,' the once-great empire of medieval times with its far-flung commercial and cultural contacts, now handing on its name and heritage to the independent and sovereign member of the British Commonwealth? In the long pageant of the ages which has seen the might of Ghana wax and wane, Europe has been a modern intruder.

When the Arabs first visited West Africa south of the desert regions in the eighth and ninth centuries, they found the negro kings of Ghana in the height of their prosperity. According to a Hausa record, the people of Ghana claimed to have come from the territory lying between the Tigris and Euphrates, and they claimed descent from the Assyrians or Babylonians. The very earliest records—exclusive of the tradition of ancient Egypt—relate to the north-east of Senegal between that river and the Niger. The name of the principal town and the name by which the territory was generally known was Ghana or Ghanata. In 1067 Ghana was still the principal negro kingdom of West Africa. In the twelfth century El Idrisi wrote: 'Ghana . . . is the most considerable, the most thickly populated, and the most commercial of the black countries. It is visited by rich merchants from all the surrounding countries, and from the extremities of the West. Its inhabitants are Mussulman. . . . The king governs by his own authority, but he does obeisance to the Abbaside Commander of the Faithful' (the Egyptian Caliph).

In 1087, however, Timbuctu was founded by the Tuaregs, and its prosperity was the ruin of Ghana. Then came the rise of the

<sup>1</sup> September 19, 1956.



kingdom of Melle, the first of the negro Muslim native states to be recognized on terms of equality by the other Muslim kingdoms of North Africa. Conquest by Melle in the thirteenth century put an end to the independence of Ghana. At this stage West Africa still had its frontage to the land; the trade routes were caravan roads and navigation of the Atlantic was unknown. Equatorial Africa faced civilization on the north.

The great days of Ghana were done by the end of the twelfth century. After an existence of perhaps one thousand years, this Muslim-pagan state with its homogeneous negro-African character and northward-eastward orientation had reached a condition in which—rich and weak—it became the prey of stronger neighbours. The once-proud name of Ghana was embalmed in African memory as the maritime expansion of Europe introduced a new factor into the evolution of West Africa: the seaboard with its concomitant of legitimate commerce and the slave trade. The European nomenclature in itself characterized the change: the Gold Coast appeared on the maps of the world with half-romantic, half-fearful connotations. The drainage of the slave trade from African shores found in European minds humanitarian redress in the activities of venturesome, courageous, and stout-hearted missionaries. Economics and humanity were the twin springs of British effort in the Gold Coast region.

Contacts with Great Britain—which in the early nineteenth century assumed the form of a colonial relationship—brought much cultural and technical change in their wake. Christianity came slowly; to-day the proportion of Christians in the Gold Coast is sixteen per cent. Material change has been more speedy. Lady Lugard foresaw the possibilities in 1904: 'We may... have the satisfaction, even in our earliest beginnings, of knowing that the development of the tropical colonies, if we undertake it seriously, will not end with industrial development. There are many sides to the history of nations, and in the attempt to introduce order and industry into the at present uncivilized areas of many of our tropical possessions, we shall no doubt meet with innate powers unsuspected now, that in more favourable conditions may blossom into life.'

Following the establishment of British colonial government in the Gold Coast came parliamentary institutions and British-style education. The University College of the Gold Coast, the Kumasi

College of Technology, Arts and Science, and a number of schools forwarded African education. The people of the Gold Coast soon began to appreciate the possibilities of their place in the hierarchical structure of a Dominion-colonial Empire, both temperate and tropical, embracing other African as well as non-African territories. They have not been laggardly in outgrowing a dependent rôle. Rapidly acquiring facility in British methods of government and administration, receptive to education, ambitious and self-reliant, the people of the Gold Coast did not pause in their determined march to independence. Sir Reginald Saloway, one-time Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor of the Gold Coast, used to say that he felt like a man laying down a track in front of an oncoming express train. Once a general election had given an electoral mandate to Dr Nkrumah, there has been no dalliance over formalities. On September 18 the Prime Minister rose in the Legislative Assembly at Accra to announce full independence for his country on March 6, 1957, under the historic name of Ghana.<sup>1</sup>

So Ghana is once more a name in the annals of history, an ancient and proud name. Historically it stood for a rich and powerful kingdom, drawing its traditions and culture, as it drew its faith and its trade, from the vast region embraced by the caravan routes. A maritime power it was not. During the years of colonial status, its institutions, law, methods and language of administration, religion, and education came still from a northerly direction—but from Europe and not the north of Africa. With these modern acquisitions engrafted on to the stock of ancient lore and custom, it is possible that the next phase in the history of Ghana may be a lateral extension of interest. Feelers may reach out to the eastern Mediterranean and beyond to India, and to south and east Asia, in a search for diplomatic allies, racially congenial friends, markets, and sources

<sup>1</sup> Dr Nkrumah's pride in his country's advance, especially in the last two decades, is reflected in his foreword to Mr Paul Redmayne's new book *Gold Coast to Ghana* (John Murray, 1957). The extent to which the Prime Minister's pride in 'this small but immensely vigorous nation' is justified is shown by Mr Redmayne's colour photographs illustrating the 'social and political revolution' which has been taking place. The mood of purposeful activity in Ghana on the eve of independence inspires the many-sided development which has as its hub the working of the institutions of democratic self-government. Mr Redmayne's historical narrative sketches the evolution of the Gold Coast from the gold-and-slaves era of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to the General Election of 1956.

of raw materials. It seems possible that an independent Ghana may turn much of her attention east. The religious faith of many of her people draws her towards the vast Muslim arc that arches from North Africa to Indonesia. Pan-Islamism has never lost its fascination, and there has been recent talk of a League of Muslim Nations.

The African character of Ghana in a racial and geographical-economic sense is bound to reassert itself. It may now reappear in a search to revive the eastern bonds of the early state of Ghana. Once this outlook did not extend beyond the Middle East; now the diplomatic representation of Gold Coast interests further east of Suez has reached to Bandung. In April 1955 the Minister of State, Mr Botsio, led a Gold Coast delegation to the Bandung Conference. During the discussions in the committees and especially in the political committee, a cleavage became apparent between the pro-Western and anti-Communist group led by Turkey, Pakistan, and Iraq, and the neutralist and Communist group led by India, China, and Egypt.<sup>1</sup> The Gold Coast delegation aligned itself with the first, the pro-Western and anti-Communist, group.

Within six months had come the next development in Afro-Asian *rapprochement*. The Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, Dr Nkrumah, wrote to the Chief Minister of Singapore—then Mr David Marshall—proposing a meeting of representatives of all territories in the Commonwealth not independent politically. Mr Marshall's reply was favourable. In February of last year, Tunku Abdul Rahman announced that he had called a conference of all Commonwealth dependencies progressing towards independence (in which conference the Gold Coast would obviously have a place). This conference was to be held in Kuala Lumpur in May or June 1956, although nothing yet seems to have come of the proposal. The aim of the conference was to help territories progressing to independence, including those in Africa, to reach their goal.

Since the Bandung Conference President Tito, Mr Nehru, and Colonel Nasser have signed the Brioni declaration stressing their full support of the ten Bandung principles; while talks are proceeding among the Asian Powers for a second Bandung conference.

<sup>1</sup> The first group comprised Ceylon, the Gold Coast, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Lebanon, Liberia, Libya, Pakistan, Persia, the Philippines, Siam, the Sudan, Turkey, and South Vietnam. The second group comprised Afghanistan, Burma, Cambodia, China, Egypt, Ethiopia, India, Indonesia, Laos, Nepal, Saudi Arabia, Syria, North Vietnam, and Yemen.

So Afro-Asian *rapprochement*—its roots deep in history and religious faith—makes fast strides. The Afro-Asian group in the United Nations numbers over twenty. The Gold Coast has expressed a desire to become a member of the United Nations; and in readiness for independence a number of Africans have been training for the Foreign and Commonwealth Service of the Gold Coast. A Department with this name has been established at Accra.

The Afro-Asian pull then has already manifested itself in Gold Coast loyalties. But what of the Commonwealth pull? Dr Nkrumah's Government have expressed a wish that an independent, sovereign Ghana should remain within the Commonwealth. London is her great source of capital as of military security, and the University College of the Gold Coast is affiliated with the University of London. Shipping and air lines are closely tied into a Commonwealth network. The people of the Gold Coast value the Commonwealth connection as a means of developing the resources of the country, raising living standards, and seeking protection from attack. They are aware that their country will be politically unstable and socially backward if living standards are not improved. As there is a serious shortage of technically qualified Africans, instruction from British sources has been sought, e.g. one large British engineering firm engaged on harbour construction arranged for training of African technicians in the United Kingdom.

Cocoa forms 70 per cent. of Gold Coast exports, and in 1953-54 the United Kingdom took 30 per cent. of the total overseas sales. The United States came next with 23 per cent., and Russia was fifth with 7 per cent. Of Gold Coast trade in general, in 1953-54 54 per cent. of her total import trade and 44 per cent. of her total export trade was with the United Kingdom. A year later, these figures were 48 per cent. and 40 per cent.<sup>1</sup>

The Gold Coast has not a multi-racial problem such as that which confronts the new Federation of Malaya on the threshold of dominionship. There is, however, a communal problem in the geographical sense: the centripetal pull of the Northern Territories and Ashanti. Mr Lennox-Boyd, while wishing the Government and

<sup>1</sup> In 1954 7 per cent. of her imports came from other Commonwealth countries and 44 per cent. from foreign countries. Of exports, 4 per cent. came from other Commonwealth countries and 55 per cent. from foreign countries.

people of the future Dominion of Ghana every success, voiced the hope of Her Majesty's Government that all sections of the community would be able to work together for the general good. There were three territories in which the Convention People's Party did not get a majority of votes—the Ashanti, the Northern Territories, and Togoland. The leader of the opposition, Professor K. A. Busia, led a delegation to Britain to present their point of view to the Colonial Office. He argued in favour of a federal constitution which would safeguard the rights of minorities; he stated that the independent constitution had not been agreed by all parties, and that Her Majesty's Government were under treaty obligations not to hand over the local chiefs to the mercy of a unitary state dominated by one region and one party. Sir Frederick Bourne had proposed that safeguarding powers should be vested in regional assemblies, and a compromise solution may be found on these lines.

Another facet of the integration of a Dominion of Ghana in the Commonwealth is the attitude of others to full membership. This is a matter for consultation between all existing members of the Commonwealth, and the main possibility of opposition to acceptance of an independent Ghana is from South Africa. Dr Malan, who combined the portfolios of Prime Minister and External Affairs, forcibly stated his attitude. He was always critical of Great Britain's haste in forcing the constitutional development of African states—'squeezing the plum until it is ripe.' In March 1952 he said that the British Government had given power to the people of the Gold Coast without consideration of the circumstances or the degree of civilization of its people. He thought that democracy could not work in the Gold Coast; how could illiterate people govern themselves? It would lead to dictatorship or a return to barbarism. In 1955, however, on two occasions, Mr Strydom told Nationalist congresses that he would welcome co-operation with all African states, including states with African governments. In December 1955 the Minister of External Affairs, Dr Louw, announced that he was reorganizing the African affairs division of his department and sought co-operation with African states.

South African opposition has not been to the general principle of the inclusion of a negro sovereign state within the Commonwealth. She was not opposed to the existence of all-African states, and had favoured support for Abyssinia against Italian interference

in the nineteen-thirties. Her objections on the issue of the Gold Coast were threefold: that it was a question for general Commonwealth decision, not unilateral British action; that Great Britain was prejudging this decision by allowing the pace of the preliminary stages of self-government to be rushed; that, judged by the standards set in the evolution of older Dominions, the Gold Coast had not served her full political and economic apprenticeship to an effective self-government.

A more favourable attitude on the part of South Africa to political advance in the Gold Coast was not made easier when the Bloemfontein Conference which met in July 1956 adopted the Tomlinson Report. This conference of six hundred delegates and observers from all parts of South Africa, the Rhodesias, and Central Africa unanimously adopted a resolution declaring that there was no possibility of the peaceful evolutionary development of whites and Bantu in South Africa into a unified society. A policy of integration, they believed, could lead only to increasing racial tension and conflict, and ultimately to the destruction of one or both groups.

If the problem of admission to full Commonwealth membership were settled in favour of the Gold Coast, would it be practicable for South Africa and the Gold Coast to live together within the Commonwealth community? One current of opinion in the Gold Coast at present runs in favour of thinking that, if the Commonwealth link is to be of real significance, it must imply the possibility of bringing pressure to bear upon the internal policies of other members. This line of thought believes the 'common conscience' indispensable if the Commonwealth is to exercise an effective moral pressure and influence in the international society. The argument runs that there should be some constitutional means of bringing such a conscience to bear effectively on the internal policies of member countries, and that in the absence of a generally accepted ideology strong enough to sustain such a conscience, the idea of the Commonwealth becomes meaningless. To offset such arguments, however, one may point out that the potential division on racial policies between the Gold Coast and South Africa is balanced by that already existing between South Africa and India. Moreover, not all Commonwealth stresses and strains are concerned with South Africa; the differences between India and Pakistan run deep.

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At present it seems that the Dominion of Ghana will seek a middle way between the Commonwealth pull and the Afro-Asian pull, using Bandung or the United Nations as an alternative forum to London. She has already manifested her willingness to attend conferences both within and without the Commonwealth. In the pursuit of peace, development, non-involvement in quarrels, and alliance with stronger nations, she may find satisfaction within the Commonwealth, and to the extent that she does so will her wish to remain within it not weaken. At Bandung she indicated her alignment with the pro-Western and anti-Communist group. Once independence comes, she may find a road for her own development that will unite the Muslim-African heritage of the past and the liberal-democratic acquisitions of her more recent Commonwealth associations.

I. M. CUMPSTON



## THE PASSING OF THE RABBIT AND AFTER

IN wild life nothing creates more difficult and complicated problems than the mingling of the natural and the artificial. It is seldom a peaceful combination, the one making no provision for the other. Not only are their respective interests so often opposed, but the point at which one ends and the other begins may easily become obscure. A typical example is the legal status of the honey bee. Even though reared in a hive, it is officially wild, and a swarm, like a covey of partridges, becomes the lawful game of anyone upon whose land it settles. So little that is truly natural remains, and wild life so quickly adapts itself to changed conditions. The term 'artificial' in general implies human agency, and man has played a considerable part in the original distribution of many animals now regarded as indigenous. Indeed, there has been so much 'introduction' of which record exists, that a tendency prevails to assume artificial agency without direct evidence. A case in point is the English rabbit, for the presence of which in this island both Romans and Normans have been held responsible in turn, according to the popular theory of the moment. The inevitable question, 'Why not indigenous?' is brushed aside as unthinkable. Apparently the presence of the rabbit on an island presupposes that someone must have brought it there, although nobody accuses either Roman or Celt of introducing voles, moles, weasels, vipers, wasps, or slugs, to mention only a few undesirables. None the less they are very much with us to-day, and probably the earliest agriculturists knew something about field pests.

When civilization superimposed new conditions upon the old many wild creatures became dependent upon man and his works, adapting their habits accordingly. So we have the house mouse, the house martin, the barn owl and others whose very names suggest a long-established domestic or agricultural association. The partridge follows the plough. There would be fewer martins, swallows, or sparrows without buildings to provide nesting accommodation. It often happens, therefore, that man makes unwilling provision for creatures that he is least anxious to preserve. By way of example,

he furnishes rats and mice with house room in his outbuildings, rabbits with hedgerow banks in which to entrench themselves, at the same time producing the food without which they could not exist. In cultivated country, indeed, up to a certain point everything might be described as artificial, that is to say, produced and maintained for human purposes or to serve the needs of humanity. Life and growth are there, indeed, but nothing as it was in the beginning. Instead of the original vegetation there are the planted trees, the hedgerows, and the cultivated crops upon which domesticated animals feed, with the element of wild life as we know it, for the most part inimical or at best neutral to human interests.

An old gardener once remarked to me that the only bird which did no damage in his domain was the hedgesparrow. One might have extended the list to include at least the spotted flycatchers, the goldfinches, and the wagtails, all of which are not only harmless but even beneficial. One could not say as much for any mammal, however, and since reality must be faced, it would be difficult to name the wild creature that is indispensable to human—which usually means agricultural—interests. Many are useful, even valuable, but their help is seldom measurable, usually indirect, and rarely effective to any real extent. The barn owl does not satisfactorily control mice. Insects still constitute a nuisance despite flycatchers and swallows. The thrush assiduously devours snails, but does not remove the necessity for chemical deterrents.

The reasons for this are simple. Under conditions designed by nature, every creature fulfilled its function, but nature can maintain no real balance under conditions which are no longer natural, such being outside her province. That is why one so often sees garden flowers or crops destroyed by weather which leaves wild plants erect and flourishing. Nature only protects her own—in her own way indeed—and often, by a curious paradox, against her own. In mythology she, or her representative of either sex, is usually depicted as a kindly being who befriends and helps all living things, even to the detriment of one another. When the hungry lynx complained of inability to catch the all-too-nimble rabbit, Clote Scarpe, the good genius of the Northern forest, presented him with velvet feet upon which he could stalk his prey in silence. Since this acquisition tipped the balance too much in the lynx's favour, however, the rabbit demanded and got a white winter coat which made him

invisible on the snow at the very time when the lynx was most anxious to catch him.

The fable is apt, for as a rule nature does not give one creature an undue advantage over another. A notable exception might be claimed in the well-known stoat versus rabbit situation, in which the hunted animal stands no chance whatsoever. In this instance, however, while the individual suffers the species is protected by its fecundity. It is not to the common advantage that the individual rabbit should escape. The principle under which 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground' disregarded, does not prevent many sparrows from falling, for there are many to fall, even as there were many rabbits when the stoat acquired his fatal ascendancy. When rabbits continued to multiply despite so heavy a handicap, their deadliest enemies, the weasels, developed a taste for blood and brains alone, which meant that numerous victims were needed to satisfy the appetite of every hunter. There was no wastage, since the remains abandoned by stoat or polecat were gratefully demolished by carnivorous birds, ravens, carrion-crows, and magpies—capable members of nature's 'disposal squad,' represented the world over by numerous creatures ranging from the great vultures and hyenas to the menial scavenger beetles and blow-flies. By way of further safeguard, it was so ordained that rabbit-flesh does not satisfy the appetite for long. Thus rabbit-eaters must eat often—a subtle provision which worked to the general advantage. Generally speaking, a prolific race can hold its own against both human and natural enemies. Extermination has no part in nature's scheme, man alone pursuing the policy, either intentionally or from lack of foresight.

The rabbit has figured conspicuously in the news during recent years, first attracting attention by his increasing abundance, and then achieving tragic fame by his sudden and cataclysmic exit. The increase which extended over a long period was originally due to a variety of causes. Half a century ago, although widely preserved for their sporting value, rabbits were prevented from multiplying unduly by frequent shooting and netting with dogs and ferrets. Their habitat was thoroughly disturbed from time to time, and nothing is more unsettling to wild creatures than pursuit by other animals. A brooding bird when disturbed by a dog seldom returns to her nest, and rabbits shun burrows which ferrets invade too often. Unseasonable breeding was also discouraged, since ferrets have a

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short way with nestsful of young. Again, before the owner-occupier became so much the rule upon farms, hedgerows were kept in better repair as required by tenancy agreements. Periodical re-digging of banks checked the rabbit's tendency to strengthen burrows by extension and broke up established settlements, at least for the time being.

This satisfactory state of affairs deteriorated almost too gradually to be realized until the situation had grown out of hand. Mounting labour costs led to neglected hedgerows, into and under which the grateful rabbits delved like Trojans. Burrows lengthened and deepened into fortresses where ferrets toiled in vain. Rabbit-shooting became more difficult and so lost popularity. Farmers began to complain about depleted crops, and thus arose the problem to which wholesale trapping seemed to offer the only answer.

The effects of trapping have become common knowledge, but the practice was only partly responsible for the manner in which rabbits multiplied. Upon the whole, the increase was natural, coinciding as it did with that of many other creatures widely different in general habits, from red deer to grey squirrels. It was merely one of those waves of animal life which occur at intervals ranging from thirty years to half a century and are remarkable because lacking any apparent cause. One might almost imagine that nature, acting with conscious purpose, was restoring species that had suffered, like a game-preserved restocking his coverts. One sees equally unaccountable examples of decline when weak species seem to be discarded as failures, but that is purely incidental, bearing no relation to the present subject.

Any question as to whether rabbits originally existed for carnivorous animals to eat, or carnivorous animals existed to prey upon rabbits, may be dismissed as immaterial. Whatever the scheme, the effect was the same, and all creatures concerned appeared to thrive under it—when left to themselves. It became a competition for abundance rather than survival, with heavy odds on the rabbit. It was not remarkable that creatures which preyed upon them should also have multiplied, as an ample food-supply usually encourages prolific breeding. Stoats increased despite the numbers that were trapped, but their achievement was insignificant compared with that of the fox. Foxes, indeed, multiplied to an extent that sportsmen and naturalists of the past would have considered impos-

sible. Their numbers reached a point almost beyond realization, even in country from which the species had been eradicated for half a century.

All circumstances considered, the case can have few precedents in the history of a predatory animal. Twenty years ago it was generally realized—although not always admitted—that the English fox owed its existence to the good will of landowners interested in hunting. Like the pheasant, it needed preservation. Indeed, fox and foxhound were interdependent, since neither served any purpose without the other. The situation was: no foxes, no hunting; no hunting, no foxes. The hound followed the fox and the fox followed the hound. When the supply of foxes ran short more were introduced, and as a general rule, from a hunting point of view, the difficulty had usually been to find enough for the requirements of sport.

The position grew more acute as the influence of the big landowner waned, and rabbit-trapping, with its disastrous consequences to wild life generally and foxes in particular, developed upon wholesale lines. Excepting in countries from which hunting had become an inseparable institution, the passing of the wild fox seemed to be only a matter of time. Then the incredible happened. From all sides came the report that foxes, like rabbits, were increasing. More and more were killed by trappers, farmers, and unofficial gangs of idlers who destroyed cubs in the breeding earths wherever they could be found, yet the upward trend continued. As a race the fox seemed to have acquired a new tenacity, a rodent-like ability to reproduce in the face of intensive persecution. Whereas formerly the death of one spring vixen had meant scarcity for the following season, the destruction of many with their litters made no apparent difference. The situation bristled with unanswerable problems. Nobody could imagine where all the foxes came from: how they managed to survive, let alone multiply, and above all, how so extraordinary a state of affairs had come to pass.

Whatever the cause, the effect remained. Speaking for my own district in mid-Devon, the position, although almost incredible, was only characteristic. By the simple expedient of counting litters known to be reared, one could estimate as many as sixty foxes to the square mile at the beginning of every hunting season. Allowing each the modest ration of a daily rabbit, the total killed must have

been enormous. Numerous stoats, weasels, badgers, and buzzards were also busy, and by mere arithmetic few rabbits should have survived. Yet upon the same ground one trapper to whose books I had access annually caught about 12,000, while the combined efforts of others less regularly employed probably doubled the amount. Indeed the rabbits destroyed by wild hunters were barely missed.

Under strictly natural conditions a balance is maintained by various means. Among primitive men the plague or fever kept the population within reasonable bounds, and in the wild when the policy of red tooth and claw proves inadequate, disease often supplies the necessary corrective. Foxes, grouse, partridges, wood-pigeons, squirrels, and particularly rabbits are all subject to well-known epidemics. During recent years, however, unaided nature has applied no remedy, and the epidemic of myxomatosis which almost exterminated the English rabbit was introduced.

When artificial spreading of the disease was eventually forbidden by law, the controversy concerning its justification or otherwise for the most part subsided. Among people best qualified to pass judgment even informed opinion differed sharply. 'I didn't introduce the foul thing,' one landowner declared in my hearing. 'But if the need arose again I probably should, because at worst I consider it infinitely preferable to trapping.' That was the verdict of a sportsman, a naturalist, and above all a humanitarian, and if such are really the sole alternatives, one can only hope that no conscientious person will ever again be required to make the decision. Concerning the disease, however, in bare justice one point should be made. Pitable beyond description as was the state of the sufferers, they never gave the impression of creatures in actual intense *pain*. Their condition rather suggested complete stupefaction, that 'merciful dreamy numbness' which always seems to ease natural death in the wild. Disease in itself is natural, however conveyed, and diseased animals never scream or give any indication of agony or terror, when compared with those in the grip of some man-made device or suffering from a man-inflicted wound.

The sudden passing of so familiar a figure as the rabbit had a curious effect upon the general character of the countryside. He had been so much in evidence. Even when not visible, nibbling or playing in the evening sunshine, there was always the sudden scurry

through the wayside undergrowth, the thump in a burrow, or the twinkle of a vanishing scut. The sense of his ubiquitous presence lent interest to a walk, and particularly to an accompanying dog. His departure left hedgerow, field, and brake empty, swept and garnished, like the difference between an inhabited house and a deserted one. 'And don't it seem *quiet* without 'em?' an aggrieved farm-labourer remarked to me, and although the rabbit had never been notable for noise, the adjective was curiously appropriate. The entire country *did* seem 'quiet,' but it was the quiet of bereavement, that indefinable sense of a lost association, no less acute because intangible.

One still misses the rabbit, although, for his own sake, not necessarily desiring his return. What is country without the wild life which since earliest memory had formed an integral part of it? William Long most realistically describes his own reactions when in the zoological gardens at Antwerp, amidst a babel of strange animal voices, he recognized the call of a common quail, a most characteristic sound of his own New England landscape. 'City, gardens, beasts, strangers—all vanished in an instant,' he wrote; 'I was a boy in the fields again'; and I experienced somewhat similar sensations one afternoon a few weeks ago when following a cliff path on the north Yorkshire coast. In my case it was merely the sight of numerous rabbit runways across the heathery turf, well worn and freshly pattered by many little furred feet. The lonely headland over which herring-gulls and fulmar petrels wheeled suddenly acquired a new interest. In the words of the poet laureate, it was 'happy for old things found,' for I had scarcely expected ever again to see signs of extensive rabbit work. Doubtless it was only one of those 'little pockets of resistance' about which one reads and hears. At the same time it was good to realize that the rabbit cause was not entirely lost, for no species should be completely wiped off nature's slate. A place for everything and everything in its place is a proverb which seemed to fit the occasion.

Anyhow, for better or worse, as time will prove, myxomatosis did its work, and the carnivorous animals which had fattened and, as most people supposed, mainly existed upon rabbit flesh, were deprived of their living at a stroke. The assumption was that the entire natural economy of the countryside had been upset and that wild hunters, robbed of their customary game, could scarcely do



otherwise than attack any domesticated animals which they were capable of overpowering. No lamb or young calf, so farmers declared, would be safe from starving foxes and badgers. Ravenous stoats and weasels would certainly raid every hen-roost. Game-preservers anticipated wholesale devastation, and even disinterested people considered the fears not altogether unjustified.

The actual sequel proved both interesting and curious. The rabbits and all they involved had gone indeed, but like the inhabitants of Rheims after the Cardinal's curse, 'nobody seemed a penny the worse.' Agitators, of course, took full advantage of the opportunity. One heard stories absurd enough to provoke the facetious suggestion that country children coming home from school at dusk should be protected against packs of foxes abroad in the land like ravening wolves. Upon the whole, however, it was a tale of complete anti-climax. Foxes not only did nothing abnormal, but committed fewer depredations than usual. Indeed, the little harm done was usually attributed to buzzards, but that will be discussed later. Meanwhile, sportsmen and naturalists alike were wondering how the still abundant foxes really lived. Post-mortem examinations held in the hunting-field only heightened the mystery. More often than not the stomachs of those examined contained little but vegetable matter, yet the animals seemed healthy and in excellent condition. The fox has apparently adapted his way of life to meet the new conditions, but he cannot reconstruct his body and its physical needs. Being by nature a mainly carnivorous animal, he does not find a vegetarian diet adequate for purposes other than to maintain a hand-to-mouth existence. This applies particularly to propagation. During the cub-hunting season of 1956 the majority of foxes found were adults, presumably survivors of the past abundance. Litters noted during the summer had either disappeared altogether or had dwindled to one or two cubs, while many carefully preserved and normally favourite breeding coverts held old foxes only. Everything suggested that undernourished vixens meant undernourished cubs, and a consequent high rate of mortality.

Although not perhaps quite as numerous as was the case a few years ago, the fox remains abundant beyond the dreams of even Edwardian sportsmen, despite the relentless campaign waged against him. Admittedly they have benefited from the disappearance of the rabbit-trapper, for so long their worst enemy. In his place,

however, there has arisen the 'fox club' and the growing practice of the organized 'fox-drive,' and upon balance there seems to be little to choose between the new position and the old. 'How long?' is the question in the mind of every countryman with long experience and memory. Will eventual decline be as comparatively sudden and notable as was the increase? Doubtless much will depend upon the agricultural policy of the next few years and the attitude of the modern farmer towards fox-hunting. Tenacious as he has proved, the fox is too vulnerable an animal to play a lone hand indefinitely, or to survive an organized campaign of extermination.

Meanwhile his future hangs in the balance. He still barks at the woodcock moon and in so doing dissipates any notion that the familiar chant of the early winter night had the slightest connection with his rabbiting activities. He would scarcely 'quest' when nosing for mice or grubs, to which lowly game his efforts must now be reduced. Obviously he can only live upon creeping things, without even fowls of the air to consolidate his diet. Certainly in this locality, at any rate, he can have crunched few poultry bones during the past two years, while the country is almost as destitute of pheasants and partridges as of rabbits. In truth, everything considered essential to the vulpine standard of life had been struck off the menu. The entire position was shattering to convention, eminently instructive from a naturalist's point of view, and bristled with material from which morals might be drawn.

In wild economy there is no rationing system. Scarcity merely involves intense competition and the law of the jungle prevails. When the rabbit supply suddenly ceased, every edible rodent must have been in great demand, and it remained for time to prove whether fox or weasel would secure the lion's share. The fox, as stated, found enough to eat, and the stoat, less omnivorous, adapted himself to circumstances. While farmers, according to outlook, applauded or deplored the absence of rabbits, they unanimously rejoiced in the fact that rats also seemed to have gone. During the autumn and winter of 1955 the scarcity was general. Some people wondered whether the myxomatosis epidemic, contrary to rule, had affected rodent life generally. Less imaginative farmers gave the credit to good cats—the conventional destroyers of barn or rickyard vermin. That idea, however, was summarily dismissed by one old

countryman in whose hearing it was expressed. 'It isn't the cats,' he pronounced; 'it's the fitches,' giving the stoat its common name in West-country vernacular, and he proceeded to relate numerous recent instances of rat-killing by stoats which had invaded farm buildings and even cottages in their self-appointed function of 'rodent operators.'

His diagnosis proved correct. The stoats had embarked upon a fierce campaign which temporarily reduced the rat population to a level never achieved by human means. Rickyards, barns, and any buildings where rats lurked were systematically scoured, yet it was remarkable that no poultry-killing worthy of note occurred within my knowledge. Curiously enough, the only serious case of which I heard was traced to a mink, an 'escape' from a local pelt-farm. In general, fur rather than feather appeared to be the objective, and upon one holding, while chicken and ducks remained untouched, a number of tame guinea-pigs, kept in garden hutches, were massacred with true weasel-like thoroughness, leaving not a single survivor.

A tough old rat is no mean quarry. Its bite can make a sturdy dog yelp and usually proves fatal to a ferret. The rat-slaying campaign must have cost the lives of many stoats, but one can scarcely imagine that their numbers were materially reduced during the process. However that may have been, it was followed by a marked decrease. The rats gradually returned, as they usually do after a poisoning or trapping campaign, but not the stoats, of which little has been heard or seen for a long while. From all accounts the scarcity is general, and lack of their customary food suggests the only reasonable explanation. The stoat's story all down the years has been an interesting one. Never numerous as compared with most animals, or beyond his capacity to find his natural living, he has successfully played a lone hand against game-keeper, trapper, and indeed the utmost efforts on the part of man to exterminate him. Now, with the removal of the steel gin, the deadliest enemy that beset his path, life should have become easier for him, yet never before has he more closely approached virtual extinction. His fortunes are inseparably allied with those of the rabbit, without which he has no place in the wild scheme. If he survives the rabbit, he will be obliged to share the weasel's game without the weasel's ability to invade the burrows of mole or vole, or, like the fox, he

must turn scavenger, for which part any habitual blood-drinker is singularly unsuited.

Another animal adversely affected by myxomatosis or its consequences was the badger. Too clumsy to catch so nimble a creature as an adult rabbit, he tapped the supply at its source, directing his energies to shallow nesting burrows or 'stops,' which he unearthed with little difficulty, demolishing the occupants. Young rabbits provided him with many a supper during the spring and summer months, but once again were obviously not indispensable. He has done without them even better than the fox. Farmers complain about 'plagues' of badgers, for the destruction of which the customary outcry is raised. When questioned as to any harm done by the badgers, they give the almost invariable answer: 'We can't say that they've done any *damage*, but they'm too plentiful.' For sheer unreasonableness this attitude was only exceeded by that adopted towards the buzzard.

In a previous article I expressed misgivings that the mere abundance of the buzzard would bring it into disfavour, but certainly nobody anticipated the extraordinary virulence of the campaign that was launched against it. Logically, a beautiful animal, like a flower that is reasonably plentiful, should be more highly appreciated than another that is extremely rare. Its value to the country in general is so much greater, the pleasure and interest that its presence imparts being shared by so many more people. A fine bird that lends character to the landscape and may be seen by anyone who possesses an æsthetic sense is surely more important and worthier of preservation than some passing 'rarity' which will probably never be seen again, or some jealously guarded inhabitant of a reserve to which only a few privileged observers have access. Unfortunately the reverse appears to be the case. Greater store was set upon the lost sheep or piece of silver than all which remained, and such is the prevailing attitude towards wild life. The country boy's remark that there were 'too many primroses' was typical of a mentality by no means uncommon, while many shooting men regard any bird or beast other than those preserved for the gun as possibly inimical to sport or at least as something that might as well be killed. A bird of prey, however innocuous, is always suspect, and when the whisper 'too many buzzards' first arose, the seed fell upon fruitful soil.

The idea gained ground with miraculous rapidity and for no apparent reason. The buzzard had done nothing abnormal, yet the bird acquired a bad press overnight, as it were. The slogan 'too many' became a convention, or fashionable phrase, repeated by people not concerned in any way and quite ignorant of the truth. The idea had caught on, and once afoot it took the customary course of most erroneous notions. The obvious argument that an eminently beautiful creature which harms nothing cannot be too abundant had as much effect as logical contention usually achieves in such circumstances.

The phase would probably have petered out had not the myxomatosis epidemic among rabbits provided the anti-buzzard agitators with a new line of attack. Even as the grey squirrel was renamed the 'tree-rat' for propaganda purposes, so the buzzard was dubbed the 'rabbit hawk.' Since rabbits had been practically exterminated, so ran the argument, buzzards would be obliged to seek other game and might attack anything.

The new campaign, like most of its kind, was cleverly conducted. To counter any sympathy for the grey squirrel, the alien was represented as a destroyer of the popular native species, and upon the same principle, to forestall protest from ornithologists, the theory was circulated that buzzards, deprived of their alleged customary fare, would prey upon 'other birds.' What 'other birds' they were capable of destroying did not transpire, while nobody seemed to realize that myxomatosis affected the buzzard's way of life very little. As a general rule it merely preys upon a few young rabbits during summer. The golden eagle is the only British bird that habitually kills any mammal larger than a rat. The false trail had been laid, however, and served its purpose only too well.

Soon the buzzard was carrying off ducks and fowls of twice its own weight; attacking babies and boys, menacing women and lorry-drivers, killing dogs and sheep; not to mention many other feats quite beyond its capacity. Indeed, it was putting any fabled exploits of lammergeiers to shame. One achievement was reprinted in the *Field* magazine, under the 'Without Comment' headline. Undeterred, the disciples of Iago proceeded from strength to strength, and a competition for the best buzzard story could scarcely have produced a richer crop. Eventually, imagination, exaggeration, and sheer mendacity combined to manufacture a bird of prey unrivalled

in the world's avifauna. The 'eldritch erne' of Eskdale scarcely acquired so formidable a reputation.

Indeed, never within personal experience has any wild creature been so unjustly villified. Fox, carrion-crow, magpie, blackbacked-gull, and even the grey squirrel were forgotten. The new public enemy was represented as the evil genius of Nature's stage, destroyer of all living things from pet Pekinese dogs to woodpigeons. Not long ago on the popular radio programme 'Any Questions?' one broadcaster ascribed the scarcity of skylarks to the inevitable source, 'buzzards.' They were also blamed last autumn for the general dearth of young birds, a circumstance really due to a bad hatching season, from the effects of which the buzzard itself suffered as much as any species. This also applied, incidentally, to the buzzards of Lundy, where rabbits were still plentiful.

Among farmers and poultry keepers, any loss, real or imaginary, was attributed to the same cause, rather than to the customary and real predators. At the first glimpse of a big hawk circling high in the blue, as its kind had done harmlessly for half a century, consternation ensued. The farmer reached for his gun and his wife seized the nearest implement that might serve as a bird-scarer. Clamour arose for the extermination of this terror from the skies. The Home Secretary was petitioned to remove so pernicious a bird from the protected list, while even the Women's Institute drafted a resolution to the same effect. Here, however, the movement encountered its first check. The Home Secretary most laudably declined to do anything so unjustified, and although legal 'protection' in effect means little, its retention at least saved the bird from officially organized destruction.

Protected or otherwise, a large number of buzzards undoubtedly perished, and many people who had preserved a sense of proportion feared an extermination of the species. They were as much surprised as relieved when the agitation subsided like a pricked bubble. The main reason for this seemed to lie in a verdict pronounced by the agricultural correspondent of a West-country paper. He described the buzzard as a mainly inoffensive species which had been the victim of 'unfair and exaggerated publicity.' Thereafter no further stories appeared in print, and controversy upon the subject suddenly ended. Possibly the numerous Iagoos had exhausted their inventive capacity. Perhaps the buzzard had realized that, far from

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being a ferocious condor with homicidal tendencies, he was, after all, nothing more than a peaceably disposed hawk, content to feed upon moles, voles, and reptiles. Whether the clouds will return after the rain remains to be proved, but for the moment calm prevails.

A buzzard is circling over my garden at this moment, his broad wings glinting silver in the sunlight as the hill-wind tilts his buoyant body. Watching him there, one sees the only answer to the endless conflict between æsthetic and material. Surely those still-winged sweeps and curves, that sublime and wondrous soaring, leave no doubt as to his value to the scene. Were he the only buzzard in Devon, would not fifty ornithologists be watching him at this moment? Surely the glory of his flight is no less wonderful because he happens to be one among many. Half a century was required by the buzzard to reach his present status. Should this be sacrificed to a few months of hysteria and lawlessness?

D. ST LEGER-GORDON



## THE BRITISH DRAMA GROWS UP

1. *Plays of Pinero*. Heinemann.
2. *The Social Plays of Pinero*. 4 vols. By Clayton Hamilton.
3. Ernest Short: Centenary Address upon Pinero, English Association, 22 Sept. 1956

IN the middle of the nineteenth century the British theatre grew up. Polite society patronized the legitimate stage once again, after abstinence for fully half a century. During this time melodrama and burlesque furnished the popular entertainment in London, leaving opera and ballet to the world of society.

This process of growing up is of importance in the history of humane letters in this country. For a hundred years after 1737 Walpole's Licensing Act had been in force and it established a crushing censorship over drama. Only at the licensed patent houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, could 'legitimate drama' be performed, and this during the winter months. Later a semi-licence was granted to the 'Little House in the Haymarket' (our Haymarket Theatre), covering the summer months. Any theatre except the two patent houses had to include a number of songs in each performance of legitimate drama, which gave rise to the so-called 'burletta' houses.

Strange things went on in the effort of theatrical managers to evade the official restrictions. In 1829, when Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan* was enjoying its famous run, Braham, the singer, was playing at the Surrey Theatre in a version of Scott's *Guy Raffles*. As Henry Bartram, the tenor found himself upon a blasted heath in a rainstorm. Turning to the wings, Braham suddenly exclaimed, 'A Piano!' And sure enough, it was a piano, so the actor went on: 'The moon will shortly rise and light up this unhallowed place. I will sing one of Julia's favourite melodies.' So 'Is there a heart that never loved' trolled the tenor.

Only in 1843, six years after Queen Victoria came to the throne, were the patent privileges abolished and free-trade in drama came possible.

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Nor was this the end of the disabilities which dramatic authorship had endured for a century. Not until 1833 did Parliament pass the Authors' Act, which gave the writers of plays a legal right to their inventions. When Douglas Jerrold parted with the manuscript of *Black-Eyed Susan* to Elliston, the actor-manager, in 1829, his reward was a paltry £70. The first run of the play proved to be 150 nights. So Jerrold not only missed his due reward, but the social recognition which had accrued to such men as Dryden, Congreve, and Sheridan. The urge to produce plays of more than passing value during the first half of the nineteenth century was weak. Either romantic adventure or tales of supernatural wonder supplied the plots. The vivid characterization and varied action of the Charles Dickens' novels afforded opportunities for a continuous stream of popular adaptations and they were supported by melodrama from the pens of Charles Reade and Tom Taylor which had just enough of literary quality to be judged as serious plays in the mid-nineteenth century.

Arthur Wing Pinero was born in 1855 and, until his introduction to the theatre in the mid-seventies of the last century, the disabilities which British drama had endured so long persisted.

Pinero thus came to the English stage at the hour when the theatre was ousting opera from its first place in the affection of cultivated entertainment-seekers and he had no small part in cementing the alliance between theatre-goers and the acting and playwriting professions. Planché, Lytton, Gilbert, and Robertson among the playwrights and Madame Vestris, Nellie Farren, Madge Robertson (Dame Madge Kendal), the Bancrofts, Ellen Terry, and Henry Irving among the players and theatrical managers had done much to make the theatrical alliance a reality. Pinero, aided by Mrs Campbell, John Hare, and George Alexander, added the binding cement. Pinero's contribution was an actor's insight into the nature of a play, to be acted on the picture-stage of modern practice. In this he displayed mastery for a quarter of a century, which established him as the leading exponent of English drama in his era.

In this quarter of a century an imposing array of theatres was built in the West End of London and the way was prepared for the exploitation of the varied talents of Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, James Barrie, and Somerset Maugham, who created what we recognize to-day as modern English drama.

Arthur Wing Pinero became an actor on June 22, 1874, when he was nineteen. He remained an actor for ten years, but dabbled in play-writing from 1874 onwards, 1874 being the date of his first one-act farce. The one-act comedy *Bygones*, which Henry Irving produced as a curtain-raiser to *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum, dates from 1880, and by this time the press notices were favourable. 'Well considered and conscientious work' said the *Illustrated London News* critic.

As an actor, Pinero was no more than 'sound utility' but he was *sound*, and an encounter with Wilkie Collins brought young Pinero from the provinces to London. His first engagement at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal ended abruptly when a fire burnt the theatre to the ground. Wilkie Collins chanced to see Pinero in Liverpool, where Collins' play *Miss Gwilt* was produced, a prelude to its London production in the following year, when Pinero played Mr Darch. This induced Bateman at the Lyceum to engage Pinero to play Claudius to Henry Irving's *Hamlet* in his first English tour. When Irving succeeded Bateman, Pinero remained at the Lyceum. Then in 1881 Pinero passed to the Haymarket company, headed by Mr and Mrs Bancroft, until in 1884 he wisely gave up acting for authorship, and the growth of British drama to manhood began in earnest.

Pinero as a writer of plays made a threefold approach to his art. He was a gifted farce-writer as well as the author of comedies and serious plays. *Dandy Dick* and *The Magistrate* are to his credit, and they merit revival after seventy years because a literary flavour was added to the acting potentialities. The young dramatist was persuaded that the future lay in situations which were not devoid of probability and in which truth in character was stressed as opposed to the melodramatic or the merely laughable. Audiences were increasing in receptivity, as actors and actresses were increasing in their capacity to voice the words and sentiments of intelligent dramatists.

Within six or eight years Pinero had lifted English farce to a new level. Audiences chuckled over the humours of *Dandy Dick*. These displayed as marked an advance over the humour in *The Schoolmistress* and *The Magistrate* as these farces did over earlier Victorian comedy-farces. Just as T. W. Robertson refined the senti-

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ment in his farcical comedies, so Pinero sharpened his sense of social satire.

Here is a stretch of dialogue from *The Cabinet Minister* in which Pinero exploits what may justly be described as his discovery of comedy-farce. Brooke Twombly, Lady Twombly's son, is in debt and has drawn up what his mother calls his 'skeddle' covering betting transactions, baccarat, miscellaneous amusements, and sundries, to which he added 'extras.' Lady Twombly, played by Mrs John Wood, has called for the schedule and directly her husband has left her alone with her errant son, she demands it sharply:

*Lady Twombly.* Well, have you got it?

*Brooke.* My - er —

*Lady Twombly.* Your skeddle.

*(Brooke hands his schedule to Lady Twombly)*

*Lady Twombly.* There's a dear boy. *(She turns over the leaves, gradually her face assumes a look of horror.)* Total, three thousand—

*(She folds the schedule, puts it in her pocket and faces Brooke fiercely with her hands clenched.)*

*Lady Twombly.* You imp! *(She boxes his right ear soundly.)*

*Brooke.* Mater!

*Lady Twombly.* You villain! *(She boxes his left ear.)*

Pinero's *The Times* was written for Edward Terry, following the success of *Sweet Lavender* at Terry's Theatre. The time was October 1891, and Pinero put this motto to his play: 'I don't aspire to great things, but I wish to speak of great things with gratitude and of mean things with indignation.' It is the motto of a comedy, not of a farce, and Edward Terry and Fanny Brough played Mr and Mrs Egerton-Bompas as figures of comedy. No small part of Pinero's claim to attention depends upon the fact that, throughout his career, he was not keyed to the pitch of the tragic. There are times when most of us crave for:

The song where not one of the Graces,

Tight laces;

Where we woo the sweet Muses, not starchy,

But archly.

In such moods we prefer *The Cabinet Minister*, *The Times*, *Dandy Dick*, and *The Amazons*.

In the farces 'from the French' of Pinero's youth, the characters did wildly improbable things and audiences laughed because the things done were as improbable as the men and women who did them. Not so when Pinero's revolution was accomplished. One believed in the characters at the Court Theatre in spite of the wild absurdity of their doings. One laughed just because the magistrate, the cabinet minister, the dean, and their sisters and their cousins and their wives, seemed real. Pinero found the players who could make the characters real and was careful that the sense of reality was not entirely shattered by the extravagance of the things he made them do. One could conceive a magistrate, anxious regarding a 'night out,' taking the precaution to assume a name which was not his own. One could also accept the dean, with no practical experience of the racing world, administering a bolus to a race-horse. But always the absurdities had to be confined within acceptable limits.

Pinero was a child of the modern city. Here men seldom or never made close contact with the clashes of human will which provide plots for the tragedian. Truly tragic characters, Macbeth, Lear, or Othello, open up vistas of thought which the town-dweller of to-day seldom or never experiences. And at this point we come upon the gulf which separates Paula Tanqueray from Hecuba, or Pinero's Dunstan Renshaw from Marlowe's Doctor Faustus.

Pinero's outlook was necessarily parochial. He never got beyond the parish of St James's and with difficulty escaped the ills and disorders that lurk in big cities.

I am stating a fact. I am not implying any depreciation. We moderns can only translate into terms of the drama those elements of reality which we see and feel. Once upon a time life was simpler and more objective. In those days a Euripides was able to image Hecuba, a Cassandra, and an Andromache. To-day modern reverence for the individual has given rise to a passion for the analysis of individual character, and failure to search the deeps gives 'the diseased potatoes' of social life an altogether extravagant position in 'The all of things.' The picture of a mere corner of the world of men, however vivid and realistic, is not sufficient to enable us to see in the fate of the individual the fate of humanity—which is the essence of the tragic idea.

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sense—bears to the serious drama of Pinero's age. I may be wrong, but it does not seem reasonable to expect tragedy from a view of human action which is bounded by the limits of 'our little parish of St James's'—this was Aubrey Tanqueray's phrase for 'our world.' The men and women of the parish of St James's are human enough, but neither their passions nor their emotions are cast on an heroic scale, and that is one reason why there is nothing titanic about Aubrey Tanqueray's passion for Miss Paula Ray, his second wife.

A Pinero play, the dramatist has told us, was usually conceived amid the bustle and noise of life in a big town. A crowded thoroughfare stirred Pinero's imagination to creation more fully than the quiet of a countryside, though peace and quiet might become necessary when the plot had taken shape and called for the dramatist's polishing.

For the rest, a body of actors and actresses passing surely from the professional bohemians of the English provinces to the very different type of players from whom London managers recruited their casts when Edward the Seventh was London's social leader must be borne in mind.

And, lastly, the type of dramatist likely to face the problems which the new circumstances thrust upon the writers of English plays is what calls for understanding in any study of Pinero. It is a matter of social history and what a social historian can add to the passing show of British drama. In 1889, the year of *The Profligate*, British drama made a big bound in the direction of manhood. Pinero showed his realization of the fact in a letter written to his principal rival, Henry Arthur Jones, on October 15, 1889, advising Jones to make sure that *The Middleman* was translated and not adapted, a precaution Pinero himself had taken in respect of *The Profligate*: 'They may adapt *Sweet Lavender* till it is sage and onions for all I care, but *The Profligate*, I have stipulated, shall be merely translated.'

What made Pinero distinguish so sharply between *The Profligate* and his earlier plays? Without doubt the achievement of his English rival, coupled much less directly with the example of the Norwegian, Henrik Ibsen. Edmund Gosse's essay in the early 'seventies had introduced Ibsen's work to English readers, but *A Doll's House* was not produced until June 1889, two years after *The Profligate*

was written. *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler* were first produced in London by J. T. Grein's Independent Theatre, that is two years prior to *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. The Grein productions undoubtedly put Ibsen upon the English theatrical map, at any rate so far as London was concerned.

The analogies between the work of Henrik Ibsen and Arthur Wing Pinero recur continually in theatrical criticism. In fact, the men belong to different generations. Ibsen's plays date from 1860 to 1890; Pinero's recognition as a writer of serious plays only begins with *The Profligate* of 1889. It continued until the era in which Bernard Shaw was the dominant influence, that is, well after the first production of *John Bull's Other Island* at the Court Theatre in 1905, in which Shaw really made big audiences laugh and not a few lovers of the theatre think. Coupled with Shaw was Granville Barker, who made Shaw's success at the Court Theatre possible by providing the requisite management. At the Court, within three years, eleven Shaw plays were produced and given 701 performances. Galsworthy's *The Silver Box* and *Justice* together with Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance* were other Court productions quite out of the Pinero genre, twenty years earlier.

Pinero, in his comedy farces, had left at the Court Theatre a tradition of plays which clever people might be expected to enjoy and a taste for characters which habitués of a small and intimate theatre could understand. This may well represent a substantial contribution to British drama, but it does not make Pinero a disciple or even a follower of the great Norwegian. *The Profligate* owed its production to John Hare, as *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* owed its success to George Alexander. Alexander had played at the St James's in 1883, when W. H. Kendal and Hare were managing the theatre. Six years with Henry Irving at the Lyceum followed, during which Alexander took William Terriss's place, rising to £45 a week. His big chance came in *Faust* when H. B. Conway retired from Irving's company and Alexander took over the title rôle and thus showed himself ripe for actor-management.

*The Second Mrs Tanqueray* was offered in the first place to John Hare and Pinero had Forbes-Robertson in mind for Aubrey Tanqueray, with Hare as the Cayley Drumlee. Hare considered *Mrs Tanqueray* dangerously daring, so he lost the chance of producing a play which was to run for 227 performances and attracted

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£36,688 to Alexander's box office during its first production, apart from £4,392 earned during the opening provincial tour.

The production of *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* provided one of the romances of the theatre. It not only assured the future of Pinero and George Alexander, but gave Stella Patrick Campbell her big opportunity. The actress was playing in *The Black Domino* at the Adelphi at £8 a week. The melodrama was so markedly a failure that the Gatti Brothers gave Mrs Campbell a fortnight's notice.

Now it chanced that Mrs George Alexander and Mr Graham Robertson, the writer of *Pinkie and the Fairies*, had been to the Adelphi and seen *The Black Domino*. They went back to George Alexander with the news that the very actress needed for Pinero's play was to hand at the Adelphi. The possibility of an engagement was passed on and, instead of the £8 a week, Mrs Campbell was faced with a possible £15, not to mention a very promising part. She hastened to the Gatti Brothers with the news of her good-fortune. Their reply was: 'What's good enough for Mr Pinero is good enough for us.' Fortunately, *The Black Domino* still refused to make money at the Adelphi, and the Gattis once more changed their minds.

Throughout the rehearsals Pinero and Alexander worked together in full harmony, but all sorts of changes and chances were encountered before the cast was finally settled. It is interesting to recall that George Alexander broached the question of incidental music in connection with *Mrs Tanqueray*. The device recalled 'Blood on the Breadknife' drama, as Pinero said when it was mooted, so the idea was dropped. Instead, in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, Pinero devised the first of the 'well-made' plays which established his claim to supremacy as an English dramatist in his day and generation. His purpose was threefold:

- (1) to tell a story, always bearing in mind the need for advancing the plot;
- (2) to reveal character, and, if possible, a growing character;
- (3) to arouse and maintain suspense in the theatre, while these things were being done.

The sense of waiting for something to happen is incidental to all story-telling, but particularly when the telling of the story is limited by the three hours' traffic of a stage. Wilkie Collins in Pinero's early

manhood used to say that the secret of good story-telling lay in this: 'Make 'em laugh; make 'em weep; make 'em wait.'

Laughter and tears in the theatre are important because they lull the critical faculty which tends to destroy illusion. Thus the significance of Wilkie Collins's statement really lies in his 'make 'em wait,' or, as the story-teller would say, 'keep 'em guessing.' As suspense in theatre is really continuing surprise, we reach the conclusion that the distinctive theatrical thrill is surprise combined with tension, tension being necessary to keep the imagination alert.

A Parisian is generally a generation ahead of a Londoner in theatrical technique, and Eugene Scribe, the creator of the well-made play for a picture stage, worked a generation before Pinero. A Scribe comedy might begin with a couple of servants opening the shutters of a flat and dusting the furniture. The very simplicity of the device made for easy exposition, and Scribe's first rule was 'clarity.' He covered every important point in his exposition three times. As he said, once for the intelligent and attentive; secondly for the intelligent and inattentive; thirdly for the non-intelligent and inattentive.

The technique developed by Pinero differed widely from that of the Parisian Eugene Scribe, who originated so many of the tricks of modern drama. Stage carpentry alone did not interest the Englishman and for that reason he had little use for the theatricalities which Scribe developed in 500 or more plays. Scribe was content to dramatize verbal anecdotes, and while Mlle Lavalliere held the stage Parisians laughed.

Pinero profited by the example of the French dramatist, but largely owing to his training as an actor he developed a more richly endowed technique. Thus he masked the machine-like tricks which had served the Frenchman a generation earlier but seemed outmoded in the 'eighties and still more in the 'nineties. It was as a story-teller that Pinero appealed to what Thackeray described as 'that great baby, the public'; and as a highly gifted story-teller for the picture-framed stage, Pinero made his primary appeal to the critics of his day. Of Pinero, A. B. Walkley wrote, he has 'at least one quality of the born dramatist, the art of stimulating curiosity, of stimulating it to a degree wherein it becomes almost gnawing anxiety and then'—and here one parts company with Mr Walkley—'and then of satisfying it to the full.'

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Does the famous scene in the third act of *Mrs Tanqueray*, in which Hugh Ardale comes once more into Paula Tanqueray's life, satisfy to the full?

The realization that the past is coming back, that the woman will never be able to shake it off, is infinitely touching. Towards the turn of the century we were thankful for the absence of the romantic halo which the younger Dumas would have added to such a situation. The rather squalid truth of the revelation holds us, but the nobility of treatment and breadth of conception, which is the life-blood of true tragedy, escaped us then, as it escapes us sixty years later; but the story-telling quality remains.

Recall the opening scene in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. Pinero introduced us to a small supper-party at The Albany. Four old friends are reminiscent and they learn that their host is to remarry. When the fifth guest, Cayley Drumlee, enters, he learns of a coming marriage and senses a mystery. Surely this does not mean a second *mésalliance* for Aubrey Tanqueray. Yes there is a quixotic element associated with the coming marriage and we savour its nature when the bride, Paula, enters as the supper-party is breaking up.

Thus far the introductory scene has moved perfectly. We have heard of Aubrey's earlier marriage and the nature of the second one, as well as the man's relations with his daughter.

The supper-party in Aubrey's rooms gave Pinero just the opportunity he required. The four friends had talked over their coffee and the absence of Cayley Drumlee had allowed the problem of a dubious marriage to be broached, but not developed. When Cayley comes he tells of the earlier disastrous marriage. It only remains for Paula to come to the flat. In a few sentences the actress sketches the character she is to enact. Paula is a woman of about twenty-seven, beautiful, fresh, innocent-looking, and throws her arms about Aubrey's neck.

Regarded as actuality, what was Aubrey Tanqueray's error? Why did his second marriage go wrong? Surely not that he failed to visualize the possibility of one of Paula's lovers falling in love with his own daughter. That was a mischance in a million. Nor need a man of mature years have doubted the possibility of happiness with a woman as beautiful as Mrs Patrick Campbell when nearing her thirties—just about Paula's age of twenty-seven.

Even if Aubrey had guessed that Ellean, the daughter, might have

inherited the icy saintliness of her mother, Pinero provided against this eventuality by making Ellean accept life in a religious community *before* Aubrey made his pact with his second wife. As for the esteem of his little parish of St James's, Aubrey contemplated giving up Pall Mall for the Surrey hills. He would leave off varnishing his boots and would double the thickness of his soles.

No, it was no fanatical gamble Aubrey was undertaking. His one mistake was exchanging Pall Mall for the Surrey hills *so abruptly*. He should have taken Paula round the world and reconsidered the Surrey hills home eighteen months later. Then Lady Cortelyon would have been gentler in her treatment of the Second Mrs Tanqueray and there would have been no trouble with the Orreys, as there would have been no play.

The reception given to *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* assured Pinero that he had not only penned a masterpiece of the stage but a play which actresses of worth would look to as a test of their quality; and a test just because there is not a single Paula, but as many types as there are jealousies and types of beauty in womanhood. And so it was with the plays which followed, *The Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith*, *Iris*, *The Benefit of the Doubt*, and *The Gay Lord Quex*. All were actress-makers. Paula Tanqueray, Letty, and Theophila Fraser won full acceptance by virtue of the personalities of their first creators, Mrs Patrick Campbell, Irene Vanbrugh, and Winifred Emery.

Pinero was too accomplished a stage story-teller to spend much time upon moralizing, though even in the years of the early farces and sentimental comedies what distinguished his plays from others of the period was just the capacity to adorn even a farcical situation with something more than laughter. Properly regarded, Pinero did not write problem plays as Ibsen and Dumas fils had done or as the journalist-playwright Brieux did in *Damaged Goods* or *La Robe Rouge*. All of these plays were penned with the fixed desire to stimulate speculation and awaken the public debate, much as Galsworthy did in his *Justice* or in *Strife*. These playwrights sought the clash of character upon character, which makes one wrong lead to another wrong or, maybe, some good deed lead to its complement.

Stage action is what characters do, either as individuals or in community life. The orchestration of a play belongs to the hour or

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the day, rather than the month or the year. *Iris* and *Letty* belong to London society in the early years of the twentieth century. In *Iris*, Pinero is bent upon picturing a luxury lover, with the luxury-lover's worst fault—recklessness in money matters. Troubles threaten when the death of her husband faces *Iris* with the ugly fact that a second marriage will mean the forfeiture of a very ample fortune. But the woman's troubles become dramatically exciting when *Iris* falls in love with a penniless aristocrat. He is about to make a career in British Columbia on a cattle ranch, with a beggarly £500 of capital to help him on his way to supporting a wife. A braver woman would sacrifice the fortune, but *Iris* is not brave. A worse woman would have sacrificed the man by using her fortune to subsidise the overseas venture, while remaining unmarried. *Iris* was weak enough to indulge in a month of unblest love on this basis, but again *Iris* was not really bad, only weak, and she abandons her womanly honour for a month of love but clings to the title, 'The Divinity,' which a circle of adoring friends had bestowed upon her as a wealthy woman, able and anxious to enrich their empty lives.

Admit that incidents which arose in the parish of St James's when Pinero was its chronicler necessarily failed to furnish material enough for drama which was more than of passing significance. What the parish did provide were plots which afforded acting opportunities for the highly competent body of players which had arisen in Edwardian London. Irene Vanbrugh, as Sophy Fullgarney, with her refined cockneyisms, was plainly less than a lady, but she was authentic London and for that reason seemed lovable to Londoners. Having seen Miss Vanbrugh in *Trelawny of the Wells*, in *The Gay Lord Quex*, in *His House in Order*, and *Mid Channel* players went away with memories of what seemed real women, each with her place in the social set-up, her sexual approach, and her type of education. In so far as Pinero's plays occasionally seem artificial forty or fifty years after they were penned, it is because most playgoers cannot live themselves back into the circumstance which gave the characters vitality. But the vitality was there when Pinero wrote and produced the best of his plays and playgoers accepted them for what seemed their actuality as well as for the opportunities for telling acting which they afforded.

As for criticisms of Pinero's dialogue, it is idle to debate the problem unless one has well in mind an original production in which

Pinero dictated the timing and the intonation. Max Beerbohm, then critic of *The Saturday Review*, was one who denied Pinero the attribute of stylist. Writing of *Letty* in 1903, Max Beerbohm 'let himself go': 'Nothing but the lowest and most piteous kind of journalism.'

Well, well! More truly Pinero's virtue as a writer of plays was strictly professional. It was that of story-telling which called for the continual creation of expectancy, as well as a sufficient expression of the fundamental emotions such as fear, pity, love, hate, and desire. What Pinero sought were phrases which his players could handle while they were passing on his story to audiences, and in this he was highly successful. The actors and actresses were Pinero's interpreters and many a phrase which sounds forced years later made its appeal at the time of its first production.

To sum up, Arthur Wing Pinero was the outstanding dramatist in a civilization of importance during at least a quarter of a century of time. He added to British drama something it lacked, and thirty years after the dramatist's death his plays have qualities which make it certain that, if they can be over-praised, equally they can be underrated. His special contributions to drama are often sadly to seek in world drama to-day.

There have been memorable revivals of Pinero's plays, among them Miss Gladys Cooper's *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. There will be others in the years to come, when an actress of worth desires to display her command of craft. A writer who dominated twenty years of time in an art of major importance will never lack occasional audiences.

Let it be admitted that Pinero's plays have dated, just because they are related to the closed society which dominated the London theatre during the Edwardian era. All dramas except the very greatest must 'date,' and Mr Peter Ustinov, in an interesting address to the Distillers' Drama Club last October, explained why when he made the point that artistic evolution moves like a pendulum, each generation reacting against its predecessor.

Among the worthy plays of the Victorian springtime surely must be ranked the best among the Pinero dramas. Even if some of them 'date' they have an established place in the history of the British theatre.

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## SOME RECENT BOOKS

- English Country Houses: Mid-Georgian, 1760-1800.* Christopher Hussey.
- My Memories of Six Reigns.* Her Highness Princess Marie Louise.
- Lord Derby and Victorian Conservatism.* W. D. Jones.
- The Authentic New Testament.* Hugh J. Schonfield.
- Louis XV.* Dr G. P. Gooch.
- Farewell to Steam.* Canon Roger Lloyd.
- South Western Railway.* Hamilton Ellis.
- The New Dimensions of Peace.* Chester Bowles.
- The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Robert Halsband.
- Moroccan Drama, 1900-1955.* Rom Landau.
- For Some We Loved: An Intimate Portrait of Ada and John Galsworthy.* R. H. Mottram.
- They Found Refuge.* Professor Norman Bentwich.
- A Jewish Pilgrimage.* Israel Cohen.
- The Great Tudors.* Katharine Garvin.
- Peridot Flight.* Doris Leslie.
- The Fabulous Orson Welles.* Peter Noble.
- Canaris.* K. H. Abshagen.
- The International Who's Who.* Europa Publications Ltd.
- An Anthology of English Prose, 1400-1900.* Eirian James.
- Glubb's Legion.* Godfrey Lias.
- Archæology and its Problems.* S. J. De Laet.
- Seeing Roman Britain.* Leonard Cottrell.
- Fitzgerald's Salaman and Absal.* Professor A. J. Arberry.
- Yuan Mei, the Eighteenth-century Chinese Poet.* Arthur Waley.
- Seal Morning.* Rowena Farre.
- A Study of History: Abridgement of Vols. VII-X of Dr Toynbee's 'A Study of History.'* D. C. Somervell.
- Britain in Medieval French Literature (1100-1500).* Dr P. Rickard.
- The Uses of Literacy.* Richard Hoggart.
- The Valley of the Kings.* Otto Neubert.
- Revelation and Reason in Islam.* Professor A. J. Arberry.

*English Country Houses: Mid-Georgian, 1760-1800*, is the second volume of Mr Christopher Hussey's magnificent trilogy covering one of the greatest periods of English architecture and published by Country Life. We are told that Mr Hussey has been fascinated by country houses since he bicycled many miles to sketch them in their landscapes when he was still at Eton. He has fascinated his readers ever since with his accounts of them. This new volume covers the period of the 'Neo-Classical Synthesis' achieved by the Adam and Wyatt brothers, James Paine, and Henry Holland. The book begins with an interesting and instructive introduction covering the above synthesis, the Sublime, the Beautiful, and the Picturesque. Then follow articles on 57 typical houses, most of them famous and ranging from, say, the converted Elizabethan-to-Classic Osterley and the entire Classic of Harewood or Kedleston to the Gothic of Arbury or Downton and including famous houses like



Woburn, Goodwood, Syon, Trafalgar, Wardour, Althorp, Stourhead, and Ickworth, names to fire the imagination and interest of anyone with any sense of the dignity and attraction of eighteenth-century England. The principles of selection, arrangement, and treatment of the contents are the same as in the previous volume, to trace the development of domestic architecture of the period by concise accounts of the most notable houses. It is a sad reflection on modern conditions that so many of these former homes are no longer lived in by their families but have become museums or institutions. At the end of the book there is a useful list of architects of the period and the illustrations are very numerous and, as always with Country Life productions, of the highest standard. Such productions and Mr Hussey's skill and enthusiasm make a work which anyone with any sense of history and art would be proud to possess.

*My Memories of Six Reigns*, by Her Highness Princess Marie Louise (Evans), though much that it contains is somewhat slight, has historical value in that she alone of people till recently alive could give an eye-witness account of life, customs, ceremonies, and etiquette of the Court of England (and to a lesser extent of Germany) lasting over more than seventy years and seen with a royal eye, which is not necessarily the same view as that of a lesser chronicler. The Princess writes, 'Do try to realize that, although there are royal personages, they are ordinary human persons whatever their rank and status may be.' That of course is essentially true in many cases, but certainly not of all, and one doubts whether, say, Queen Victoria ever considered herself an ordinary person. Princess Marie Louise indeed succeeded wonderfully in mixing informally with people of all kinds from Buckingham Palace to Bermondsey, where she ran a girls' club. She was very notable in charitable and welfare work in many lines. She travelled widely and often, and she had unusual experiences. But, after all, others have travelled and done charitable work and the most interesting parts of the book are the personal reminiscences of the great Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, and all generations succeeding them, including our present Queen. She gives views of their lives and activities not known to the general public. She pays charming tributes to her many dear friends and proves what a useful as well as interesting and ornamental life a royalty can lead.

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*Lord Derby and Victorian Conservatism*, by W. D. Jones (Basil Blackwell), is a well-balanced, scholarly, and amply documented study of a man of whom one cannot help feeling that he might easily have been much greater than he was. He was prominent in political life for nearly fifty years, for most of that time he led the Conservative Party, and he was Prime Minister thrice—though always in the difficulty of being in a minority in the House of Commons. His rooted patrician pride made it hard for him to associate on easy terms with those socially below him, so the direct contact with the rank-and-file of his party was limited, and the inspiration of leadership was reduced thereby. In his early years he was handicapped by clinging to the decaying doctrine of Protection and opposition to democratic reform, though finally he led the party which passed the important Reform Act of 1868. Over his long political career he made many friends and many enemies; he accomplished much for the good of the country and made bad mistakes. 'Feeling that birth and social position entitled him to be an arbiter in matters concerning honour, he followed his own code and refused to alter it to suit other people. As a noble he was above party lines, associating with and sometimes freely confiding in members of his own class who were his political opponents.' And there was Disraeli, who plays but a secondary part in this book but who really was the genius and moving spirit of the Conservative Party, overshadowing Derby in the public eye and with a character much more attuned to the limelight. Professor Jones's book makes useful and interesting reading.

*The Authentic New Testament*, edited and translated by Hugh J. Schonfield (Dennis Dobson). The Authorized Version of the Bible, prepared in the early years of the seventeenth century for King James I, has acquired a unique position in English prose. The work of a group of some of the finest scholars this country has known, writing not only from their knowledge of letters but from deep understanding of the significance of the work before them, it has become an integral part of the Anglican interpretation of Christianity. But it was almost inevitable that at the time it was compiled knowledge of the Jewish background to the story related in the Gospels was limited, and often this Jewish element is essential for full understanding. Mr Schonfield is a Jew, and perhaps for the first time he lays bare these hidden meanings, drawing upon his

knowledge of Jewish history and customs, in particular the liturgical elements. His introduction will be welcomed by all who have only a smattering of Jewish history at their disposal, and many of the factual corrections he makes bring with them the feeling that they are beyond doubt right. To note only one: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,' is now repunctuated to become: 'Glory be to God on high and on earth: peace be to men who please Him.' The change of meaning is fundamental, not a grammarian's quibble. This is indeed a stimulating translation and often it sends one back to the Authorized Version for comparison of a particularly unexpected interpretation. Which of the two more correctly represents the mystery of the Christian story will be a matter of opinion for each reader, but to one at any rate the thought kept recurring that religious writings are at best faint candles to the beauty of Truth, hinting at something that can never adequately be expressed in words; and translations must then be at a second remove. How admirable, then, to find one such as this, that does not claim to be final, definitive, but rather encourages the pursuit of one's own enquiry.

In *Louis XV* (Longmans) Dr G. P. Gooch paints, from contemporary sources, pictures of 'the least worthy of the Bourbons,' the corrupt Versailles court, and a France that was to send an anointed head to the guillotine. A more capable and conscientious king would have had a herculean task to undo the harm done to the state fabric by *le roi soleil*. Louis, 'the dissolute trifler,' had neither the insight to diagnose, the will to repair, nor the capacity to cure his realm's ills. While the privileged hierarchies, Monarchy, Noblesse, and Church, were most vulnerable to attack, critics were deadly and authority had no defender of equal calibre: It was no left-wing rebel who foretold doom, but d'Argenson, who, prejudiced though he was at his dismissal, saw the state from the governing angle; Beaumarchais likewise, who taunted the Noblesse: 'You but give yourself the trouble to be born'; and Voltaire, who summed up reason's reaction to a persecuting and unbelieving Church: '*Ecrasez l'Infâme*.' The governors undermined the government. While royalty passively accepted its powerlessness, no Colbert or Richelieu rose to take the helm. The Regent debased responsibility by debauchery, Fleury proved a 'benevolent mediocrity,' Choiseul was financially incompetent, while the influences of Pompadour

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and du Barry if not decisive were immense for evil. The royal incompetent found escapist consolation in the *Parc aux cerfs* with his women and in intrigue with Tercier, Conti, Broglie, d'Eon to undermine his own policy. Versailles became a glass-house through which the gilded sham was watched by thoughtful and resentful subjects. Yet France displayed traditional recuperative powers, for 'the sufferings of her people were more grievous in 1715 than on the eve of Revolution.' Dr Gooch writes with a lightness of touch that conceals profound scholarship and enhances the appeal.

Two recent books will bring joy to railway enthusiasts, namely Canon Roger Lloyd's *Farewell to Steam* and Hamilton Ellis' *South Western Railway*—both published by George Allen and Unwin. Canon Lloyd always manages to give engines, trains, and even stations an atmosphere and personality which cannot fail to bring interest, and his understanding and appreciation of the human element—the men who make the railways work—are specially attractive. *Farewell to Steam* is, as the name suggests, the 'Vale' of the steam engine, that often majestic and always useful monster which has such a romantic appeal. With the coming of the diesel and electric engines, 'those animated cigar-box-looking' machines, the steam-engine will go, but as Canon Lloyd remarks, 'the amateur romantic has no right to forget that to keep steam-engines means perpetual dirt, hard, back-breaking work, and a shocking waste of fast-waning coal resources.' Cleanliness and convenience will rule the future, and that will be a great gain. One could wish that all travellers, who so easily complain of delays and minor discomforts, could read the chapters in this book showing the vast and unceasing organization and work needed to keep the trains going, and the appalling problems created by fog, snow, accidents, and other unexpected difficulties.

The second book, by Mr Ellis, is very well up to standard, though it must be admitted that there is much technical detail about engines and rolling stock which the less expert reader will find hard fully to digest. However, skipping is allowed and there remains what can well be called the human story of a great railway, and that means not only the great engineers and managers but also the engines, for Mr Ellis has great skill in giving them personality. We begin with an excellent prologue giving a portrait of the half-rebuilt Waterloo Station in 1912, the platforms, the offices, the engines, the carriages,

the staff, and the general atmosphere. Then we go back to 1838 and follow the history of the line through its triumphs and trials, its expansions and working arrangements with other railways, but above all its development of engines and rolling stock down to 1923, when the whole line was absorbed into the new organization of the Southern Railway. There is something good for all 'railwayacs' here.

It is a tragic thing that world political events have overtaken and nullified so much of the admirable and dignified thesis of Mr Chester Bowles, *The New Dimensions of Peace* (The Bodley Head). The fervent hope last autumn was that a more general and reciprocal spirit of international good will was abroad, and beginning to motivate international relationships was brutally shattered. Mr Bowles' book is a reasoned statement of the evidence of this new spirit that he found during three months' travel through Central, East and West Africa, Europe, Pakistan, India, and Burma. He saw at first-hand the impact of 'the new Soviet policies on the people of the Middle World.' And that the 'new' policies have been shown to be the old, more brutal, more imperial-minded, more determined in crushing and murdering into conformity. But all believers in the cause of international sanity and co-operation should read Mr Bowles' survey of the political deeds and aspirations of the last decade. His experiences with UNESCO, as special consultant to Mr Trygve Lie when General Secretary of the United Nations, and as U.S. Ambassador to India and Nepal give him a grasp of world affairs and of national aspirations that stands out in heartening contrast to the doctrines that have recently in Hungary added another national martyrdom to the cause of freedom. It is an important book to be read even in view of the horrible political facts recently manifested.

*The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, by Robert Halsband (Oxford University Press), claims to be the first fully-documented biography of the famous eighteenth-century letter writer. Indeed, the author has had access to much material in family and other collections which has never been used before, and he has made good use of it. These sources make an imposing list and the reference notes at the end of almost every page are wonderfully comprehensive and will be a joy to students. Lady Mary had a remarkable career as Ambassador's wife in Turkey, wide-ranging traveller, poet,

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letter writer, society leader, friend of most of the literary lights of the day, and propagandist for inoculation against smallpox. Her private life was unhappy and she and her husband were long parted, while her only son was a scamp and a spendthrift. For many years she lived abroad and came home at the end only to die. Joseph Spence, who met her in Italy, wrote, 'Lady Mary is one of the most extraordinary shining characters of the world; but she shines like a comet; she is all irregular and always wandering. She is the most wise, most imprudent, loveliest, disagreeablest, best-natured, cruellest woman in the world.' She made a fool of herself in her long love-affair with the rather worthless young Italian Count Algarotti and she often made mistakes in her conduct, but she was really a remarkable woman and Mr Halsband tells her story with skill, thoroughness, understanding, amplitude, and clarity.

*Moroccan Drama, 1900-1955*, by Rom Landau (Robert Hale), is a useful and well-timed work as it apparently is the only comprehensive history of Morocco during this century. Mr Landau, who is a high authority on the subject, claims to write objectively, but admits that his personal views cannot be concealed. In fact the book is a skilful and crushing indictment of French rule in Morocco, from the time of the declaration of the Protectorate in 1912. It is the story of conflict between Protectorate and Colonialism (in the American sense of selfish exploitation). Lyautey was wise enough during his long appointment to realize the value of indirect rule and of keeping the façade of Moroccan government, and as Mr Landau writes, 'his achievement was too honourable and too brilliant to be completely overlaid by the unwitting botchings and the less unconscious misdeeds of the men who came after him.' Among these was Marshal Juin, whose tactless, autocratic rule was particularly unsuccessful. The struggle went on with oppressions, rioting, and massacres until in 1953 the French removed Sultan Mohammed V from his throne and sent him into exile. The result was catastrophic and in two years' time the insulted, expelled, and abused Sultan had to be brought back to Paris and then to his own country with full royal honours, and powers of an independent monarchy. France was humiliated—but have we heard the end of the story yet? Mr Landau is very fair in showing what France has done for Morocco in material matters, and how through selfishness she has failed spiritually. The book is written convincingly and dramatically.

R. H. Mottram's *For Some We Loved. An Intimate Portrait of Ada and John Galsworthy* (Hutchinson) is a fine tribute to affection and friendship. The Galsworthys made a most remarkable partnership, even though paid for at the high price of long waiting and her divorce to free her from her first unsuccessful marriage. Thereafter Ada and John were everything to each other, and Mr Mottram gives many delightful glimpses into their home life. Most of the book is given up to a careful and discerning examination of Galsworthy's enormous number of plays and books, and many may feel that too much is given for those who really know the works well, but only enough to be rather tantalizing to those who do not. Galsworthy will be remembered best for some of his plays and for his great Forsyte and Cherwell sagas—the former dealing with a family whose fortunes were based on industry and commerce and the latter with a family attached to the land almost since the Conquest. Galsworthy's works present many problems, and conflicting morals are not easy to follow. 'He was a "moralist," that is to say, he wrote books and plays whose prime motive was necessarily entertainment, but were always found to be deeply tinged with his views of Right and Wrong, and yet he had no conventional "morals." On the contrary he was always found on the side of those who had strayed.' We have to thank Mr Mottram for the insight and distinction of this charming portrait.

*They Found Refuge*, by Professor Norman Bentwich, with an introduction by Viscount Samuel (The Cresset Press), tells what has been done by British Jews during twenty-three years for the rescue and rehabilitation of hundreds of thousands of victims of Nazi persecution. It is a remarkable record, but it can hardly fail to be bewildering to many readers owing to the very great number of societies, councils, committees, organizations, institutes, corporations, movements, and conferences referred to either in full or, still more bewildering, by initials. To these are added long lists of names of those who helped. Indeed, much splendid work has been done by the Jews themselves and in fruitful co-operation with the churches. Professor Bentwich writes truly: 'England from the dawn of her history has built up her culture by the admission of groups of teachers, scholars, artists from the Continent of Europe. The asylum she has given in the last twenty years to the Jewish and

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other refugees from persecution is an example of a continuing process, and the full harvest of her generosity has still to be reaped.'

Another book of special interest to those who study Jewish problems is *A Jewish Pilgrimage*, the autobiography of Israel Cohen (Valentine Mitchell). The author is well known as a doughty champion and organizer of Zionism, for which he has worked hard and travelled far for most of his life. He was born into a rigidly orthodox Jewish family in Manchester, where he began his education, thereafter going to the Jews' College in East London and graduating at London University. He was caught in Berlin at the beginning of the First World War and was interned as a civilian in great discomfort till 1917. After the war he greatly expanded his Zionist work and had to surmount many obstacles, not only among Gentiles but also among powerful non-Zionist Jews. In that work he came across many well-known people. Eventually the State of Israel was born, and, as we all know, has not had an easy life since, but it certainly will not be destroyed as the Arabs wish. Mr Cohen makes rather light of the violent excesses of Haganah and similar institutions, about which many here still feel very strongly. Naturally he writes entirely from the Jewish point of view, but he is fair-minded, lucid, and skilful in the way that he makes his case for Zionism.

*The Great Tudors*, edited by Katharine Garvin (Eyre & Spottiswoode), is a new and reduced edition of a work first published in 1935—and a welcome revival it is, even though, to keep down the selling price, about half the original essays have been omitted. However, the fare is still excellent, and such names as C. H. Williams, A. F. Pollard, Douglas Woodruff, David Mathew, Alfred Noyes, Hilaire Belloc, A. W. Pollard, and J. Dover Wilson are guarantees of high standards in literature and history. We still find all the Tudor sovereigns (except of course Edward VI); churchmen like Wolsey, Fisher, Cranmer, and Reginald Pole; statesmen like More and Cecil; and of course writers like Shakespeare and Spenser. We regret that no room has been found for Drake and other famous seamen, without whom the Tudor (and especially the Elizabethan) era would not have been what it was. What we are given is a remarkable gallery of portraits and essays which, though separate and by various hands, dovetail successfully into the Tudor pattern.

*Peridot Flight*, by Doris Leslie (Hutchinson), is most interesting, apart from the story it tells, in the manner of its telling. It carries as its sub-title 'A novel reconstructed from the memoirs of Peridot, Lady Mulvarnie, 1872-1955,' and, be that as it may, Miss Leslie has succeeded in producing a hybrid between biography and fiction that has great compulsion for a reader who basks in intelligent immersion in a period. Peridot Flight, the heroine, was born in a near slum, having been conceived out of wedlock. Her registered father was a chemist, in whose pharmacy she learnt a certain rudimentary skill. On the death of her 'father' she is forced out into the world by a dipsomaniac and slatternly step-mother. From then on Peridot's is a success story. She becomes companion to a crippled wealthy beauty under the aegis of the cripple's uncle, a *fin-de-siècle* devotee. Miss Leslie suggests the world of Wilde and Beardsley admirably, particularly when, on the death of the cripple, the uncle marries Peridot and she is forced to grapple with the domestic dubieties of the aesthete. She travels luxuriously abroad; her husband's extravagance brings them down in the world; we meet the first suffragettes; her husband sues her for divorce, now having become antagonistic. She wins the case, but separates from him until his physical collapse ties her to him. She then makes a success of manufacturing beauty creams. Through all this runs a thread of romance unobtrusively and cleverly woven to blossom in the end. Miss Leslie is an audacious technician. The story in analysis is highly romantic but the period projection is enthralling. A most entertaining book.

*The Fabulous Orson Welles*, by Peter Noble (Hutchinson), never gets very near to an extraordinary man whose dynamic is a constant provocation of all the adjectives ever hurled at arbitrary and head-strong brilliance. Welles, who crashed into the entertainment world with a well-founded assurance, has never lost his initial impetus. Original and versatile to a degree, throughout his career he has thrilled and startled and shocked with his unabashed empiricism. It is not easy to lay a shooting star by the heels while it is in full flight, and Mr Noble's attempt at biography turns out to be show-business journalism of chatty, bosom-friend intimacy. It seems a pity that a biographical yard-stick could not have been found equal to the size of the subject. Welles' many remarks quoted in this book have a

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pith, a wit, and an authority which make Mr Noble's unorganized appraisal seem very small beer.

*Canaris*, by K. H. Abshagen, translated by Alan Houghton Brodric (Hutchinson), tells the story of a man who was a really patriotic German, but detested Hitler and the murderous gangster ways of the Nazis. An unimportant and unofficial person might succeed in walking that tightrope, but it was impossible for the head of the great *Abwehr*, the intelligence and counter-espionage service and organization, and in the end fate caught up with Admiral Canaris and, after fearful tortures in a concentration camp, he was hanged just before the end of the war. In a last message to a fellow prisoner he said, 'I die for my country with a clear conscience. You as an officer will realize that I was only doing my duty to my country when I endeavoured to oppose Hitler and hinder the senseless crimes by which he has dragged down Germany to ruin.' Canaris did indeed, by wily manoeuvres and delaying tactics, succeed in upsetting some of Hitler's plans and he managed to get some innocent victims out of the Gestapo's hands. He was often at the brink of plots to remove Hitler, but he never took the plunge and in the end his caution did not save him. It is misleading to persist in seeing in him a mysterious conspirator actuated by mere love of intrigue, as his enemies have described him. He was much better than that, and indeed he comes out of this story as an honest man torn between his feeling of duty as a high-ranking officer and the call of his conscience. The story is well told in a balanced way and carries conviction.

The twentieth edition of that remarkably comprehensive work of reference *The International Who's Who* has appeared, brought out by Europa Publications Ltd., and even fuller and more wide-ranging than before. The information given about distinguished (and indeed a surprising number of not-so-distinguished) persons in all countries is proof of the value of the book not only for students of politics, the arts, science, commerce, and international affairs but also to the ordinary educated reader of newspapers and periodicals who in these days is constantly coming across names of people about whom he feels that he ought to know more. There are well over a thousand large, double-columned pages packed with information. On the first page we find three Finns, an Indonesian, two Egyptians, a Canadian, and an Iranian. On the last page we find an American, a Syrian,

two Germans, two Swiss, a Russian, and a Pole, which seems rather a lack of British, but we do not incline to the letter Z. This shows the comprehensiveness of this outstanding volume.

The very title *An Anthology of English Prose, 1400-1900* (Cambridge University Press) whets the appetite, and eagerly one looks inside to see what gems of our rich heritage have been included by the compiler, Miss Eirian James. And one is not disappointed, for almost every variation of texture is here, delighting the eye and the mind and displaying that manifold continuity that surely few other literatures possess. To each separate item is brought a few well-chosen words of commentary in a section towards the end of the book, and in addition there is a glossary and a list of the most accessible editions of the books from which these extracts have been made. This little book should provide a useful introduction to anyone interested in the possibilities and achievements of the English language, a boon to English teachers. For the reader who comes to it for pleasure alone there must be one regret: that it was printed on such vile paper.

But the book itself is not all, for the extracts have been recorded by members of Cambridge University and the records are available from the British Council. Here is a timely reminder of the glories of spoken prose, and would that it might be fostered and encouraged in all our schools and universities. Two readings should be singled out from the twelve sent for review: any lover of Traherne will rejoice to hear the sparkle and mystery of this great man so beautifully rendered; and the cynical scorn of Gibbon comes out with a clarity that is almost metallic. The women's voices are not so successful as those of the men. Taken as a whole, however, these twelve recordings promise well of the rest and no doubt the whole undertaking will get the recognition and support that it deserves.

In his foreword to *Glubb's Legion*, by Godfrey Lias (Evans Brothers), Sir John Glubb immediately disclaims the title and points out that the Arab Legion was inaugurated as part of the army of Trans-Jordan. The whole tone of this short foreword is most commendable, in that it stresses the remarkable friendship that has existed between Arab and British, not only in the Legion but during the whole period of contact between the two races. As General Glubb says, this friendship has temporarily been interrupted by the intrigue of politics, but will surely reassert itself. It is with this atti-

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tude that one approaches Mr Lias's book. He takes a long time to come to the story of the Legion itself, but the first 80 pages are by no means ill-spent in painting in the background of what is to follow. He succeeds in bringing to life the desert and its ways, the steaming *mausef* dish in the centre of any entertainment, the rounds of coffee, the underlying humanity of even the most bloodthirsty practices. Having gone over the territory both geographically and historically, he relates how first in 1920 Captain Peake organized the beginnings of the Trans-Jordan army for the Emir Abdullah and how Glubb arrived in 1930 to start the Desert Patrol. Many anecdotes follow to give the flavour of the life and the nature of the Bedouin who so largely makes up the Patrol. The account of their part in the Second World War is almost unbelievable. But of particular interest will be the concluding section dealing with the modern troubles in Palestine. It is claimed that for the first time the Jordan point-of-view is here presented; it certainly makes horrifying reading. Mr Lias is convinced that no Jew who really knew the facts of the misery and starvation in Jordan now as the result of the promotion of the Jewish National Home could possibly remain unmoved. Something clearly remains to be done by the West to win back the confidence of the Arab peoples. And it must begin by laying bare the sources of unrest, the deliberate architects of antagonism who for political motives are quietly undermining the whole structure of Anglo-Arab relations.

All those interested in the subject will welcome S. J. De Laet's discussion of *Archæology and its Problems*, which has now been made available in an excellent English translation (Phoenix House). In the enthusiasm and excitement of the more spectacular archaeological finds it has been easy to forget that archæology is a discipline, and that unless its problems are treated with the caution and care of an observational science its findings can have little value in the reconstruction of man's past. Now, Professor De Laet, a distinguished Belgian archæologist, bravely examines the techniques, limitations, and possibilities of this fledgling science. His book is all that one could ask for, a model of clarity and level-headed reasoning, and there must be few archæologists who would not derive much profit as well as enjoyment from reading it. It would be tedious to list the many aspects he mentions—let the reader find them for himself—but a few are perhaps worthy of particular

notice. How many archæologists realize that about half of our present archæological 'evidence' is of doubtful value due to unscientific methods of excavation at the time of discovery or lack of care afterwards? And yet many of the pleasing theories, the links, the comparisons are based on the old chestnuts that are taken for granted. Again, the author points out that unless reports of findings are published as soon as possible or at least made available for research within a reasonable amount of time the whole complex machinery of scholarship is inevitably retarded. And most of all, he pleads that a spirit of tolerance and mutual understanding between historians and archæologists is the only foundation for fruitful study; only a full co-operation can bring us any nearer to an appreciation of the courses civilizations have taken in the past and throw new light upon the aims and fate of ours.

*Seeing Roman Britain*, by Leonard Cottrell (Evans), is a most enjoyable book. The accent is on the 'seeing,' for the author really takes us on tour where there are enough remains to be obvious—with such a good guide. From Dover to Chester, from Exeter to Hadrian's Wall, and on to the Forth—Clyde Antonine Wall and beyond Mr Cottrell leads us wherever possible along the old Roman roads or later roads which lie on top of them. Sir Winston Churchill has written 'For nearly 300 years Britain, reconciled to the Roman system, enjoyed in many respects the happiest, most comfortable and most enlightened times its inhabitants have had.' Then it all ended in a slow process of disintegration. Mr Cottrell successfully shows not only the Roman military system of forts and fixed camps and walls, best shown in Hadrian's Wall, but also much of the more peaceful life as shown in farms and luxurious villas such as the one at Chedworth. We are told what to look for in museums and much of remarkable interest has been gathered together, but 'Roman antiquities become boring, unless they happen to be beautiful (which they rarely are) or open a window on to the life of the people who used them.' Mr Cottrell opens many such windows. A specially useful feature of the book is that the present-day numbers of the roads used are given, thus helping the traveller, and there is a good chronological table of main historical events of a list of Roman Emperors.

As Professor A. J. Arberry says, Edward Fitzgerald's version of Omar Khayyám eclipsed all else that he wrote, winning a unique

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position for itself in English prose within an extraordinarily short time. It is particularly interesting now to have a chance of assessing Fitzgerald's *Salaman and Absal* (Cambridge University Press), his first translation from the Persian, which he felt to be superior to the *Rubáiyát*. Professor Arberry has collected Fitzgerald's two versions of the *Salaman and Absal* into one volume, together with his own literal translation from the Persian and an introduction telling how Fitzgerald's interest in oriental literature grew under the supervision of Edward Byles Cowell of Ipswich. Like the *Rubáiyát*, Fitzgerald's *Salaman and Absal* is a paraphrase, and Professor Arberry quotes him as having said, '... I have undoubtedly improved the whole by boiling it down to about a quarter of its original size.' Comparing Fitzgerald's versions with Arberry's it is clear where the excisions have been made and why. Jami wrote his poem as a coronation present to Yakoub Bey in 1479. It has all the usual characteristics of oriental verse, the many digressions, the flowery style, but underlying it is an allegory of the fall of the Divine Intelligence in man into the captivity of the senses, and its eventual struggle and rise towards freedom. This was what interested Fitzgerald, and it is interesting to see how in his later version he departs still further from literal translation in order to maintain the power of this central theme and present it in a form acceptable to contemporary taste. Professor Arberry's introduction is admirable. Just the right length, it gives a brief account of Fitzgerald's relationship with Cowell, quoting several of their letters. He then goes on to examine Fitzgerald's motives in pursuing the course he did and makes some illuminating remarks about the whole problem of translating poetry from a foreign language.

What is it in the prose of Mr Arthur Waley that is so strangely appealing? He has written much, but in his recent account of *Yuan Mei*, the *Eighteenth-century Chinese Poet* (Allen and Unwin) this remarkable quality is as fresh and intangible as ever. Whether he is describing the poet's travels or his relationships with people, whether in prose or verse, a window is opened on to a world of totally different values from those prevailing in the West to-day. It is easy, in the interest of following Yuan Mei's distant life, to forget Mr Waley, for he is consistently unobtrusive, until a chance aside reminds one that we are seeing the poet through his eyes and that



without his quiet skill and sympathy the magic might easily disappear. And what is it in Yuan Mei himself that kindles a glow of affection and respect? Surely one of the prime qualities is his naturalness and unstinted devotion to the business of being alive; in this lies the freshness and clarity that delight. It is as if each experience, each new companion, each poem were seen in the transparent colour and well-defined outline of a painted spray of plum-blossom. Pains, illnesses, disappointments join with joys and satisfactions to produce a lasting, deeper pleasure in sheer existence than the West can often find. There is much to treasure in this picture of a life set against the landscape of eighteenth-century China, a background always unassumingly painted in. Many poems record unnumbered changing moods that can scarcely fail to find recognition in the memory of all who read them. To take just one, no less telling for the fact that it was written twenty-five years before his death:

*An ageing man I leave the Immortals' Cave;  
Down and down, with a halt at every step.  
For I know in my heart that once I leave this place  
It is quite certain I shall never come again.*

We should be grateful to Mr Waley for a beautiful book.

Books on animal life so often tend to have overtones of sentimentality that *Seal Morning*, by Rowena Farre (Hutchinson), is to be welcomed for its refreshing simplicity and its charming and authentic identification with animal life. Miss Farre lived with her aunt in Sutherland and accepted the remoteness of her home without question and almost, one might say, with joy. Their croft was nine miles from the nearest village. It was because of this isolation that Miss Farre began her intimate acquaintance with animals—squirrels, a rat, otter cubs, dogs, goats, and a deer. But the culmination of these pets was Lora, a seal. Lora was found as a pup and was reared by Miss Farre and her aunt. She was never in any sense a pet, but soon claimed a boisterous and equal position in the ménage. Her ideas of equality were absolute, whether as a charming companion or as a remarkable amateur performer on several musical instruments. She learned to play the mouth organ, the tin trumpet, and the xylophone, and, unlike most human juveniles, she needed no coaching to practise. In fact, she insisted on constant performance with the loudest possible volume. It is easily under-

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stood why the author's reminiscences of country life came to be the biography of Lora. And what is most charming about Miss Farre's book, and what sets it apart from so many of its kind, is the simplicity with which she accepted her relationship with animals as part of a natural pattern of life. She, as they, had to be self-reliant and never at odds. She could take no short-cuts into that spurious comfort which we call modern convenience. Therefore experience came to her always direct and always with a practical reality. Probably through this, and her own innate sympathy, she comes very close to realizing the animal world for any reader who has a genuine interest in wild life.

There were many readers who, because of the time and application involved, were a little intimidated by Dr Toynbee's monumental work 'A Study of History.' As celebrated as the work immediately became, its size prevented it from having as wide a general readership as it deserved. However, *Abridgement of Volumes VII-X*, by D. C. Somervell (O.U.P.), should open up a work which is of immense importance not only to the study of history but to its interpretation. An Abridgement of Volumes I-VI has already appeared and these two volumes can now be regarded as a conspectus of the vast tracts of original research and fascinating individual perspective that carried Dr Toynbee's work to its triumphant completion. The abridgement, while it in no ways aims to replace the parent work, does make the substance of the argument more accessible and more assimilable. Dr Toynbee himself says in his Preface: 'For a long book like mine in a busy age like this it is a boon to be abbreviated in a first-rate abridgement such as Mr Somervell's is. . . . To my mind the original and the abridgement are complementary. Our co-operation over both instalments has been a very happy experience for me.' There can surely be no more acceptable recommendation.

There have been frequent studies of outside influences upon the British Isles during the course of European history; now comes a book by Dr P. Rickard tracing the evidence of *Britain in Medieval French Literature (1100-1500)* (Cambridge University Press). This is an aspect of the subject which has been neglected; it is often thought that the flow of culture and ideas was only in one direction, that the British Isles were like a sponge soaking up the wisdom of Europe during the medieval period, and giving nothing in return.

In fact this is far from the truth, and it is tempting to think that in all vital contacts of civilizations there is a reciprocal flow of ideas and interpretations that raises the cultural level of both. After a broad survey of the history and trade connections during this time Dr Rickard has interesting things to say about the rise of nationalism. He then goes on to discuss the interplay of some famous literary themes: the Arthurian legend, the Tristan cycle and adventure stories in general, and an intriguing account of a supposed invasion of England by Charlemagne. The French 'lives' of Becket, Richard I and the Black Prince are amplified by the amusing general impression of the English at the time: strong men with tails, fond of drinking, foul-mouthed and treacherous. There are chapters on the Scots and the Irish. But interesting as this book certainly is on the everyday level of ways of life, adventures and intrigues, it is disappointingly poor in material concerning the ecclesiastical and cultural exchanges. Are there not more literary traces of the works of such remarkable men as Alcuin, Duns Scotus and John of Salisbury, to name only a few? Let us hope scholars will pursue this line further.

*The Uses of Literacy*, by Richard Hoggart (Chatto and Windus), is a study of working-class life with special reference to publications and entertainments. By working-class he means those who come below the lower middle class and live about, and sometimes below, the line of decent subsistence. To illustrate his thesis the author takes the depressing scene of the entirely industrial suburb of Leeds where he was brought up—a region of factories, drab streets and houses, only very imperfectly lightened by cinemas and other places of public entertainment. In these surroundings live thousands upon thousands of people almost entirely lacking the amenities and refinements which the more fortunate think necessary. Yet they have their own idea of culture, manners, and traditions, based on the home however humble. Sin is an act against this home. The author examines their attitude towards 'go-getting,' and their particular kinds of tolerance, self-respect, and group feeling. In the second part of the book he deals with the literature enjoyed by these classes, the newspapers, the magazines, sex and violence novels, etc., and popular songs, and he ends with a summary of present tendencies in mass culture. This for educated readers presents a depressing but convincing picture, drab but not without its highlights. The book will be of real value to all who are trying to deal with these problems.

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It is impressive to be told that a book is being published in twenty different countries. Such is the case with *The Valley of the Kings*, by Otto Neubert (Robert Hale), but he has a good subject in the long past history of Egypt disclosed by the now decipherable hieroglyphs and the continued diggings of archaeologists. He tells an interesting story of the centuries when hieroglyphs were still unintelligible, then of the discovery of the keys and the much more interesting story of the manners, customs, ceremonies, and beliefs of the ancient Egyptians. He says that the book is written for the common man, not the trained archaeologist. It is a story full of drama and admiration for achievement. For instance, how were colossal blocks, weighing six hundred tons or more, moved over great distances, to build something like the pyramid of Cheops, which, if hollow, could easily contain the whole of St Peter's at Rome? It is a story of splendour and squalor—a small caste of privileged persons wallowing in wealth and luxury among the down-trodden, poverty-stricken, hopeless millions existing under appalling conditions. The apex of the story is naturally the discovery of the tomb of Tutenkamun and its amazing store of artistic treasures, made without any mechanical aids such as modern artificers enjoy. How was it done? Mingled with his account of such discoveries the author indulges in reflections on life and war and peace for the consideration of his present-day readers. The book should certainly encourage further study of Egyptology.

At first one might be hesitant about starting to read a book entitled *Revelation and Reason in Islam*, but this little book by Professor A. J. Arberry (Allen and Unwin) is well worth reading. Far from being a dry, academic study of a specialized subject, its scope is wide, the treatment stimulating. Near the beginning there is the quotation from Plato's *Laws*: 'Men say that we ought not to inquire into the supreme God and the nature of the universe, nor busy ourselves in searching out the causes of things, and that such inquiries are impious; whereas the very opposite is the truth.' As the author says, 'that goes to the very heart of the quarrel between faith and intellect.' And if we agree with the thinkers that man's mind has been given him for a purpose, it is always fascinating and instructive to read the opinions of others on these supreme topics. Professor Arberry's historical survey of the fluctuations of

the prevailing attitude in Islam is clear and illuminating; he ranges over the periods in which theology, philosophy, authoritarianism, and mysticism were each in the ascendant and quotes from documents not hitherto available to throw new light on Abu Yazid and his effect upon the Sufis. Much of what is said applies just as much to the problems of our day. For instance, al-Ghazali argues, 'It is not so improbable, O you who inhabit the world of reason, that beyond reason there exists another plane in which appear things that do not appear in reason, just as it is not improbable that reason should be a plane transcending discrimination and sensation, in which strange and marvellous things are revealed that sensation and discrimination fall short of attaining.' The faculty of intuition to which he refers is of little account in the 'scientific' world of to-day, perhaps for the very reason to which al-Ghazali draws attention—the inherent dangers when it is not based upon a firm foundation of truly scientific reasoning. But it is heartening to find the breadth of vision so clearly revealed in his opinion that science and contemplation need not necessarily conflict, but may indeed complement each other. We need more of such a spirit and its attendant enquiry to-day.

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## THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LABOUR PARTY

THE first society formed in England for the promotion of Socialism was the Social Democratic Federation, founded by H. M. Hyndman, a rich man, in 1881. His chief henchman was William Morris. In 1883 Thomas Davidson, a Scot who had settled in America but travelled much in Europe and was a disciple of Rosmini in philosophy, paid a short visit to London and expounded to a small group his idea of a Vita Nuova, a Fellowship of the New Life. In October a society was formed, including Ramsay MacDonald. Then Davidson returned to America. On January 4, 1884, a section of this society, seeking to follow a practical path in the new life, founded the Fabian Society. The name was taken of course from Quintus Fabius Maximus Cunctator, and the idea was not to form a political party but to practise the policy of permeation.<sup>1</sup>

The early Fabians were Marxist and very confident of the truth of Marxism. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* led Philip Wicksteed to devote himself to a study of economics. When he came to evaluate Marx, he found him vulnerable. The Fabians challenged him to write a criticism of Marx. He accepted and in *To-Day*, the journal of the Fabians, for October 1884, appeared '*Das Kapital: a Criticism.*' The Fabians waited for one of their number to demolish the article, but no demolition appeared. Shaw was told that he must reply. On addressing himself to the task, he found that Wicksteed was right. In the January number of *To-Day*, 1885, Shaw's reply to Wicksteed appeared. In the April number was Wicksteed's rejoinder.

Shaw made Webb join the Fabian Society and Webb brought his fellow Civil Servant, Olivier; and Olivier, in turn, brought Graham Wallas. Shaw later drew attention to the fact that all the early Fabians were middle class: 'there were no illiterate working-men among them; there were no born-poor men.'

Wicksteed's rejoinder article led to Shaw joining the 'Economic Circle' presided over by Wicksteed—a group of men later recognized by the world as of outstanding ability. Graham Wallas wrote,

<sup>1</sup> The Fellowship of the New Life continued until 1898.

farther on in his life, 'Our interest in history and the constant stimulus of Shaw's insight and genius made us reject the Marxist interpretation.' This was a turning-point in history, for the Fabians became the most powerful influence in English Socialism and thus England came to adopt Fabian instead of Marxist Socialism. Shaw wrote late in life, 'It was I who was determined that Fabianism should be presented as entirely British. Marxism was being presented in a horrible jargon of dictionary-translated Hegel.'

In 1886 the Fabian Society debated the advisability of Socialists organizing a political party 'for the purpose of transferring into the hands of the whole working community full control over the soil and the means of production, as well as the production and distribution of wealth.' The Fabian Parliamentary League, organized as a result of this debate, forthwith produced a manifesto which contained the germ of Fabian policy as known later.

The Fabians formed a debating society called the Charing Cross Parliament, run in the forms of the House of Commons. In 1887 the 'Socialist Government' drew up a 'Queen's Speech,' containing the following proposed legislation:

conferring the municipal and parliamentary franchise on every adult man and woman in the kingdom; the payment from public funds of the expenses necessarily incident to the election and maintenance of members of the Imperial Parliament; giving to municipalities and other local authorities additional powers for acquiring land for the erection of workmen's dwellings; giving to local authorities extended powers to acquire and administer for the public benefit the monopolies now enjoyed by gas, water and tramway companies; the compulsory transfer of the railways of the kingdom to the State, with the provision against possible injustice to individual shareholders; to modify the present income tax so as to press cumulatively on the unearned incomes. Your attention will be drawn to the condition of prisons: the object of the improvements will be the abolition of the present mischievous and cruel penal usage and its replacement by a reformatory system designed to encourage habits of industry and self-respect in offenders. You will be asked to affirm the principle of providing for the aged and disabled by insurance. A bill for the amending of the Education Acts will be laid before you with the object of throwing the cost of education entirely upon public funds. An important clause will relate to the provision of one substantial meal a day for children in public schools. The withdrawal of troops from Egypt will be completed as rapidly as is consistent with the welfare and independence of that country.

The famous Fabian course of lectures on Socialism was given in 1888 and it is noteworthy that Marx was scarcely mentioned in

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them. In this year Keir Hardie's defeat in a bye-election in Mid-Lanark led to the formation of the Scottish Labour Party.

By the 1892 General Election the Fabians had foisted on the Liberal Party a scheme of social reform known as the Newcastle Programme. In June, Shaw published 'Fabian Election Manifesto, 1892.' He pleaded for 'a genuine working-class party, supported by working-class subscriptions':

The workers make greater sacrifices to support legions of publicans and bookmakers than free political institutions would cost them: there is no escaping the inference that they care more for drinking and gambling than freedom. The same workman who pleads want of education and opportunity as an excuse for not understanding politics is at no loss when the subject is football or racing or pigeon-flying or any subject, however complicated, that he really wants to understand. In politics he takes it for granted that all trouble and expense should be incurred for his sake by somebody else.

In the General Election Keir Hardie was made M.P. for South West Ham and this caused English Socialists to consider the formation of a Labour Party. (Hardie lived in London on £1 a week.) In January 1893 the Independent Labour Party was founded. The programme finally adopted by the conference was worded by Hardie and Shaw. In this year Blatchford in *Merrie England* proposed that the trade unions should form a party of their own financed by themselves. The Liberals repudiated the Newcastle Programme. This turned the Fabians still more towards a Labour Party in Parliament.

In 1896, for an International Socialist Workers' and Trade Union Congress, Shaw, on behalf of the Fabian Society, drew up a statement of policy. It contained the following:

The Fabian Society resolutely opposes all pretensions to hamper the socialization of industry with equal wages, equal hours of labour, equal official status or equal authority for everyone. Such conditions are not only impracticable but incompatible with the equality of subordination to the common interest which is fundamental in modern Socialism.

In 1896 Shaw published an article entitled 'The Illusions of Socialism.' In it he said:

We are completely dependent for eminent work on the free initiative of eminent men. . . . The dramatic illusion of Socialism is that which presents the working-class as a virtuous hero and heroine in the toils of a villain called 'the capitalist,' suffering terribly and struggling nobly, but with a happy ending for them, and a fearful retribution for the villain, in

full view before the fall of the curtain on a future of undisturbed bliss. In this dream the proletarian discovers somebody to love, to sympathize with, and to champion, whom he identifies with himself; and somebody to execrate and feel indignantly superior to, whom he can identify with the social tyranny from which he suffers. Socialism is thus presented on the platform exactly as life is presented on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre, quite falsely and conventionally, but in the only way in which the audience can be induced to take an interest in it.

Of this time Shaw wrote later:

Webb saw that the efforts made by Morris and Hyndman to organize the workers in new Socialist societies had failed as hopelessly as the earlier attempts of Owen and Marx, and that the Socialists must accept the forms of organization founded spontaneously by the workers themselves and make them fully conscious of this achievement of theirs by making its history and scope known to them. Hence the famous Webb *History of Trade Unionism*.

In 1900 the Labour Representative Committee was formed, its secretary being Ramsay MacDonald, and henceforward its national executive became the meeting-ground for representatives of the trade unions, the small Social Democratic Federation, the Fabian Society, and the small Independent Labour Party.

In the General Election of 1906 the Labour Representative Committee put up 51 candidates and 29 were elected. At the first meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party Keir Hardie was elected Chairman and at his desire every Labour M.P. pledged his honour that he would abstain from alcoholic drinks throughout the Parliamentary session. This pledge was renewed at the first party meeting of each session under Keir Hardie's leadership and was observed scrupulously.

Shaw and the Webbs came to be sadly disillusioned about the Labour Party. By 1913 Shaw was writing that it was the task of the Fabian Society

to detach the Socialists from the Labour Party, which is not a Socialist party but a Radical wing of the trade unions. The Labour Party is good in that it represents labour, but bad in that it represents poverty and ignorance and *anti-social in that it supports the producer against the consumer and the worker against the employer* instead of supporting the workers against the idlers. The Labour Party is also bad on account of its false democracy, which substitutes the mistrust, fear, and incapacity of the masses for genuine political talent, and which would make the people legislators instead of leaving them what they are at present, the judges of legislators.

In 1915, the year after the beginning of the First World War, Mrs Webb wrote in her diary:

There is a section of the working class who are slacking and drinking, who, like the army contractors, are making the country's need the opportunity for exactions. . . . The Labour and Socialist movement is not a pleasant atmosphere to live in. . . . Haldane did not look a physical wreck, but perpetual over-eating and over-smoking has no doubt dulled his intellect. We dined alone with him—a luxurious dinner. He had taken the pledge at the same time as the King and Kitchener: it was a consolation for the loss of office that he chose to think it was the Lord Chancellor who was bound, not Lord Haldane.

In 1915 Mrs Webb wrote in her diary:

The leading men of the Trades Union Congress have grown fatter in body and more dully complacent in mind than they were twenty years ago; the delegates have lost their keenness, the rebels of to-day don't get elected to Congress and the old hands know, from long experience, that it is more of an outing than a gathering for the transaction of working-class affairs. What the delegates enjoy is a joke, it matters not what sort of joke. Indignation, righteous or unrighteous, is felt to be out of place. . . . There is very little that is sinister or corrupt in the British trade unions, but there is appalling slackness, moral, intellectual, and practical.

In 1917 Mrs Webb wrote in her diary:

The trade union movement has become, like the hereditary peerage, an avenue to political power through which stupid, untrained persons may pass up to the highest office if only they have secured the suffrages of the members of a large mob. One wonders when able rascals will discover this open door to remunerative power.

In a series of articles that Shaw published in *The English Review* in 1917–18 he said:

All trade union experience shows that the doors of a trade or profession must not be guarded, either for entrance or exit, by the members inside. Limitation of output to keep up prices, limitation of apprentices to keep up wages or fees, specialization of qualification to keep out candidates of certain social classes and religious sects, fossilization of the curriculum to keep out new methods, abortions of new discoveries to fit them to obsolete conditions, deliberate persecution of original, independent, or critical individuals, and all the tricks by which moribund institutions and harassed competitive breadwinners struggle for life, are anti-social; and it should not be in the power of any sectional body, much less one pecuniarily interested in them, to enforce them by powers of expulsion and professional ruin. No man's livelihood and reputation, much less the progress of science, should be at the mercy of an irresponsible clique of autocrats.



In 1918 Mrs Webb wrote of a trade union conference in Paris:

The usual unpunctuality in starting and extreme punctuality in adjourning for the midday meal and tea. The British trade union representative will on no account be late for his meals or early for his meetings. Thorne, McGurk, and Bowerman spent most of their time in eating and drinking, enjoying the luxurious plenty of Paris. Disinherited and propertyless men and women are not specially moral and intelligent persons—not even the majority of them—they are just lower strata of average sensual men.

In 1921 Mrs Webb recorded that the funds of every trade union were fast disappearing, some of the wealthiest—e.g. the Steel Smelters—being bankrupt because of unemployment: yet

The leading trade union officials and Labour M.P.s were there with their wives living in expensive hotels at a fashionable seaside resort without any consciousness of the disparity between their lives and the circumstances of their members. My instinct is against the extra comfort, not to say luxury, which the Labour Party and T.U. Congress committees have at their annual conferences.

In 1922

The workmen's clubs were on the warpath in favour of cheap liquor, free from any kind of control. Lansbury says, 'What the ordinary workman wants is to be able to sit and booze at his club any day and at any time during the 24 hours.'

In 1924 came the first Labour Government and in 1926 the General Strike:

All the intellectuals who watched the G.C. and Miners' Executive during these days—Gillies, Tawney, Laski—made one observation: those 50 or 60 men who were directing the G.C. were living a thoroughly unwholesome life—smoking, drinking, eating wrong meals at wrong times, rushing about in motor-cars, getting little or no sleep and talking aimlessly. During the day before they called off the strike, the assembled executives were sitting in groups singing songs and telling stories enlivened by a plentiful supply of tobacco and alcohol. It is characteristic of Smellie that he left London for Scotland at the outbreak of war, the other miners on the G.C. being absent through illness. The miners were unrepresented on the G.C. throughout the 'nine days.' . . . In the strike it was the Russian trade unions, virtually the Soviet Government, who were the financial backers of the miners, contributing two thirds of the total relief funds—£600,000 out of the million raised in Great Britain and abroad.

The Labour Party is made up of fanatics, faddists, refined and self-effacing intellectuals, and the dull mediocrities of the trade union movement. In the Labour Party the trade unionists were submerged and there grew into prominence the old nineteenth-century governing class: Dalton, Mosley, Noel-Baker, Usher, the Lawrences (Susan and Pethick).

From at least 1926 Shaw was composing *The Apple Cart*. The Webbs had repeatedly asked him to write another political play, revealing politics on the inside, and there can be little doubt that Shaw was supplied, rather improperly, with inside information. In the play the Prime Minister was, of course, Ramsay MacDonald. Webb said, 'When things were difficult, MacDonald always had neuritis: he does really get neuritis, you know, just because he's worried.' *Boanerges* was based on John Burns and *Nicobar* on Harry Quelch, and the two women Cabinet Ministers on Susan Lawrence and Ellen Wilkinson.

In 1929 Shaw in an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* emphasized what, in his opinion, was wrong with the Labour Party:

Trade Unionism is itself a phase of Capitalism, inasmuch as it applies to labour as a commodity the principle of selling in the dearest market and giving as little as possible for the price. Its method is that of civil war. It aims at nothing more than Capitalism with labour taking the lion's share.

The second Labour Government was dominated by pacifism. 'From 1918 to 1939 the loathing of war was unquestionably the most powerful, the most general, and the most constant of political emotions,' wrote Professor Tawney. When the Labour Party passed into opposition, it continued to pin its faith to the League of Nations and disarmament, and consistently voted against re-armament.<sup>1</sup> When war came, they flocked to Winston Churchill, whose campaign for re-armament had received their most vicious opposition.

During the war, Ernest Bevin's Ministry of Labour was admitted by Churchill to be 'expensive.' By 1941—even in this early phase of the terrible war—a tidal wave of Utopianism swept over England. The superstition developed that we were paying for the war as we went along—we could find £13 million a day for war: we could have the money to do all we wanted in peace. We had solved the problem of production: there remained only the problem of distribution. Education from now on was to be education for leisure. The Army Bureau for Current Affairs through its bulletins conveyed to the forces that if, after the war, they wanted houses, better education, a better health service, bigger pensions, and so on, they had

<sup>1</sup> There are few cases of *volte face* and wisdom-after-the-event so outrageous as the Labour Party's clamour after the Second World War against the 'guilty men' who were responsible for the country not having been prepared for the war adequately.

only to vote for them. War taxation was on and could be kept on. After the victory on the Continent, what had been a crusade turned imperceptibly into striving to get the best billet, the best loot, and some sort of girl friend. A £40-million fraud on the British Government by British in Germany was treated by the 'responsible' minister as a joke.

One person who was not carried away was Bernard Shaw. In 1944 he wrote that a Socialist state can be as wicked as any other sort: state enterprises like railways had been allowed to fall into inefficiency by using their income to improve the condition of their operatives; that in Parliament members do not act on the merits of the case but by the desire to remain in power or get into power, remembering the risk of losing their seats and incurring heavy expenses and trouble.

In the 1945 General Election, of the 394 Labour M.Ps. more than 200 were Fabians. The Transport and General Workers' Union alone had 41 of its members as M.Ps.

The enthusiasm of the Labour victory did not blind Shaw to the fact that what was happening was the substitution of a plebeian Government by means of which the plunder went to the trade unions. In 1947 he attacked the Labour Party for establishing an oligarchy of trade unionists. Britain had not a Socialist but a trade-union Government.

In 1948 prominent members of the Labour Government were implicated by the Belcher revelations before the Lynskey tribunal.

In 1949 Labour leaders met at Shanklin to draw up a programme for the next General Election. The *Sunday Express* published in detail the order for drinks placed with the Shanklin Brewery. The bill amounted to £85, of which under £3 was for non-alcoholic drinks.

While the Labour Government was in power, Ernest Bevin boasted that he was not a teetotaller, that his drinking helped to pay for the war. Herbert Morrison was the guest of honour at a licensed trade banquet and expressed the hope that there would be continued good relations between the Government and the trade. Lewis Silkin attended a brewers' planning exhibition and indicated approval of a policy to give 'pride of place to public-houses.' Of Harold Wilson, 'it was not edifying to read of his exploits in drinking innumerable toasts with the Russians during his stay in Moscow

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and staving off insobriety by consuming plenty of fats.' Aneurin Bevan gave local authorities power to extend drinking facilities. John Strachey did the same for civic restaurants. Chuter Ede, although a lifelong teetotaler, was the first Home Secretary to attend a banquet of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Board. He promoted extension of drinking hours for cabarets and the like in London till 2.30 a.m. Hugh Dalton told undergraduates that he nearly became Foreign Secretary, and had he done so would have proceeded to get drunk with Molotov. D. R. Hardman said that adult education could be popularized by the provision of cakes and ale, and made it explicit that he meant alcoholic drinks. Stafford Cripps in his budget speech, expressing the hope that his action would bring about an increase in consumption, reduced by two shillings a bottle the duty on cheaper wines and took a penny off the pint of beer—while increasing the prices of meat, margarine, and a number of other foods. Keir Hardie had been forgotten and abandoned completely.<sup>1</sup>

Space is not available in which to show adequately how the Labour Party while in power failed. The ineptitude of their first two administrations is admitted by themselves. When they came into power after the last world war, they were swept off their feet by the notion that, because their two previous administrations had been condemned for doing nothing, they must now rush nationalization measures through. In order to induce dentists to enter the National Health service, fantastic fees were offered, but no allowances were made for skill or amenities for patients. No provision was made for dentists in the school service, so naturally they left for private practice. Here was a national health service beginning with neglect of the teeth of children! Medical men lost their freedom of choice of place-of-work and specialization.<sup>2</sup> Britain was alleged by the

<sup>1</sup> A Front Bench Labour M.P. arrives in his constituency in a handsome suit in a handsome car. He parks the car, changes into flannel trousers and sports coat, and travels in his constituency by bus.

<sup>2</sup> The President of the College of General Practitioners said publicly at the end of December 1956 that a 'feeling of frustration, disappointment, unhappiness, and even despondency' was to be found among the medical profession. 'So long as the health of the nation is used as a vote-catching instrument by the politicians, so long we, as doctors, must feel that we are mere pawns in the game of political chess.' 'Few of our colleagues, either in our own Dominions or in the United States, would accept the conditions under which we work to-day.' The medical profession disliked particularly

Labour Party to be bulging with coal—our one natural asset in raw materials, which, if exploited properly, would have given us great power in international bargaining as well as wealth. Yet the nationalized miners promised repeatedly and did not perform, and refused to allow foreign labour to get the coal they would not. We remember the breakdowns in the electricity service under the Labour Government. The major result of that Government was the handing over of a large part of the control of the finances of the country to monopoly trade unions. The trade union free-for-all produced inflation which goes on and will go on.

When, in Opposition, Attlee resigned the leadership of the party, Morrison was passed over with appalling lack of gratitude for his great services to the party, and members flocked to Gaitskell, willing to sacrifice principle and the national interest for the policy of attacking the Government at all costs. The Labour Party conference which followed remained true to its modern form, thronging the cafés and interested only in the big party issues. As Lord Grantchester said in the House of Lords, the decision taken by the Labour Party at Blackpool not to co-operate in foreign policy was the most unpatriotic act of our time. (By it, incidentally, they forfeited the right to be consulted over the Suez crisis.) One member had the courage to draw attention to the party's loss of idealism.

When the Suez crisis developed, the Labour M.Ps. succumbed to party hysteria—'ambition, distraction, uglification, and derision' with 'reeling and writhing.' The Mother of Parliaments became a bear-garden with a howling, jeering mob that would not listen and showed not the slightest forbearance with ministers under the greatest strain.

Contrast the present foreign policy of the Labour Party with *Fabianism and the Empire*, 1900:

The notion that a nation has the right to do what it pleases with its own territory without reference to the interests of the rest of the world, is no more tenable than the notion that a landlord has the right to do what he likes with his estate without reference to the interests of his neighbours. . . . The value of a State to the world lies in the quality of

'the political appeal to the cupidity of the public' and the capitation method of payment. 'Each year since the inception of the National Health service more money is poured into it, and each year more money is expended in sickness benefit, and each year more working hours are lost through illness.' *The Times*, 1956, Dec. 31.

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its civilization. . . . There is therefore no question of steam-rolling little states because they are little, any more than of their maintenance in deference to romantic nationalism. The State which obstructs international civilization will have to go, be it big or little. That which advances it should be defended by all the Western powers.

Throughout the Suez crisis the Labour Party persisted, in season and out of season, in insinuating that the Government had been in collusion with Israel in its invasion of the Sinai peninsula, utterly reckless of all that was implied. What had happened was that Britain and France had known that Israel was about to attack. Britain announced at the time that if Jordan were attacked, she would support her. Britain and France conferred as to joint action if Israel attacked. When the dust of the Suez crisis subsided, it became clear that the Labour Party (supported, unhappily, by some clerics, historians, and leading newspapers) had been pursuing a mare's nest.

The leader of the Labour Party has said that its policy is that this country shall obey whatever the United Nations by majority decide. The United Nations Assembly was attended by representatives of 79 countries. Of these the Afro-Asians numbered 26, Latin-Americans 19, Communists 10, i.e. these groups together numbered 55 and the rest 24. The United Nations organization is a hot-bed of intrigue and 'deal'—'We will support you in this if you will support us in that.'

The Labour Party is ready at all times to call for money to be given to Tom, Dick, and Harry, anywhere. Underdeveloped countries are cited as requiring capital for their development. If capitalists respond, they are denounced as exploiters, blood-suckers, colonialists, and presently their property is seized and they are extruded. The Labour Party advocates that capital should be provided for underdeveloped countries by our State, ignoring the facts that our State has been and would be treated in the same way, that a higher standard of living is followed by increase in population without adequate increase in food production, and that working people at home will not abate their demands for higher wages in order to carry out such schemes.

R. F. RATTRAY

## SCIENCE FICTION: PAST AND PRESENT

CONTRARY to the general belief science fiction did not begin with H. G. Wells. There were others before him; and if we take science fiction to mean in its widest terms the imaginative treatment of the material that science offers the creative writer, then the roots of this branch of our national literature reach back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Even at that period, before the novel had been launched on its course, there were writers who found it convenient to employ current scientific theories for the purposes of their fiction. One can see a rudimentary form of this in the example of Bishop Godwin. In 1638 he sought to give an air of realism to his Utopian tale, *The Man in the Moone*, by using contemporary theories to explain how it was possible for a flock of specially trained geese to transport his hero, Domingo Gonsales, to the moon. Similarly, a century later, Swift made use of mathematics and physics in *Gulliver's Travels*, where the grotesque characters of the third voyage and the mechanics of the flying island of Laputa foreshadow a comparable development of scientific information in Wells's *Island of Dr Moreau* and *The Time Machine*.

But examples of this kind are rare before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Literature had to wait until science had quickened the imagination of writers, until applied science had by the evidence of its own progress taught men to look ahead and anticipate the shape of things to come. In this way science and the typically nineteenth-century idea of progress combined to give shape to those forecasts of the future that began to appear at intervals between 1800 and 1870. In all of them the scientific element was secondary to the central purpose of writers who used science either to give a suitable background to their tales of to-morrow or to describe the technical improvements that would surely follow on the application of their Utopian theories. In fact, it was not until the last decade of the nineteenth century that the true scientific romance emerged, in which social purpose—Utopian or satirical—scarcely appears and everything turns on the imaginative development of possibilities suggested by contemporary scientific knowledge.

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There is a quaint, melancholic air about the earliest specimens of science fiction; they all expect great advances in the future and they are all convinced that scientific progress spells social perfection. The first suggestion of better things to come appears in an anonymous novel of 1806, *The Last Man*. The writer describes a future civilization which has abandoned war and has 'marched forward with great strides on the road to perfection'; it is a scientific epoch in which 'the profound improvements in medical science' have created the Malthusian nightmare of an overpopulated world. This theme of a doomed world was a favourite horror story of the Romantic period; and it is not, therefore, surprising to find that in 1826 Mary Shelley brought out a variation on the theme, also entitled *The Last Man*. She had already used science of a sort in the creation of the monster in *Frankenstein*; and in her second novel she returns to science for the description of an ideal Britain of the twenty-first century, when the last monarch of the House of Windsor has abdicated in favour of 'a perfect system of republican government.' But here, as in most of these early stories, her future world is not essentially modified by the impact of science upon society: steam-driven balloons and vast canals exist in a world of old-fashioned infantry tactics and Godwinian economics. Other writers of the eighteen-twenties were more alive to the possibilities of material change. The author of *A Hundred Years Hence* expects that by the twentieth century the invention of the 'Gurney Steam Carriage' and the 'Gas Kite' will have made it possible to cover Britain in a day or go by air from Liverpool to Bordeaux in three days.

The most interesting of these early forecasts is a remarkable romance of 1827, *The Mummy*. Throughout the novel the wonders of science are at the service of man. There is scarcely an aspect of life in the twenty-first century that is not improved by invention: farmers cut their hay with 'a steam mowing-apparatus'; if the weather does not please, they turn on the 'electrical rain-making gear'; engineers use 'steam digging-machines,' and balloons propelled by quick-silver vapour carry travellers to a height of seventeen miles. In the image of the industrial revolution man has conquered nature. Proof of this can be seen in Egypt: 'no longer did the moving sands of the Desert rise in mighty waves, threatening to overwhelm the wayworn traveller; macadamized turnpike roads

supplied their place, over which post-chaises with anti-attributed wheels bowled at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Steam boats glided down the canals and furnaces raised their smoky heads amidst groves of palm trees.'

Similar stories appeared at intervals in every decade up to 1870, when the first great flood of futuristic novels began. As a knowledge of science became more general and the technical advance of Victorian Britain went on accelerating, the scientific content of these stories had steadily expanded until by the eighteen-seventies it had come to dominate accounts of perfect industrialized worlds of the future. In this field the 'seventies and 'eighties represent the supreme level of Victorian optimism. Forecasts of the future now begin to appear almost every year. Most of their authors had, like Tennyson in *Locksley Hall*, 'dip into the future, far as human eye could see,' and they had been delighted with 'the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.' At times the excitement of anticipation becomes almost delirious. In 1874 the author of *The Annals of the Twenty-Ninth Century* saluted science as the key to all problems: 'All hail, oh Science! Thou art the unpublished appendix to our Bible. Thy teachings are the elucidations of a Gospel, written in Nature's hieroglyphics.' The new world is all that the most progressively-minded Victorian could desire. Science has totally transformed man's control of his environment: rocket balloons have reached the moon; the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, and Jupiter are in communication with the earth; and wireless—in the form of 'auroscopes'—brings 'the hum of the waves in the South Seas and the singing of birds in Australia' to the ears of the world.

There is no limit to the often fantastic uses these writers find for their knowledge of science. Trollope in one of his poorest novels, *The Fixed Period*, imagines a time when cricket is played over vast distances by means of steam bowlers, catapults, and mechanical catchers; an Irish M.P., John Francis Maguire, in *The Next Generation*, foresees coal-fired balloons, explosive bullets, and a Channel Tunnel; Edward Maitland, a notorious religious crank, in *By and By*, writes of 'aeromotives' powered by a 'rocket spiral-system,' a smog-free London, and a Sahara made fertile by a vast irrigation project; and Percy Greg in *Across the Zodiac* becomes the first English writer to give a reasonable account of a journey through space. He reaches Mars by means of what is apparently an antici-

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pation of atomic energy; his space-ship, 'which somewhat resembled the form of an antique East-Indiaman,' is driven by 'a repulsive force in the atomic sphere.' A generation before Wells's *First Men in the Moon* appeared, this writer is already giving a satisfactory account of the problems of air supply, gravity, meteors, and inter-planetary navigation.

But all these anticipations are trifling in comparison with the sweep of William Delisle Hay's imagination in *Three Hundred Years Hence*. He describes a world state in which the growth of population has forced the world citizens to abandon the land for 'Cities of the Sea' that float upon the waves. In the search for food science has invented the 'earth-boring basilico-magnetic machine,' which tunnels beneath the Hindu Kush to bring the waters of the Caspian to the barren areas of Turkestan; vast submarine farms cultivate new forms of sea food; and the heat of the earth's centre has been tapped so that bananas grow in Iceland and maize in Greenland. One part of Hay's vision is terrifying. He relates how the principle of natural selection sanctioned the extermination of 'the inferior races' in the name of a false doctrine of racial supremacy. With Hitlerian indifference he explains that 'the duty of a rising race is either to absorb or to crush out of existence those with which it comes in contact, in order that the fittest may eventually survive.' And so a general slaughter of the 'Black and Yellow races' takes place in order to make the world safe for the 'Caucasians.'

These references to natural selection indicate the appearance of a Darwinian element in science fiction. Before 1870 the idea of change had been strictly technological, but by the 'seventies Darwinian theories had fused with the older idea of progress. The new writers, like William Delisle Hay, evidently convinced of a vast sequence of development from primeval slime to Victorian man, expected the process to go on without interruption into the future they endeavoured to foresee. By revealing the mechanics of evolution in his *Origin of Species*, Darwin had encouraged his contemporaries to imagine the direction the future might take. The effects of his doctrine are apparent in the frequent appearance of Darwinian themes in science fiction after 1870. For example, evolutionary ideas dominate Bulwer Lytton's remarkable book, *The Coming Race*. This story of the highly advanced civilization of the subterranean Vril-ya is pure Darwinism. As Lytton told his friend, John

Forster, the point of the book was 'the Darwinian proposition that a coming race is destined to supplant our races, that such a race would be very gradually formed, and be indeed a new species developing itself out of our old one.' And Lytton illustrates the point by sending his narrator countless miles beneath the earth's surface to discover the powerful Vril-ya. There, with the cold, dispassionate interest of the true scientist, which anticipates the methods of Wells's *Time Traveller*, he explains the origin of the Vril-ya by precise references to Faraday on magnetism, Lyell on geology, and Max Müller on the development of languages.

This application of evolutionary ideas ranges from the extremes of progressive improvement in Bulwer Lytton and Hay to W. H. Hudson's charming but curious evolutionary myth of a remote future period, *A Crystal Age*. This imagines that humanity has evolved through innumerable generations into an almost sexless race in which reproduction is limited to specially selected couples. The most vivid and convincing use of Darwinian ideas, however, appears in *The Time Machine*. This was Wells's first novel and it made an immediate reputation for the then unknown author when it appeared in serial form in 1894. The idea of evolution provides the framework of the story, as the *Time Traveller*'s investigations in 'the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One' bring him to an understanding of how the effete Eloi and the terrible Morlocks had sprung from social division and a consequent divergent development. The trained, scientific mind of the *Time Traveller* observes the new species of plants; he notes the changes in environment, as a result of which he concludes that 'horses, cattle, sheep, dogs had followed the Ichthyosaurus into extinction.' Wells is, in fact, the chief exponent of Darwinism in the course of science fiction, for the idea of future biological change runs through many of his tales of the future, where the notion of aiding the process of natural selection by encouraging the eugenically sound is a favourite device in his Utopias.

From the eighteen-seventies, therefore, science fiction depended very largely on the new fusion of Darwinian and progressive ideas, a union that lasted up to the outbreak of the First World War. After 1918 progressive and evolutionary ideas cease to be complementary; a new idea of human retrogression appears, which is illustrated by many tales of future mental or physical decay. The most

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striking reversal of the old values is to be found in Huxley's *Brave New World*. There the reader can note the irony by which progressive and evolutionary ideas have together produced a loathsome world of mass-produced, perfectly adapted, but scarcely human citizens. A Second World War has widened the split in the old alliance between evolution and progress. Scientific romances are now appearing that look forward to a time when nature, tired of so unsatisfactory an instrument as *homo sapiens*, has rejected him in favour of a new race of rational animals or even rational plants.

With the coming of the 'nineties and the appearance of H. G. Wells the scientific romance proper began; science fiction—for the sake of the fiction and not for any wider social purpose—started on the career that still shows no signs of slackening to-day. Stories of future wars, of coming perils, and of space voyages began to appear in dozens every year. Many of them were crude, violent tales from journalists who had perceived the profits to be made by writing for the new literate masses of the Education Acts. There were several accounts of planetary journeys like *Fifteen Hundred Miles an Hour*, which describes a trip to Mars in 'an air carriage propelled by electricity.' There were numerous tales of secret groups that employed scientific inventions against society. George Griffith, a popular journalist of the period, was most prolific in this field. An early book of his, *The Angel of the Revolution*, relates how a fantastic secret international society, The Terror, destroys 'the vile autocracy of the Tsar' by attacking Moscow with a fleet of airships armed with devastating compressed-air guns.

One of the most remarkable tales of this period came from Robert Cromie, another successful journalist. His story, *The Crack of Doom*, although quite forgotten to-day, is as exciting as anything Wells ever wrote. The central character is a demon scientist who has sworn to destroy the world. His plan for 'the reduction of the solar system to its elemental ether' reveals an extraordinary piece of scientific guesswork, since Cromie's villain uses atomic energy in his attempt to wipe out the world. Before the Curies had made their revolutionary discoveries, which started off the process of modern atomic discovery, Cromie's villainous scientist already knew that 'one grain of matter contains enough energy, if etherized, to raise one hundred thousand tons nearly two miles.' The misanthropic scientist demonstrates his discovery by destroying a French fishing

fleet. The description anticipates the Bikini explosion by half a century:

'You will hear the explosion in ten seconds' . . . Then the sea behind us burst into a flame, followed by the sound of an explosion so frightful that we were almost stunned by it. A huge mass of water, torn into a solid block, was hurled into the air and there it broke into a hundred roaring cataracts. These fell into the raging cauldron that seethed below. The French fishing fleet had disappeared.

Very few of these stories, however, could compare in quality or imaginative power with the scientific romances Wells was producing in quick succession between the *Time Machine* of 1894 and *The First Men in the Moon* of 1901. He is beyond all doubt the father of the modern scientific romance; for he took the form as it was emerging in the 'nineties and gave it the shape we know to-day. He was able to do this because in him a vivid and unusually abundant imagination coincided with a scientific education. Together these produced a prodigious number of novels and short stories in which the most abstract and remote facts of science were made interesting and exciting for the lay reader. His great gift was the knack of handling the seemingly stiff and unpromising material of science. This he achieved by perpetually breaking down scientific ideas and reshaping them in terms of human life and activity. A strict logic dominates all his stories. Out of the latest ideas about time, space, astronomy, or human evolution he designs perfectly consistent worlds in which the extraordinary Selenites of *The First Men in the Moon* appear more real than their human discoverers, and the enormous wasps and rats seem the natural result of the 'food of the gods.' He always keeps his imagination strictly to the plot. In *The War of the Worlds*, for instance, every item of the Martians' strange equipment is relevant to the story, is invariably shown in action, and is always seen through the eyes of the narrator who is at the heart of the disaster. Indeed, in that novel Wells established the prototype of the modern myth of a world disaster. All the futuristic novels of this kind (*Nordenholt's Million* and *The Day of the Triffids*, for example) clearly reveal the pattern first traced by Wells. Whether the enemy is from outside the earth, as in *When the Kraken Wakes*, or it is a terrestrial danger that threatens, as in *Nordenholt's Million*, one can observe the Wellsian devices of a central narrator, the scientific explanation of the peril and the sudden ending of the catas-

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trophe with the hint of happiness to come. All the abler writers have clearly learnt from Wells, for he taught them how to tame the magic material of science by strictly limiting the improbabilities—a point that writers in this field ignore at their peril. In each of his stories there is only one major improbability: the construction of a time machine, the invention of the anti-gravitational Carvorite, the invisible man. Once the impossible has been established by appropriate references to science, then the rest follows naturally and easily. It is no wonder Arnold Bennett claimed that 'no future novelist will be able to fudge science now that Wells has shown us how it can be done without fudging.'

By the beginning of the twentieth century Wells had turned to the task of designing perfect world states. By that time he had become, he says, 'less and less interested in the artistic business of making the tale plausible and more and more in the scientific problem of making it probable.' At the same time the great outpouring of scientific romances came to a sudden end. Numbers drop to a handful; and the stories are generally poor, either full of the preposterous inventions to be found in *Through the Sun in an Airship*, or more often they borrow from Wells, like the author of *The Polyphemes*, who changes the Martian invasion of earth into an attack by a race of rational ants. Between 1918 and 1939 the stock of the scientific romance sank even lower. The few stories that appeared were for the most part strongly purposive. In the 'twenties the post-war dismay is reflected in forecasts of a return to a state of barbarism given in *Lest Ye Die* and *The Collapse of Homo Sapiens*. Stories like *Nordenholt's Million* and *The Time Journey of Dr Barton*, which kept to the Wellsian pattern, were rare. Indeed, the old interest in science as a source of adventure and wonder was dead. For the new writers, especially in the 'thirties, science meant either the perils described in *The Gas War of 1940*, *Invasion from the Air*, *Menace*, and *The Day of Wrath* or the inhuman super-state of *Brave New World*.

To-day the scientific romance is at the peak of its career; a new flood far greater than anything seen in the 'nineties pours from the presses every month. This began immediately after the war with magazines and cheap paper-back novels; by 1949 scientific romances of the future were appearing in large numbers, and by 1954 they had become a minor publishing industry, helped by large



importations of American titles. Since 1954, when fifteen science fiction magazines were appearing regularly, the boom in periodical production has declined. By the end of 1955 the number of these magazines still in circulation had dropped to six and the supply of American literature had virtually dried up. There is, however, no sign so far of any slackening in the production of science fiction novels. The annual catalogues give hundreds of new titles and it seems to be the fashion for most publishers to include some of them in their lists.

The two principal phases of the scientific romance, in the 'nineties and at the present time, have several striking similarities that suggest reasons for the popularity of this type of fiction to-day. Both phases coincide with a period of international crisis; they both coincide with periods that show a general realization of scientific progress and of the prospect of immense future developments in applied science; and they both exhibit a literature of extremes. In the 'nineties the grave fears caused by the policies of France and Russia produced a series of novels about coming attacks upon Great Britain, just as the political anxieties of our own time are reflected in many accounts of a regimented or atomized world of the future, best examined in Orwell's *1984* and Huxley's *Ape and Essence*. Again, the 'nineties produced many writers like Wells who in their romances tapped the accumulated scientific information of half a century. It is remarkable how this situation has been reproduced in the mid-twentieth century. The new writers have again drawn on the most recent advances in science to describe worlds that owe everything to recent developments in biology, like *The Death of Grass* and *The Day of the Triffids*; in psychology, like Gerald Heard's *The Doppelgangers*; in atomic energy, like so many tales of space travel and atomic warfare. The evidence, then and now, shows that the scientific romance is generally either catastrophic or millennial. And so it has to be; for, committed of its very nature to producing a world totally different from the world of the reader and deriving its matter from the potentialities of science, the scientific romance naturally becomes a tale of the marvellous. This can only be found at the extremes of disaster or perfection.

Judged by its two periods of maximum activity, the scientific romance seems to be the natural literary product of a time of crisis. Thus, Wells's gloomy forecasts in *The Time Machine* and *When the*

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*Sleeper Wakes*, so typical of the anxieties of the 'nineties, are to-day repeated in numerous accounts of the disasters in store for us. The authors of *The Great Calamity*, *Late Final*, and *The Purple Twilight* are only a few of the many who demonstrate the terrible consequences of atomic warfare; and Margot Bennet in *The Long Way Back* is typical of many more who hold up for our instruction the picture of the future with its warnings of pulverized cities, mutated horses, savage dogs, and barbaric tribes. Utopia has largely vanished; happiness no longer flowers in some future period out of seed sown in the present, as the Wellsian convention had it. The ideal world is now beyond the reach of man. In *The Other Side of the Sun*, for instance, perfection exists—on a planet beyond the sun. More ominously than this in *Doctor Zil's Experiment* man has yielded his supremacy to a race of rational plants—intelligent and mobile Yuccas—who are all that man hoped to be in his better moments. The shades of the prison house are closing in upon the human race, it seems; and the feeling behind many of these scientific romances recalls the verse of Huxley in *Ape and Essence*:

The leech's kiss, the squid's embrace,  
The prurient ape's defiling touch;  
And do you like the human race?  
No, not much.

The other branch of contemporary science fiction, which deals in space travel, reinforces the impression of crisis by the complete absence of any reference to current problems. These innumerable tales of interplanetary adventure create a fantastic world of the future in which world communism and the rise of Asiatic nationalism have been forgotten. The circumstances of our world to-day change to the comforting pattern of a new age of discovery, as vast machines containing thousands of men journey through limitless space and the White Man—especially *Homo americanus*—is for ever triumphant, for ever dominant in a world that knows no problems or perils that cannot be overcome. Many of these stories offer man his heart's desire far away in the galaxies: peace, prosperity, uncomplicated adventure, and perpetual wonder. This literature is in the main a modern version of the old imaginary voyage; the fascinations of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Coral Island* are translated into twentieth-century idiom to give the citizens of the managerial state a sense of personal adventure. Many of the stories

read like a nightmare by Zane Grey out of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The cowboys of the expanding western frontier now thunder through the interstellar ranges of the galaxies. What they find has little to do with science, although the fantastic creatures of a writer's imagination are often presented with all the minutiae of an absurd pseudo-scientific jargon.

At their best these stories of space travel are sometimes significant and often diverting. They delight the reader by introducing him to worlds of pure imagination in which all prospects please and man knows no final anguish. Although the authors like to warn their readers that 'the opinions expressed are not those of the writer,' the sameness of the adventure themes and the marked absence of any real political or human problems reveal the element of wish-fulfilment that runs through most of them. The novel *Prelude to Space* ends on a note of liberation common to this type of fiction. For a moment the real world and its problems have been left behind, as the great ships set off for the planets:

Once more the proud ships were sailing for unknown lands, bearing the seeds of new civilizations which in the ages to come would surpass the old. The rush to the new worlds would destroy the suffocating restraints which had poisoned almost half the century. The barriers had been broken, and men could turn their energies outwards to the stars instead of striving amongst themselves. Out of the fears and miseries of the Second Dark Age, drawing free—oh, might it be forever!—from the shadows of Belsen and Hiroshima, the world was moving towards its most splendid sunrise.

It will be interesting to see if the present popularity of science fiction will decline in the future. The first phase of development ended abruptly when Edwardian optimism replaced the anxieties of the 'nineties with a new mood of security, prosperity, and a certainty that mankind had entered upon an unprecedented period of peaceful progress. For this reason a reviewer welcomed Wells's first Utopias as a sign that he had turned his back on the past and was 'no longer content with such hasty visions of the coming race as he has given us in those terribly pessimistic tales of *The Time Machine* and *When the Sleeper Wakes*.' Will our reviewers one day be able to welcome a similar change of mood in contemporary writers?

I. F. CLARKE

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## THE ROMAN ANCESTRY OF EUROPE

PERHAPS ancestors are altogether out of fashion now. Until quite recently they were still unduly idealized. When André Gide went to French Equatorial Africa, or for that matter when I went there some ten years after him, little black boys had to recite the school-book phrase about the 'mother-country,' '*nos ancêtres les Gaulois*.' In my country when I was a boy, little boys—Slovaks, Wallachians, Jews, or Germans by origin—had to learn that their ancestors were the Huns of Attila, who, for all we know, were not even the ancestors of the Magyar Hungarians. The aristocratic era was very modest; four generations of Catholic and noble ancestors were sufficient to make a Chamberlain to the Pope, to the Emperor-King, or to the Catholic, or the Most Christian, or the Most Faithful Majesty, as the case might be. The early democracy of the last century was not satisfied with so little. Whole nations had to have some great people for ancestor—Celts, Germans, Slavs, or Huns—in the case of some nations even Romans, notwithstanding the fact that those who claimed Roman ancestry were either descendants of people who had been conquered by the Romans, or else people who had succeeded in appropriating the property of deceased Romans. And while Court Chamberlains in the past only had to prove that their thirty-two known ancestors were duly baptized and eligible for public distinction, it was now the fashion to prove that obscure and practically unknown ancestors were handsome, blond, blue-eyed, and what not! We know now to what madness this ancestral mania led the most patent of plebeians in certain countries.

A reaction was bound to set in. A more sober and dry tendency wished to proscribe history and especially classics in the schools of other countries, lest such romantic ancestry should put queer ideas into boys' heads. This is no less an error and an exaggeration. The right way to fight queer ideas concerning ancestry is to inculcate true ideas concerning spiritual ancestry. Man will not, and cannot, live only in the present. Those who claim to live for the future invent a mythical ancestry which fits their dreams; it is forgotten that the whole pattern of Communism originates in the books

of Friedrich Engels who, relying on the evidence of some English and American travellers about primitive races, especially on the theories of Lewis H. Morgan concerning America before its discovery, which appeared in 1879, believed that there was once an ancestral Communism which will return at the end of the historical cycle in an improved form, as soon as the state 'has withered away.' The choice before us lies between uncertain biological ancestry and a positive spiritual one. It is one which can be more easily proved.

Every modern nation has a spiritual ancestor who can be found in Roman literature.

Tacitus seems to me to be the Englishman among the Romans. He is an aristocrat who looks down upon his fellow-men with an admixture of contempt and compassion. He is a member of the governing class, but he does not bother about office and power unless he can obtain them without violating his personal taste and independence, which assume the supreme dignity of a moral sense in his eyes, although he is anything but a moralist or a philosopher. He is a cultured gentleman, not a learned professional scholar. He has a flair, even a genius for portraiture. He needs nothing more than an anecdote on which to build a perfect portrait. The analysis of a policy would lead him to theory and abstraction, and he has a horror of such things. He thinks strange people are savages, but he is fair to them and sees their future with some amount of optimism, for he puts their sense of liberty above their shortcomings. He can be cool, dispassionate, and even humorous while he is recounting horrors. He is dramatic, but without tirades or theatricalities. He never tires of making a study of character, for this *blasé* aristocrat is deeply interested in human nature, and although cynical on occasion, he preserves a fair sympathy for his fellow humans. With all his rigour, he is never ill-tempered, still less ill-mannered. No matter with how much blood, poison, treachery, and fratricidal crime the throne of the Cæsars was stained in the past, he is perfectly loyal to a decent Cæsar like Trajan, even devoted to him; as his own political leader, he prefers a man of honour, culture, and decency, such as Agricola, to any man of genius or high inspiration or deep learning. He is inclined to think his own day better than the blood-stained past, but like all satirically inclined temperaments, he is also inclined to praise the

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One can well imagine Tacitus as an eminent Victorian who, after writing a few books decrying the scandals of the Regency period, would then thunder against Radicals and Progressives, who would enjoy a poem like Kipling's 'Lest We Forget' and support Disraeli in Parliament to please Queen Victoria, although feeling temperamentally more akin to Palmerston. One can visualize him as a Cabinet Minister in his old age, after a long career as a literary gentleman, in Mr Asquith's first War Cabinet. He would almost certainly have hated the Kaiser's Germany. In the last century and at the beginning of this one, drunkenness and carelessness, combined with a passion for liberty such as he liked, could have been found in England, but not in Germany. If this first of literary gentlemen had been the last of the species, he would have had no patience with Wilhelm II's specialist scholars. It is a little more difficult to visualize Tacitus in our own day. He would perhaps be something of Algernon Cecil, Sir Osbert Sitwell, Douglas Reed, and Lord Holden combined, plus a superiority of his own. His description of the Jews shows that his approach to the Jewish question would have been discerning and intelligent, although not particularly sympathetic, and in the light of this understanding he would have hated and despised vulgar antisemitism and Hitler. As regards America, he would profess an ironical contempt, mixed with admiration and confidence, as he did for the Germans of his own time. One can easily see Tacitus in any of the 'fourteen generations' which separate contemporary England from Cardinal Wolsey, but it is difficult to see how he could fit into future generations of England. He was the first literary gentleman and amateur politician. Will this great species survive after our time? Will England become the country of professional administrators and professional scholars? If so, she will lose a great Roman ancestor of her genius.

If Tacitus was the Englishman, Horace was the German. He believes in enthusiasm for its own sake, not for any particular cause. He is not in love with one particular woman, as Catullus was with Lesbia, he likes love and lovers, and he likes wine because wine induces enthusiasm. Meanwhile enthusiasm, not to mention drunkenness, makes him didactic. He teaches poetry, the imagination, pleasure, and drunkenness. He is one of the better Germans no doubt; he is nearer to Goethe than to Schiller, for he never lacks

proportion or good taste, but all the same he is a German amongst the Romans. He never tells a story, he comments upon it. He never has a pleasure, he meditates upon pleasure. He is not in love, he expounds an erotic philosophy. He is a good craftsman, but sometimes facile, especially when he claims to be profound. His politics consist of second-hand platitudes, without personal likes or dislikes such as govern the politics of Tacitus. Unpolitical as he is, he is glad to find an opportunity for rhetorics in politics: '*O navis, referent . . .*' and succeeds in turning it into a good song—a splendid one to quote.

He has a sense for symbols and images, yet his chief talent appears in his musical metres. Very likely he was a good amateur musician, as so many Germans are; his versification seems to suggest such a talent. The emphasis is always on emotion, although occasionally the emotion is spoilt by rhetorical theorizing. Sentiment makes him egotistic.

Tacitus is elegant in his neglect and carelessness. Horace is careful in his studied exuberance and extravagance. Tacitus is soberly dramatic when he suppresses something; Horace is theatrical when he expresses something. One can visualize Horace as a contemporary of Goethe and a travelling companion of Stolberg. A journey through Switzerland and Italy would have inspired him with fine poems like the one he wrote on the Soracte hill. 1813 would have inspired him to write odes *Ad Rem Publicam*. He would easily have found a rich patron among the German Princes. His heavy sort of irony would not have offended them. His natural background would have been the Ducal Court in a minor German state. Bismarck liked Horace, however much he would have clashed with such a background; Horace is the poet for country squires. One visualizes Horace under Wilhelm II as a grumbling old country squire of the conservative opposition, harsh and biting as he writes of the elegant male and female *cocottes* of the Berlin Court of Bülow, Eilenburg, and their species. Of such he said:

Ulla si iuris tibi peierati  
Poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam  
Dente si nigro fieres vel uno  
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In the Weimar period, Horace would have conformed to the Republic and under Hitler he would have withdrawn to a quiet and

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idyllic country life. While there is a certain republican virtue in the firm conservative and aristocratic leanings of Tacitus, Horace, who is enthusiastic for authority and the monarchy, can easily be mistaken for a republican and indeed he often has been. There is little republican virtue in Horace's love of simplicity. He exalts it:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,  
Paterna rura bobus suis exercet.

The Frenchman among the Romans was Vergil. He is the great rational mystic. His pagan theology is complete, his expression of it is perfect. He has a sense of suppressed tragedy which he reduces to allusion. Knowing the divine mysteries, he remains sober, rational and human, free of ecstasy. He extenuates Homer, turning the loud Homeric laughter into a subtle smile. He combines an all-round erudition with an unfailing sense of form, which moderates and controls his emotions and his enthusiasm, which are however deep. Sometimes he is over-inclined to splendour and exhibition, but his good taste and sense of form intervene and save him in time. In the *Grand Siècle* Vergil would have been Racine. In the nineteenth century, he would have written Stendhal's sober prose and perhaps the *Odes et Ballades* and *Les Orientales* of Hugo, but hardly the rest. In our own century, he would be a Christian philosopher and would write Georgics to praise the immortal virtue of the soil and the honest tiller of the fields. He would be a superior Péguy, a bard of gods, shepherds, and heroes.

The Italians among the Romans are Ovid and Cicero. Ovid is the poet of charming but facile verses, rich in knowledge but not very profound, erotic rather than passionate or emotional. His wit and his humour are those of a child, his very cynicism is unsophisticated and innocent, almost naïve. His attempt at self-dramatization in exile is neither plausible nor convincing. With all these shortcomings, he is a perfect craftsman, always enjoyable but somewhat over-studied and over-conscious; unlike Vergil or Horace, he leaves little room for unexpected developments in his style.

Cicero is, however, the true father of Italian style and character. He is at his best a universal humanist. He touched upon every branch of learning possible in his time. He has a genius for cataloguing. His thought is eclectic; he added little that is new to any art, but he made the technique of presentation a supreme art. He

seizes avidly upon any subject which lends itself to ornament and decoration and his own personality is also ornamental and decorative. He held high offices in the state, but he is not a statesman. Politics mean just one more opportunity for ornamentation, both of himself and of any dramatic situation in the national life with which his name may be connected. He is egocentric with a good conscience, almost without noticing it. His aim, much like Horace's, was harmony, comfort, and stability, and he is angry with anyone who dares to disturb such things. Ultimately he falls a victim to men of stronger wills and stronger aims, but not without a tragic protest, which may seem more comic than tragic to others. With all this, he remains a man of honour, a highly entertaining author gifted with personal charm, and, despite his egoism and vanity, a most agreeable and sometimes even an indispensable companion to anyone needing intellectual refreshment. At certain moments it is impossible not to be repelled by him, at others impossible not to like him. His weakest side is his lack of proportion.

Tacitus gives a full portrait of a man in half a sentence and tells a tragedy worthy of five acts in two or three sentences. Cicero makes several speeches for or against a man and in the end we know next to nothing about him; we only know that Cicero has had one more opportunity to be eloquent. A good man is colourless, a bad man is the conventional monster—except in the case of Catilina, a recurrent character in the history of nations, who was first made plausible by Cicero, although he may have exaggerated, as Victor Hugo did in the case of Napoleon III. Yet the linguistic construction is so perfect, the vocabulary so rich, that the content is redeemed, even at its shallowest.

Cicero could have played many parts in modern Italy. In the sixteenth century he could have been a Florentine or Venetian senator, writing histories or treatises in dialogue form on statecraft. He might even have been a more eloquent and learned than a saintly bishop or cardinal of the Roman Curia. In the eighteenth century he could have been a marchese and a lawyer, governing Tuscany under the Grand Duke Leopold and writing a philosophy of law, more eloquent than original in thought. In the nineteenth century he would have been a Liberal scholar and friend of Gladstone. Nearer to our time, I see him as an exiled ex-Minister under Mussolini.

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Cæsar belongs to the East, where he evolved the Cæsarian idea. He thus gives the East its revenge for the Roman defeat by Hannibal. Cæsar is the ancestor of the mediæval and modern East, of conquering caliphs, padishahs, and sultans. He was a Roman Hannibal in his own day, just as Philip II was a Spanish caliph. His personality was so strong that he gave his name to an office; he was so sober and objective that he speaks of himself in the third person. He simplifies everything, as the Arabs do, despite his weakness for Oriental pomp. Like all Arabs, he is a passionate geographer, he has a simple and logical mind and is a frugal warrior. Though rough and even cruel, he has a sense of justice. In old age he keeps a young man's vigour; at sixty he is still fond of women, although he keeps to marriage as a social institution, at the same time not despising the erotic attraction of young men. He keeps the beardless face of a young romantic hero; he wishes to look like Achilles or Alexander, but such vanity is youthful, not effeminate. His ideal is essentially male, like that of the Orientals. His talents are radically male. He has a particular sense for things in which women never excel: he has clear judgment, cool objectivity in writing, he has a gift for making quick decisions, he is an administrator, a geographer, a historian. The emotional side of life is not known to him, at least in his writings. He judges people according to their qualities as warriors and legislators; religion he considers in an unmystical way, in its political and moral aspects. Cæsar's intellect is a strong one, without subtleties; he is a great writer without the romantic touch, notwithstanding the plausible theory that he took the Cæsarian idea from Cleopatra.

Cæsar has been a model to many men. Yet only Orientals have succeeded, even temporarily, in playing the part of Cæsar. Such were the sultan-padishahs, and often enough they were murdered like him, not by the revolt of their oppressed people, but by men who were near to them and who had some share in their power. Among Christian rulers, Justinian was a Cæsar—but only in the East, in Byzantium. Frederick of Hohenstaufen was a Cæsar for a time, likewise in the East, in Sicily, which in the thirteenth century was almost Oriental and which he chose as a residence because he tried to conquer Roman Africa from there. Charles V tried to be a Cæsar. The idea came to him through contact with Oriental Spain and the expedition against Algiers. Cesare Borgia, whose watch-

word was *aut Cæsar, aut nihil*, went down in history as *nihil* because he never saw the East, nor came into contact with mythical lands. '*Napoleon perçait sous Bonaparte*' in Egypt, after he had visited the pyramids and mosques, enjoyed the hospitality of the mullahs, and experienced the faithfulness of the Mamelukes.

Others have used the name of Cæsar in their titles, but they were Cæsars in name only. The title became empty rhetoric; the West had rejected Cæsar. He was an Oriental whose heritage could only flourish in the East. The Emperors of the West, like the Kings of France, were Charlemagne's successors, not his, while Charlemagne himself, although taking Cæsar's title, gave the primacy amongst his models to King David, not to Cæsar. Charlemagne imbibed the myth and the religiosity of the East, like Cæsar before him, but in his time the religion of the East was Christian. Religions and empires both come from the East. Without that touch of the Eastern myth and spirituality, mere caricatures of churches and empires are born.

The spiritual ancestor of Spain is a Roman born in Hispania. He is the melancholy philosopher, although at the same time he offers consolation. For him the spiritual problem comes foremost. His problem is the human soul and its trials, but he is no sentimentalist. He accepts suffering and tragedy as an adventure. At his worst he is somewhat of a pedant and an idle seeker after aphorisms and paradoxes; at his best, he approached nearer than any other Roman did to the idea of purification. He died a martyr to the wise man's dignity, although he was not without a weakness for pomp and worldly honours. In one word, he was a Spaniard; all the phases of Spain's spiritual and secular history are found in Seneca.

Austria and East Europe have an ancestor in Marcus Aurelius. Not that this Emperor, who was the founder of Vienna, who fought on the Danube near Strigonium and visited Bohemia, has left the mark of his statesmanship on the Danubian countries, as Cæsar did on Gaul and Britain. The Emperor Trajan, rather than Marcus Aurelius, was the Cæsar of the Danube. Trajan was the great constructor of roads, he was the general who conquered Decebalus, as Cæsar conquered Vercingetorix.

Notwithstanding, Marcus Aurelius, who writes so little on the people he pacified, the campaign he fought, and the landscape he

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saw, is the ancestor of the Viennese spirit, the father of the East-European genius. He is a Roman who writes in Greek—his mother-tongue he considered to be a vehicle for practical matters, while solemn thought and solemn expression required a more refined language. East Europeans of the baroque era wrote Latin prose for edification; they wrote Italian poetry for their own amusement and talked French at Court. Marcus Aurelius is sumptuous but melancholy, dignified but sceptical, he loves external pomp, but does not really believe in it. He is full of high-minded principles, but is unable to put them into practice. With a father whom he and many of his subjects believed to be a great man and a son whom the best of educations could not improve, he is embarrassed by a great past and worried about the future. He thinks his own great principles are unpracticable; he is frightened by the prospect of anarchy and barbarian invasion, so he accepts things as they are, considering it to be the lesser evil to do so. He tries to be a principle rather than a man, so that although he is writing a personal account and a confession, he stops short of anything too direct.

Marcus Aurelius could have been a Habsburg, perhaps Leopold I, or even Joseph II, minus the latter's impetuosity. If he had been born in a slightly less exalted station, he could have been an Aulic Chancellor in Vienna, a Polish statesman in the service of the Saxon kings, a Hungarian grandee living in Vienna, speaking French, German, and Italian better than his mother-tongue, and collecting art treasures or financing a literary year-book round about 1800. One can also visualize Marcus Aurelius as a liberal minister of Francis-Joseph—either Czech, German, Polish, Croat, or Magyar by nationality. A man of such a character and tradition would be a competent minister, whose partial success in one field would count but little in history against his ultimate failure to tackle the chief problem of the age. The long era of Francis-Joseph had many such ministers; most of them must have crossed Marc-Aurelstrasse in Vienna, on their daily walk to the office; some of them probably had a flat there, near the Roman *Bastei*. At his worst, Marcus Aurelius could have been the philosopher-president of a ramshackle national state, unable to justify its own principles between 1918 and 1939.

All Europeans have an ancestor in Rome, sometimes more than

one. Livy for instance could also have been French—perhaps a bishop in the seventeenth century, who would have written something like Bossuet's 'Discours sur l'histoire universelle' to the glory of his king and country, delighting those who like good prose and annoying others whose only concern is for facts reliably and drily told.

We do not share Roman ancestors with Russia; this accounts for a great deal of the trouble we have with this country. The Russians are Asiatics who never succeeded in becoming Hellenized, while the process of Romanization was never even begun. They resemble the Greeks up to a point. Their history was made by greedy and scheming demi-gods. There are men in their history who are possessed of demons, there are many murdered brothers and husbands, revengeful Electras, mourning Antigones; their short-lived literature is full of long epic stories, of lamenting choruses giving warnings of the future, of men and women persecuted by an irreconcilable fate, a fate beyond reason and full of mystery. There is something Greek in most things Russian, but the Russians have never known a blue sky, or wisdom, or proportion. They occupy a huge desert between the different civilizations, European, Persian, Hindu, and Chinese, at whose expense Russia extended her frontiers without assimilating any one of them. There is just enough of Greece in the Russian tradition to prevent them from becoming Romanized, just enough Buddhist pantheism to prevent them from having a precise and rational Christian theology, just enough Persian pomp to suppress Greek simplicity and proportion, just enough instinctive Hindu anarchy in their veins to prevent them from living in liberty within order. There is a touch of Homer in their literature—in the Caucasian stories of Pushkin and Lermontov, in Tolstoy's Cossack stories, in his 'Sebastopol' and 'War and Peace.' There is a touch of Greek tragedy in Dostoievski; there are shrieks, tears, murder, and obsessions of one kind or another in practically every novel the great Russian master wrote. There is neither method nor analytical wisdom, neither Aristotle nor Plato, in any Russian thought. Russian history is full of murders, but although the victims were often tyrants, it was murder which was committed, not tyrannicide, such as Athens exalted in Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and Rome tried to see in Brutus and Cassius. The murdered men were often not tyrants at all (Alex-

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ander II for example and Nicholas II) and when they were, the Russian murderers were always men who had a blood complex. Their prototypes range from Œdipus to Herostrates.

Of the great stories of antiquity, the Slavs of the South have reproduced in modern times the tale of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and the Poles that of Iugurtha; *maximæ res discordia dilabuntur*. Russian literature has reproduced Euripides and Sophocles, stories of shrieking and blood, with an occasional chorus like the one in 'Antigone' which praises the greatness of man's achievement. Russian revolutionary heroes did not die for liberty and civic integrity and dignity; they lived and died for paroxysms, hubris, and anarchical enthusiasm. We turn to Rome for order and proportion, to Greece for wisdom and greatness; we turn to Jerusalem for faith and resignation. Sometimes a writer of antiquity went from one to the other. The Jew Joseph Flavius became a Roman, while it was probably an Egyptian or a Carthaginian who wrote, under the name of Longinus, the Alexandrian treatise which speaks of the epic beauty of the Jewish Exodus. But to Russia one can only turn for the mystery of chaos and screams. The great Russian art makes us shiver and sends a chill down the spine. There is a cycloplan, monstrous greatness about Russia which one can admire.

The only spot in Russia in which a European could feel at home was the half-German, half-French city of St Petersburg, so full of snows. The exiled Latin soul froze there no less surely than the hot African blood of Pushkin. Joseph de Maistre was the first European to see Russia with foreboding. Greek schism, German Protestantism, and French Voltairianism—these three forces of dissolution and destruction—he found united in Russia, so that although he could not but rejoice at the fall of Napoleon, which began on the Beresina, he could not help feeling that grave dangers threatened the Latin order from Russia, and that the Christian monarchy itself in Russia was none too safe.

BÉLA MENCZER



## MARXIST MAN

Is it possible to talk informatively about Marxist Man when one is not oneself a 'practising' Marxist? Would a non-Marxist possess the necessary sympathy, could he achieve the necessary insight? Marxists themselves deny it. They insist that their aim is not merely the elaboration of a theory but the creation of a fact. Marxist doctrine indeed has, in its details, been refuted again and again. Yet despite its errors millions profess it and their doing so remains the most portentous social phenomenon of the modern world.

Why has Communism been so successful in winning recruits, even in lands accustomed to the ways of freedom? There are of course multitudes who submit to it only because they have to, but there are many more who appear to regard it as a liberation and a blessing. Is there not, then, something else in the Marxist creed, over and above its false or dubious assertions, which fires the imagination and nerves the will? That there is seems certain; and what precisely it is it behoves the Western world to learn. To 'contain' Communism by armaments and diplomacy is not enough if its peculiar *mystique* be ignored. But the vital thing—difficult though the attempt may prove—is to understand the type of human being which the Communist movement is intent on producing.

We must agree that Marx-Leninism is far more than a theoretical system. To grasp it fully one probably would have to believe in it and work for it. Marx himself was emphatic that Communism is not a philosophy but the *end* of philosophy. Philosophers, he declared, merely contemplate the world, whereas the one real and necessary task is to change it: Hegel, for all his profundity, saw life only as a picture. Marxism on the other hand is a *praxis*. The true Communist does not think without acting, nor act without thinking; he acts his thought and thinks his action. His theory is like a scientific hypothesis, which both indicates the way of practical experiment and in turn is verified by it. It is a method simultaneously of analysis and synthesis, and in either case its sole concern is with concrete reality.

Hence it is that Communists disavow all utopianism. As they use

the word it is a reproach. Utopia-making is the fault, they object, of democratic socialism, which in so far as it describes the future in terms of the present is only a form of reaction. In their view capitalist society is riddled with contradictions. Collectivism, for example, is incompatible with the private ownership of property, and private ownership is already an anachronism. Such contradictions are not only logical therefore, they are factual; Communism has no need to create the class-struggle, it simply recognizes what is already taking place. It is capitalism itself which produces the proletariat, by which in turn it will be destroyed. 'When,' says Marx, 'the proletariat proclaims the dissolution of the existing order of things it is merely announcing the secret of its own existence, for it is itself the virtual dissolution of this order. When the proletariat desires the negation of private property it is merely elevating as a general principle of society what it already involuntarily embodies in itself as society's negative product.' Thus the dialectic of history is not something to be invented and applied; it is actual and inevitable, and the Communist is one who in recognizing it freely accepts it. For the recognition of necessity is freedom. 'Communism is not for us a state which has to be created, an ideal destined to shape reality. We mean by it the effective movement which will suppress the present situation.'

This movement is what the *Communist Manifesto* calls the 'consciousness of the proletariat,' and is made possible by the worker's expropriation and suffering. Communist 'messianism' is simply the working-class's awareness of its own revolutionary rôle. Unlike the bourgeoisie, the proletariat has no use for transcendentalism; its nose is to the ground: man's reconciliation with man, the individual's reconciliation with himself, are attained in history; the unity of thought and action is the outcome of an historical movement. The dualism of 'fact' and 'value' is thus abolished. A revolution so-called which is not organically part of the proletarian movement of self-emancipation is a futile gesture. For the proletariat, as the class which emerges from the decay of bourgeois society in consequence of the latter's irresolvable contradictions, is the only instrument by which humanity can secure delivery from its self-alienation.

Communism is therefore the spontaneous awakening of the masses to the facts of their condition and must sooner or later issue in violence. But mass-aspiration needs guidance and control, and

the agency which performs this function is the Communist leadership, and especially the spear-head leadership within the party itself. Its task is to instruct the workers in the historicity of their status and to indicate the appropriate action at any given moment. Leadership, on the other hand, which loses touch with the masses, which becomes eccentric or academic, forfeits its responsibility and title to respect.

The idea of Communist *praxis* hence becomes clear. The authentic Marxist is not a mere retailer of the master's doctrines but a fighter and worker in a cause. He unites the comprehension of the thinker with the ardour of the revolutionary in order to transform society in obedience not to a ready-made ideal but to what the dialectic of history itself requires. Anything else is reaction or deviationism.

And the end result? The answer is simple: the regeneration of mankind. It is for this that Communism claims to exist. The Marxist ideology is intelligible only in action, but because its inspiration is also visionary and eschatological it is of the nature of a religion. Its appeal lies in its possessing (or appearing to possess) the dynamic of a faith instructed by knowledge. The individual who yields to it feels that henceforward his purposes have a new relevance, his life a new significance.

## 2

But this regeneration depends upon militant social action. Marxist man is essentially a combatant. Communist psychology is unintelligible apart from the unrelenting hostility with which Marxism views society as it exists in the West, and of which war, 'cold' or 'hot,' is the apt expression.<sup>1</sup> This antagonism is a matter of Communist first principles: dialectically the proletariat is the negation of the bourgeoisie; a negation not merely abstract or scholastic but concrete and operative. If Communists were to renounce it they would have no real reason for existing. The non-communist, of course, despite the recurrence of wars and conflicting interests, rarely sees human relations in this light. He believes all men in the long run to be much alike and a permanent *modus vivendi* among them possible. They all, he considers, have certain basic rights by virtue

<sup>1</sup> 'Peaceful co-existence' would thus appear to be no more than a tactical expedient—*reculer pour mieux sauter*. Similarly 'peace' propaganda is a device for putting non-communist states off their guard.

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of their humanity itself. Not so, however, the true Marxist, who objects to 'idealism' of this sort as delusive and hypocritical. For he denies that the capitalist, whatever the latter may say, does respect these alleged rights, and asserts that the grand watchwords of bourgeois liberalism are nothing other than a mask for aims which in fact are selfish and sordid.<sup>1</sup> What the capitalist seeks and alone cares for ultimately is to maintain the predominance of his class. His politics may seem altruistic; the good intentions of some members of his class may be sincere; but what counts in political action is not beneficent intent but specific results.

Here, indeed, we strike the bed-rock of Communist materialism: it is concerned only with actions, never with ideals. Nothing, the Marxist will insist, can be hoped for from 'the just man made perfect,' since it is not men's moral consciousness which determines what they are, but what they are which determines their moral consciousness. If this consciousness is no more than a reflection of their social relationships it can never really be changed without a previous transformation of the latter. Only social revolution will enable a false consciousness to become a true one; individual ethical reform is futile. Between bourgeois and proletarian morality there is, in short, no common denominator and to look for one is to weaken proletarian class-solidarity: in other words, to play the game of reaction and betray the revolution.

It does not however follow that the disciple of Marx must be a nihilist, repudiating all values. But the only values which he recognizes are those immanent in the historical process. They certainly are not to be found in the 'absolutes' of religion or of Kantian morality. On the contrary, they are always relative and make their appearance with the social class which happens at the time to be in the ascendant. Thus in the eighteenth century the only relevant valuations were those of the newly emergent bourgeoisie; in the present they are proletarian. In the former instance they were, to begin with, rational and universalistic—as are the latter now; but with the decay of bourgeois society irrationalism and transcendentalism displaced them. For all values derive from the nature of society itself, which in turn is determined by its economic sub-

<sup>1</sup> As Lenin put it: 'Freedom in capitalist society always remains more or less the same as it was in the ancient Greek republics; that is, freedom for the slave-owners.'

structure. The values—the professed values—of capitalism, and the philosophies in which they find expression—idealism, or in our own day existentialism—need no refutation; it is enough merely to exhibit them as the outcome of a decadent society. The new society, of which Communism is the agent, will produce a new ideology, authentic because the product of a movement in which the old contradictions and conflicts will disappear. Hence to join the proletarian class-struggle is to promote the conditions in which man can arrive at a new self-knowledge.

A necessary corollary of this belief, and one which a non-communist finds it difficult even to understand, let alone accept, is the equation of morality with the advancement of revolution. For the Communist the identification is natural and inevitable. If there is no transcendent good, man must make his own and to do this he must assist the course of history, not oppose it. Those actions only are moral which tend to that radical social transformation from which alone is progress possible. The highest virtue is to be most progressive, i.e. unreservedly committed to the social revolution. Marxism therefore is, of all social doctrines, the only one which can define itself exclusively in terms of progress. That this implies that the end justifies the means Marxists would however deny, or at any rate qualify. They would prefer to say—reversing the legal maxim—that *he who wills the end wills the means*. A comparison with Christianity, it might be suggested, is at this point instructive. The Christian certainly denies that the end can justify the means if by that is meant any means whatsoever; but where such means tend *of themselves* to a realization of the Christian aim he cannot do otherwise than approve them. If we believe in our goal we are right in taking any road that can be shown to lead to it. What makes the means legitimate is that the end sought is already immanent in it.

For Marx (following Hegel) the motive force of human progress is the presence of contradiction. The haves and the have-nots, the exploiters and the exploited perennially face one another. But the future lies always with the inferior class, which eventually triumphs. The Marxist vision of history, in which catastrophe is the condition of progress, is therefore tragic. (Tragic also is the Old Testament view of history, and Karl Marx was a Jew.) Yet the tragedy is not unending; at length the contradictions are resolved: the exploited

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indeed increase, but the exploiters diminish, and in the final trial of strength the outcome is inevitable. In the ultimate stage of society equality is achieved and the State, defined now as the instrument for the exploitation of the oppressed class, will, in the famous phrase, 'wither away.' Negation, however bitter, yields at last to an unqualified Yea. Man is capable of an authentic existence in conformity with his essentially social being—once the contradictions which split society are got rid of. One may wonder why in fact the dialectic of history should ever cease. In Proudhon's words, 'La guerre abolie, comment concevez-vous la Société? . . . Que devient dans sa sieste éternelle?' But Marx believed less firmly in the dialectic than did his master. However that may be, Communism discloses a passion for order and reconciliation: history must have a meaning, society conform to an intelligible pattern and man himself prove as intrinsically rational as ever Descartes or Hegel thought him; for man is irrational only when irrational society makes him so. Nevertheless by the slow and admittedly painful process of his history he will gain his objective and reach the millenium. If, then, virtue consists in promoting the revolution, this is not simply a perverse calling of evil good, but the resolve and effort to discover and realize man's true being, which is to be found not in conflict but in peace and brotherhood.

For the achievement of this grand aim—which the non-communist may pardonably think utopian to the extent of mythology—the *party* has the vital rôle. But the Communist party is not comparable to, say, a liberal or social democratic party; it is not a voluntary association united by a generally shared point of view and existing to promote an agreed policy by existing legal means.<sup>1</sup> Not only is it bound to a social class whose sole authentic and effective political expression it is, but is identifiable with a social order which eventually *must* be actualized. It is as privileged, therefore, as sacred, and as uncompromising in its claims upon the individual as is an infallible Church. It may demand sacrifice of honour and even truth—as bourgeois morality understands these—as readily as life itself. Apart from the party the revolution is impossible; yet the revolution is also a necessity. What conceivable right, then, can the individual have to oppose the party's considered decisions? At any

<sup>1</sup> 'Three times over hopeless is the idea of coming to power by the path of parliamentary democracy': (L. Trotsky, *Dictatorship or Revolution*, p. 42).

given moment there is only one 'way of truth,' so that deviation from it is not merely a 'legitimate difference of opinion' but heresy and treason. To the liberal mind this is fantastic; but between the liberal mind and the Communist there is no *rapprochement*. If on any issue they should appear to agree it either is an accident or the result, on the latter's side, of a tactical manoeuvre.

The nature of Communist man thus begins to reveal itself. At the present juncture of events he is actively militant, under orders which, although they might on occasion prove mistaken, it is not for him to criticize. It is better to obey wrong orders than to question them; in the long run, since the party is the embodiment of the revolutionary tendency of history, it cannot err; whereas the right of private judgement, once allowed, can only make for dissidence and reaction.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, the party should always be understood as *de jure* in power, with an absolute claim upon the loyalty of the class which it historically represents. This applies as much to a country like our own, where Communists are numerically negligible, as to one like Czechoslovakia or China, where they exercise the government.

## 3

The new man, as a son of the proletariat, is essentially a worker. But the purpose of work is not primarily to afford increased comforts for the multitude, even when there is abundance.<sup>2</sup> Rather does it stand for the conquest of nature, mastery of man's physical environment. Marx himself saw in it not so much a constraint as an opportunity: it is at once man's duty and privilege to do it. At present nature opposes us; there is a basic dissociation and conflict, which only a prodigy of toil can overcome. Further, since it is by their co-operative effort that men enter into community with one another, the new humanity will be the product of collective endeavour. In other words, there is for Marxism a twofold struggle:

<sup>1</sup> When Stalin, the party's world leader, gave the orders it would have been inadmissible for Mr Krushchev to disobey. Now Stalin is dead his 'mistakes' can be freely denounced. But in view of the number and enormity of these errors, the required infallibility is to-day deemed to be safer in 'collective' hands.

<sup>2</sup> There is a curiously puritanical strain in the Communist outlook on life the practical manifestations of which the 'nonconformist conscience' itself could scarcely emulate. Luxury is disapproved and 'sex' a topic as far as possible avoided.

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that of man with man in the war of the classes, and that of man with nature in productive labour. But its outcome, however long deferred, will be a perpetual peace—the self-reconciliation of mankind and his control of the earth.

Nothing therefore can confer so great a dignity as work, and than 'worker' there is no more honorific title. It is of the essence of Marxism that it should deny all purely theoretical thinking divorced from *praxis*. Life is built on action only; in 'humanizing' nature man fulfils his vocation and solves the problem of his destiny. Freedom, consequently, is not a thing 'given' in principle and in fact, a pre-existing condition of action; it is a gradual conquest. Although capitalism talks so much about it it does not and cannot possess it; only where Communism has established itself can the process of liberation truly be said to have begun. That it is a gift of God Marx of course totally denied, inasmuch as the very existence of God, as Christianity conceives Him, necessarily implies human dependence.<sup>1</sup> But the gospel of Marxism is that man, so far from having *been* created, creates himself.<sup>2</sup> The significance of Marxist atheism thus becomes plainer: it is not only a criticism of religion as the 'opiate of the people'—which religion sometimes is; it is an affirmation of man's ultimate independence and self-sufficiency.

Marx himself was tireless in insisting that life is essentially a practical matter. Speculation about its remoter future is therefore discouraged. Nevertheless the Marxist is taught to distinguish two successive epochs: the dictatorship of the proletariat, for which the appropriate formula is 'To each according to his work,' and the properly Communist era in an age—at last—of abundance, when 'To each according to his need' will be possible. Meantime the building of socialism calls for an immense effort. Here and now Communism means work and productivity, carefully planned and directed, in which the irrelevant and subversive profit-motive has no place. No less irrelevant however is abstract talk, in the vein of

1 There is a problem here even for Christians, which perhaps only Calvinist theology has seriously grappled with.

2 And as he 'makes' himself so also does he 'make' the truth; for truth has intelligibility only in relation to human action. As Marx's second thesis on Feuerbach lays down: 'The question whether objective truth can be attributed to human thinking is a question not of theory but of practice. In practice man must prove the truth. . . . The dispute over the reality or non-reality of thinking which is isolated from practice is purely scholastic.'

1789, about the Rights of Man, since a true democracy is a very different thing from a merely formal or nominal one. The latter distinguishes between the State and civil society, but political rights so-called belong to cloud-land; they have no significant purchase on the real world of men's economic and social existence. What part has the ordinary member of the civil society in the actual functioning of the State? About as much as the devout believer has in the government of heaven! In such conditions the individual perforce leads a double life, as citizen and as private person. But if citizenship in fact amounts to nothing he is only a slave clinging to an illusion. This duality Marxism claims the power to suppress: the State will disappear, absorbed into society itself, the latter in turn undergoing a transformation in which the existing atomism of the individual will similarly be abolished. The final phase of society will thus be one of anarchy—that condition which must at all costs be resisted *if prematurely introduced*. Till then the Communist can bide his time, since he has much to do—so much that work must continue to be the sole measure of men's value. In Marx's dictum: 'The rights of the producer are proportionate to the work that he has rendered.' The time for 'equality' has not yet arrived.

In any case, with the attainment of a complete socialism, all such 'rights' will themselves disappear, or rather will become one and the same with men's needs. Needs, that is to say, being automatically satisfied, no occasion for the assertion of rights will arise. So great indeed is the measure of Communist faith in human perfectibility. Humanity, says Marx, is not an abstraction inherent in the individual but the sum of his social relationships. A true human consciousness depends on success in the dual task of socializing humanity and humanizing nature, Communism being the essential and achieved unity of man and nature. What at present hinders mankind from full self-realization is the existence of forces which, although themselves human, contradict humanity. Man's destiny therefore must be to resolve them. This is far from easy, for he is pitted against the hard facts of his economic existence, which in the case of the proletarian exert a cruel pressure. But once understand—as the Communist does—that the conditions of a capitalist economy are no more eternal than were those of feudalism and are simply relative to a passing phase of history, then hope returns. Man's future is in his own hands.

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## 4

Such, then, is the Marxist conception. With the Christian it presents a fundamental incompatibility. At points of course there is a striking resemblance. Christianity, like Marxism, finds man's terrestrial vocation in work: he fulfils himself in the discharge of his duty. Both doctrines represent true felicity as attainable only in a collectivity—the classless society, the Church Universal. Both are eschatological and anticipate an end of the existing order. Both see man as 'alienated,' not at unity with himself. Both envisage the new order as the work of a redemptive mediation—in the one instance, a suffering divine Saviour, in the other a no less suffering social class. Both see life here and now as a 'good fight' against forces of evil. Both demand of their adherents an *askesis*, a disciplined way of life. Both stress the necessity of a correct belief. Both insist on membership, as a condition of entry into the hereafter of the new order, of a confraternity in which alone there is 'practical' knowledge of the truth—in the one instance the ecclesiastical fellowship, in the other the Communist party. Yet beneath every resemblance the basic cleavage remains. For Christianity man is not the author of his salvation; redemption is the act of that transcendent Power the very existence of which Marxism totally denies. Human nature, within the conditions of time, is not perfectible, nor is society. The new order, although anticipated in history, looks to a trans-historical consummation; while its *Interimsethik* is a contradiction of the Communist: the Christian is bidden in all circumstances to love his neighbour, even (and indeed especially) when an enemy.

Christianity not only frankly admits but insistently proclaims its transcendent hope and inspiration. 'Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.' Marxism, however, claims to be scientific. It abjures mere 'idealism' and is tireless in repeating that Communism is something which in the final event *needs must be*: history itself will impose it by the laws of its own movement. Yet after the lapse of more than a century since the appearance of the *Communist Manifesto* these pretensions now seem hollow. The historical analysis on which they are based is, for all its shrewd insights, so partial as to be false. The idea of dialectic is no longer the philosophical *dernier cri* and metaphysics is in flight before a clean-sweeping empiricism. The Marxist type of materialism is

antiquated and can no longer boast the patronage of science. The Ricardonian concept of value is discredited, and the economics generally such as a first-year student could criticize. Above all, the confident prophecies have not been fulfilled; for although Communism has spread over much of the globe the effective reasons are to be found in a process of history different from what Marx himself prognosticated. Nevertheless the fact that Marxist ideology is pseudo-scientific, if not quasi-mythical, in no way weakens its appeal to the imagination. What it offers is what the world, at heart, longs for, a new prospect for humanity. The doctrine has all the simplicity and consistency of, not an historical induction, but a revealed dogma. It is offered not for critical investigation but loyal acceptance. And it calls for action, now conspiratorial, now open and aggressive; in any event such as to awaken and sustain enthusiasm. It promises a heaven attainable on earth.

The late Professor H. J. Laski's judgement that 'Communism has made its way by its idealism and not only by its realism, by its spiritual promise, not its material prospects' is not, then, without truth. But now that Communism—or at any rate that phase of it properly to be described as the dictatorship of the proletariat—has become widely established, one may expect that the inspiration will in time wane, alike from the complacency of human nature and the inertia inherent in all human institutions—as the Christian Church has long since discovered in its own experience. But in the West its creed has still something of the fascination of novelty. And not novelty alone: its assurance and comprehensiveness can hardly fail to attract minds of a certain type. As a rule this is insufficiently understood by the empiricist (not to say opportunist) Anglo-Saxon. Yet modern 'liberal' societies might well ask themselves what, in face of either Marxism or Christianity, their own conception of man finally amounts to. Have they a humanism which can inspire, convince, and discipline? Or is it enough simply to recognize the fact of man's cupidity and to hope, as a condition of future progress, for such combined satisfaction and mitigation of it as science and technology may render possible?

B. M. G. REARDON

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## COMPROMISE WITH MURDER

THE long controversy over the question of capital punishment has now reached a stage at which one can at last see an attempted compromise between the advocates of abolition and the diehards who have always maintained that the penalty for murder must be death. It will be remembered that more than a year ago a private bill introduced by Mr Silverman which proposed the abolition of the death penalty received the assent of the Commons by a somewhat narrow majority on a free vote of the House. The Bill had no chance of success in the Lords and this left the subject in a state of vacuum unsatisfactory to either side. In the meantime the Government rightly or wrongly came to the conclusion that, while feeling in the country was against the total abolition of the death penalty, there was room for a middle course. With full Government support Major Lloyd George, then Home Secretary, introduced last November the Homicide Bill, which after very full discussion formally passed both Houses and received the Royal Assent before Easter. The Act opens a new chapter in our criminal jurisprudence. This article will attempt to show with as few technicalities as possible what it purports to do. It first makes certain concessions which have long been recommended in the acceptance of evidence for establishing the crime of murder, and then goes on to divide murder into two broad classifications, the one to be deemed deserving of capital punishment, the other, not. There are certain differences in its application to Scottish law which have not been touched upon.

The Act abolishes once and for all what is known in criminal law as the doctrine of 'constructive malice.' Roughly speaking, this doctrine, which had virtually been shelved in practice, if not in theory, amounted to the principle that if one committed a crime amounting in law to a felony and accidentally or fortuitously or without deliberate intent killed someone, he was guilty of murder even in the absence of intent to kill. The best example of this were cases of rape (a felony), where the accused in the course of committing the rape, accidentally or in the use of a very small degree of force, pressure for instance on the throat of the victim, caused

her death. In scores of such cases there was no intent to kill or inflict grievous injury, but the killing was murder and the jury would be so directed by the Court. It is now enacted (Section 1) that where a person kills another in the course or furtherance of some other offence, the killing shall not of itself amount to murder, but if in the course of committing the other offence the accused does an act which shows an intent to inflict grievous bodily harm or where there was knowledge that the act would probably cause death or grievous bodily harm, the killing shall still be murder. Thus, in the example given above, if the accused in the course of committing rape inflicted some grievous bodily assault on the victim which caused death, that would still be murder. This modern restatement of a theory which had its origin in the distant mists of the common law is long overdue, and will be welcomed by lawyers and laymen alike.

The Act embodies for the first time in English law the doctrine of 'diminished responsibility.' This may be regarded as a concession to the school of thought emanating particularly from medical sources which holds that the 'Macnaghten Rules,' which for over a hundred years have been the yardstick for determining mental responsibility in crime, are no longer in harmony with the latest scientific discoveries in mental illness. This doctrine has come to us from the law of Scotland, where it has been in operation for nearly a century. Put briefly, its effect is that where the jury are satisfied that a person charged with murder, though not insane according to the principles of the Macnaghten Rules, suffered at the time of committing the crime from mental weakness or abnormality bordering on insanity to such an extent that his responsibility was substantially diminished, the crime may be reduced from murder to manslaughter. It is for the accused to put forward such a defence and the onus is on him to establish it. It has been objected to this doctrine that it puts upon a jury the almost impossible task of deciding whether the accused was insane in the technical sense demanded of the common law; or whether, though the answer to the question may be no, he may nevertheless have been suffering from something amounting or approaching to partial insanity, based on mental weakness or aberration. The Scots are noted for having very logical minds, and the fact that juries in that country have not found the problem insoluble does not necessarily mean that English juries will be equally success-

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ful. If one might hazard a guess, perhaps the net result of the acceptance of the doctrine will be that in an appreciable number of cases where the accused would have been found guilty of murder, sentenced to death, and in due course reprieved by the Royal Prerogative, it will now be possible for a jury to adopt a course which will preclude the tragic farce of the death sentence.

Another ground on which the Act has made a categorical pronouncement is on the question of what is the nature and extent of the provocation which will reduce homicide from the class of murder to that of manslaughter. For a long time there has been some doubt on this, arising from the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal in the well-known case of *Holmes* ([1946] A.C. 588). The doubt turned in the main on the question of whether the provocation must be by deeds, or whether in any case provocation by words only might be sufficient. The Act contains a lucid and comprehensive section which leaves it in no doubt that provocation by words will now be sufficient.

According to the text (Section 3), 'Where on a charge of murder there is evidence on which the jury can find that the person charged was provoked (whether by things done or by things said or by both together) to lose his self-control, the question of whether the provocation was enough to make a reasonable man do as he did shall be left to be determined by the jury; and in determining that question the jury shall take into account everything both done and said according to the effect, which in their opinion it would have, on a reasonable man.'

It will be noted that in determining the effect of the provocation the test is to be its influence on that creature of the imagination dear to the law, the 'reasonable man.' During the discussion of the Bill in Committee a good deal of pressure was brought upon the Government to strike out the term 'reasonable man' and substitute for it the effect of the provocation upon the person being tried; but wisely, in the opinion of the writer, this pressure was withstood. As was said by the spokesman for the Bill: 'It is a fundamental principle of the criminal law that it should be based on the generally accepted standard of conduct applicable to all citizens alike.' If there are any peculiar features in the make-up of the accused which might show in him some excusable deviation from these accepted standards of



conduct, it were better that this aspect should be left to the consideration of the Royal Prerogative than that its admission by the Court should set up precedents so various that no jury would know exactly where they stood in relation to the interpretation of provocation.

What is commonly known as a 'suicide pact' is a type of case that has long been debated by the layman and the lawyer. According to the law of England suicide is a felony. If two persons enter into an agreement to commit suicide and one of those dies in pursuance of that agreement, but the other survives, the survivor is guilty of murder. Where there is a genuine agreement of this nature the circumstances are often very distressing, and in practice where there has been a verdict and sentence of death, a reprieve has almost invariably followed. There is of course the case in which the survivor has killed an unwilling victim, and sets up the defence of a suicide pact to cloak motive for murder. But such cases can easily be sorted out and the chances of the murderers escaping conviction are not great. On the whole there has been a consensus of opinion that if there has been a 'suicide pact,' but one survives, the crime charged should be something less than murder. This has now for the first time been embodied in English law by a proviso to the effect that where a person acting in pursuance of a suicide pact kills the other or is a party to the other killing himself or being killed by a third person, this shall be manslaughter and not murder. The onus is thrown upon the defence to set up the existence of such a pact. This is intended to trap the type of defence mentioned above where the 'pact' set up is colourable and the alleged suicide agreement had no substance of fact.

The above amendments are all qualifications of existing law devised for the purpose of ensuring that where they are established the crime is not murder punishable by death but at the worst is manslaughter punishable with a lesser penalty. They carry in them no innovation incompatible with the existing structure of English law and negative in no way the doctrine that where murder is found there is no penalty for it but death. But the Act goes on in Part II to open entirely new ground and introduce in effect a classification of murder into two degrees. It divides murders according to this classification into those which are capital and those which are not. Before dealing with this classification more particularly it may be

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worth while to look at divisions of murders into degrees which have been tried in other countries.

The conception of degrees in murder is not new and has been accepted by the law of almost all civilized countries except England. It may be said to have originated in America, where it was given legislative sanction by the famous Pennsylvania Statute of 1794, which in turn was based upon an earlier ordinance of Penn himself dated about a hundred years earlier. The terms are worth quoting in their entirety,

Be it enacted, That all murders, which shall be perpetrated by means of poison, or by lying in wait, or by any other kinds of wilful, deliberate and premeditated killing, or which shall be committed in the perpetration or attempt to perpetrate any arson, rape, robbery or burglary, shall be deemed murder of the first degree; and any other kinds of murder shall be deemed murder in the second degree.

Differentiation between degrees of murder in America still persists and, broadly speaking, the basis of classification is the same as in the original statute. In other words, the test is a subjective one, and depends broadly speaking upon the heinousness of the crime and so harks back to the soul of the criminal. Something like the same test discloses itself in the jurisprudence of all western European nations except England.

Attempts have been made in the past to introduce some such classification into the English criminal law. The last movement to do this was made in the Criminal Justice Bill, 1948, where an effort was made to select categories of murder which are usually of an atrocious character and are also those in which the deterrent effect of the death penalty is thought to be most effective. These comprised murders committed in connection with such crimes as rape, robbery, murders committed in resisting arrest or escaping from legal custody, and murders by systematic poisoning. But the difficulty of classifying crimes according to their heinousness has hitherto been found to land those responsible for administering the criminal law in a hideous morass of inconsistencies attendant upon moral judgment; without entering into detail it will be sufficient to say that the Royal Commission of 1949-53, after an exhaustive consideration, reported against such a classification on the ground that it was impracticable.

The Government have now, however, come round to the idea

that the classification of murders is both practicable and advisable. But the basis of classification is quite a different one from any that has been tried before in the law of this or any other country. It may be said in language which is popular to-day that the test is now to be an objective rather than a subjective one. No longer are we to weigh degrees of heinousness in the scales of the Statue of Justice that tops the turret of the Old Bailey. The test is to be a much simpler one. Murders are to be sorted out into two categories, those which are most calculated to strike at the foundations to law and order and those which are not. A murder of the first class is 'capital' murder punishable by hanging; one of the second class is not capital murder and does not merit the death penalty. This is the principle in a nutshell as laid down by the Home Secretary when he introduced the Bill.

The terms of classification as given in Section 5 of the Statute are:

The following murders shall be capital murders

- (a) Any murder done in the course or furtherance of theft.
- (b) Any murder by shooting or causing an explosion.
- (c) Any murder done in the course of or for the purpose of resisting or avoiding or preventing a lawful arrest or of effecting or assisting an escape or rescue from legal custody.
- (d) Any murder of a police officer acting in the execution of his duty or of a person assisting a police officer.
- (e) Any murder by a prisoner of a prison officer acting in the execution of his duty.
- (f) A second murder by a person who has already been convicted of another murder.

No person shall be liable to suffer death for murder in any case not falling within the above.

During the discussion of the Bill in Committee of the Commons a strong plea was made by Sir Lionel Heald, an ex-Attorney-General, that killing by poison should be included in the category of capital murder. There was a good deal of sympathy for this view generally, though it of course breaks the principle that the heinousness of the crime should not be the test of whether or not the capital penalty should be retained in respect of it. Murder by poison has always been regarded as lurking in a horrible class of its own, so much so, in fact, that it has always been the custom for one of the Law Officers of the Crown to appear for the prosecution. In prosecuting in the Seddon case the late Lord Reading, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, said, 'Murder by poisoning is an abominable crime

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essentially involving treachery, avarice, and secrecy.' Similar language might be quoted from the reports of many other historic trials. But on this the Home Secretary, then Mr R. A. Butler, resolutely stuck to his guns. He refused to abandon the position that the capital penalty should be reserved only for crimes which were most prevalent and strike at the preservation of law and order in the State. The figures that he quoted were rather startling and far from being realized by the general public. Since 1951 there have been 42 indictments for murder by poisoning preferred. In 23 of these there was strong evidence that women beyond their tether on account of domestic trouble had made away with a child or children; a further three were clearly mercy killings; in only 10 of the total was sentence of death pronounced, and only one execution was carried out. In the last thirty years a total of five persons were executed for murder by poisoning. Looked at from the point of view of prevalence these figures speak for themselves and support the argument for taking murder by poisoning out of the category of capital offences. Whether or not the case for murder by poisoning merits a special category of its own in spite of this, seems to be a matter on which there will be an eternal difference of opinion.

Apart from the provisions calculated to reduce murder to manslaughter where the qualifications already mentioned exist, and the drastic classification of murders into capital and non-capital, the Homicide Act has made alterations in certain matters of detail which are designed to remove for ever some of the harshness and notoriety long associated with murder trials and executions that does not fit in with the milder trend of modern life. These mitigations are of interest historically and show how we have been moving gradually but surely from the relics of a savagery which had its origin in Tyburn and the pillory, and still lurked in torture of the mind after the drawing and quartering of the body had been outmoded.

First, as to the form of sentence. The official formula of the sentence for murder is well known and has been in use since the seventeenth century.

The sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be taken from this place to a lawful prison and thence to a place of execution and that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead: and that your body be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been confined before your execution.

It has been usual to add the words, 'And may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' which are followed by the chaplain's invocation, 'Amen.'

It has been customary for the judge to put on the black cap before he pronounced sentence. After the passing of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, the words 'suffer death by hanging' were substituted by the judge for the phrase 'that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead,' but this was the only modification that had been made in the time-honoured formula. Now by Section 10 of the Homicide Act the old formula has been cut down. The form of sentence shall be to the effect only that the murderer shall 'suffer death in the manner authorized by law.' There is no statutory provision regarding the use or disuse of the black cap by the judge in pronouncing the sentence. It will be left to the judges to come to a determination on this themselves. No one will be disposed to criticize the economy of language used in the new formula: it has eliminated everything except the two essential words, 'suffer death.'

Within the memory of persons not yet centenarians executions were carried out in public and attracted the attendance of a ghoulish crowd. When the writer was still a schoolboy, though executions were no longer in public, the press were admitted by the Sheriff to view executions in the prison and they published an account in the newspapers of the last scene on the scaffold. This was still further enhanced by the rhymes of the ballad singers at all the country fairs. Still later, when the press came to be excluded, the prison bell was tolled on the morning of an execution and the black flag was run up on the walls when all was over. The present practice has been for two notices to be affixed to the exterior of the prison gate, one signed by the Sheriff, Governor, and Chaplain, and the other by the Medical Officer, stating that the sentence had been duly carried out. Even this has sometimes drawn a large crowd around the prison precincts; at times there have been unseemly demonstrations reminiscent of Tyburn. There is not perhaps much in this to offend any but the most tender susceptibilities, and whatever method is adopted it must be admitted on all sides that the public are entitled to know that where a sentence of death has been pronounced, it has been duly carried out. Nevertheless, it has been felt for some time that even such a small concession to mob hysteria should be abated and the last vestige of what used to be regarded

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as a public holiday deleted. Henceforth publication of the time and place of the execution is to be made by the Secretary of State, not the Sheriff, in such manner as he thinks fit. As regards the execution itself it will be the duty of the Secretary of State (again not of the Sheriff) to publish in such manner as he thinks fit the fact that the execution has taken place. It is safe to predict that all such notices will be issued to the press and not displayed anywhere in or about the precincts of the prison. There will be no pandering to the appetite for sensation.

The Government with its classification of murder has reserved the severe penalty for crimes that hit against the security of law and order in the State. This has taken the place of the older classification based on the heinousness of the offence which has come down to us from Levitical times, and was first crystallized in the Pennsylvania Statute already referred to. But one feels constrained to ask whether this new moral criterion is one that will really commend itself to British sense of justice. Will it stand the test of experience? The man who murders a policeman while in the execution of his duty, who kills with a gun or a bomb, will be condemned to death; at the same time the man who murders by a carefully-thought-out course of poisoning or murders by means of stabbing or strangulation under circumstances of revolting cruelty will be guilty of a less serious murder and may escape the rope. These are only crude examples of what may happen, but anyone who understands the British way of life must wonder whether as a working principle this can provide a satisfactory solution. Logic is one thing, human nature another. Faced with such an outstanding differentiation the average citizen may well demand one or other of two courses, either that capital punishment be expunged from the Statute Book altogether or that perpetrators of heinous, abominable murders, whether they are directed against the security of law and order or not, shall have the supreme penalty meted out to them: which of the two alternatives will eventually prevail no one can say as yet, but the one or the other must come.

The Homicide Act leaves undisturbed the province of the Crown to exercise the prerogative of mercy in respect of murder. This remains a bulwark that still stands behind the law, and, so far as one can judge, it is never likely to disappear as long as the tradition of English life remains. With the new alterations in the law it is

highly probable that the need for the exercise of the prerogative will not arise so frequently as it has done in the past. There have been far too many instances in which the Court has had to go through the farce of the death sentence when everyone except perhaps the prisoner himself was reasonably certain that a reprieve must follow. This was cruel to the prisoner and brought the administration of justice into disrepute. But when everything has been done to purge the law, there will still remain cases in which for reasons that have nothing to do with the proof of the murder, the carrying out of the death penalty is not merited and to inflict it would shock society. Such cases cannot be determined by metes and bounds, set out in pleadings or argued in Court—they are left to the judgment of those who advise Her Majesty according to principles that are at once hallowed by precedent and unfettered by statute.

So ends yet another chapter in the story of our criminal jurisprudence. The long-assailed bastion of capital punishment for murder has at last been breached; though it still stands, a great rift has been made in the wall and it will depend on unpredictable elements of society whether in the course of years it will be rebuilt or entirely demolished. It will be appreciated that the Act and the schedules contain a number of legal technicalities which the writer has excluded as belonging to the province of a legal textbook. Had space been available it might also have been of interest to deal with the whole matter more historically and to notice some of the trends of criminal law and evidence since the time when Coke, Hale, and Hawkins wrote those 'Pleas of the Crown' which are still cited with reverence in the Court of Criminal Appeal. This would be a tempting task, but for the moment it may perhaps suffice to sum up the subject in the homely language of Lord Macaulay when he wrote of the Criminal law more than a hundred years ago:

It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened and that we have in the course of years become not only a wiser but also a kinder people.

If that evaluation was true so long ago, how much more would the historian have rejoiced had he lived to see that the amelioration of the law's severities was then only in its infancy.

J. C. ARNOLD

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## FORTY YEARS' DEVELOPMENT IN THE ARMY WOMEN'S SERVICES

In most countries of Europe and the Commonwealth there are women contributing in one way or another to their nation's armed strength. In Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and the United States they actually form part of the regular army, quite apart from any contribution they may make to part-time or voluntary organizations. In France also there are 'Personnel Feminin de l'Armée de Terre,' but no attempt has been made to integrate the women's service with the rest of the army nor to provide a career for its members as has been done here. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have their part-time services. Behind the iron curtain the position is less clear. Finland had an organization of women until it was closed down as required by one of the clauses in their treaty with Russia. During the war there were Polish women's services, Czech and Yugoslavian, organized on the same lines and sometimes trained by our Auxiliary Territorial Service, but there were also women among the partisans who bore arms. In Israel to-day there are thousands of women who were trained in the A.T.S. in the Middle East during the war, and I understand that some of them now bear arms in the Israeli forces.

Yet it is only forty years since the first woman was appointed to a full-time post in an official women's service designed to replace soldiers in duties other than nursing. In the United Kingdom cooks and waitresses were employed for the first time in a military establishment on August 3, 1915, but although they were enrolled and uniformed they did not form part of an official service. They were engaged as civilians on the same terms as domestic servants of the day, and although they were controlled by Army Council Instructions no money was allowed for their administration, which was carried out voluntarily by Mrs Burleigh Leach, wife of the Deputy Director of Personal Services at the War Office.

The women were 'in the direct employ' of the officer commanding the unit with which they worked. He drew £20 a year for each cook, in the same way as for all other civilian employees, £40 for

a head cook in each cookhouse, and from £40 to £100 for the most senior of all, the superintendent, whose pay varied according to the number of cooks she supervised. It was the C.O. who was responsible for calculating the number of domestic staff to which he was entitled, and he applied for them to the headquarters of the Military Cookery Section of the Women's Legion. He made all necessary arrangements for their accommodation, sometimes in huts in the camp or barracks, sometimes in nearby houses, for which special rates of billeting were allowed. He was entirely responsible for the discipline of his women, through his superintendent.

Although technically Mrs Leach had no responsibility other than to provide cooks and their uniform, she was frequently called into consultation by commanding officers if they had any problems. She had great beauty and charm, and those who remember her at that time all speak of the sun shining on her golden hair. She also had considerable determination and organizing ability, but this was usually well disguised. The problem of the provision of uniform she overcame by enlisting the services of Messrs Selfridge and Co., who agreed to provide for the sum of £4 a complete outfit consisting of a single-breasted khaki coat and skirt, a blouse and tie, 2 pairs of khaki stockings, strong shoes, a pair of gabardine knickers with a patch pocket, and two overalls. When she enrolled each woman was given a chit which authorized Selfridges to issue her with this uniform, and their bill was paid from the grant received at the end of each month according to the number of women enrolled.

Officially the Army had no responsibility for the medical care of the 'Legionaries.' They came under National Health Insurance, attended panel doctors, and were admitted to civilian hospitals. Unofficially they were often attended in the unit M.I. Room, but this was forbidden by the regulations. Necessary travelling expenses were refunded, but railway warrants could not be issued. In fact these women were civilians, engaged and dismissed as such, and administered under the normal regulations for civilian subordinates. By the end of 1916 there were over four thousand of them.

That summer and autumn the casualties on the Western front were greater than had ever previously been known and the Director General of National Service sought powers to direct women into

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essential war work in order to release men to fill the depleted ranks in the front line. At the same time he asked the military authorities to try to economize in manpower and a good deal of reorganization went on behind the line. It was then that consideration was first given to the possibility of employing women overseas. On being approached the Commander-in-Chief said that he was willing to accept them provided that they came out under their own 'officers,' his intention being to have some sort of organization which would administer itself on the same lines as the rest of the army and so cause as few extra problems as possible.

As soon as the idea was mooted divergences of views became apparent. The Secretary of State, then Lord Derby, was anxious to organize all women employees of the War Department in the same way; Field Marshal Haig had already made his views clear about the necessity for a para-military body; but the civil servants, who held the purse strings, could see no justification for altering the position from that which had proved so successful with the Women's Legion. The need for action in France was, however, so great that these differences were not resolved when the first draft reached Boulogne on March 31, 1917.

It consisted of thirteen members of the Women's Legion under a Women's Legion superintendent. They had been to a depot of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, as the new organization was called, and they had been re-enrolled and sworn in, but the only difference they could see in the conditions of their service was that they were entitled to medical treatment from the Army while they were in France. And even this was not altogether an advantage, because their contributions to National Health were not kept up and if they wanted to remain in benefit they had to stamp their cards themselves throughout the period of their service overseas.

The first clerks reached France within a month. None of them had previously belonged to the Women's Legion, but they were wearing the Legion uniform as the coatfrocks of the W.A.A.C. were not yet in production. Like the domestic workers, the conditions of their employment were based on civilian usage. They were paid by the week at the normal civilian rate, from which was deducted a sum for their rations. Overtime was admissible and a compromise had been reached with those soldiers who said that calculations of overtime were impossible under active service con-

ditions. Commanding Officers were empowered to calculate the average hours worked in their offices and to pay a sum weekly equivalent to the amount which would have been admissible had they actually been worked. This had the effect of making each girl's rate of pay so much higher than was expected that the system was soon altered.

For purposes of supply, pay, rations, distribution of mail, disposal of waste, salvage, swill, travelling, these women had to be administered as the soldiers they were replacing. The Chief Controller—Mrs Gwynne-Vaughan, who as Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan was later to be the first director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service of the Second World War—was immediately responsible to the Adjutant General, G.H.Q. Under his guidance she established her headquarters near to those of Headquarters Lines of Communication, under whom most of her women were employed. In consultation with this H.Q., with Base Commandants and Commanding Officers, Mrs Gwynne-Vaughan pursued the policy she knew to be that of G.H.Q. and she sought the answers to all her problems in military precedent.

But while this development took place in France the War Office was considering the extension of the W.A.A.C. to home service. The Women's Legion had been much increased, the basic pay having been raised from £20 to £26, and it was intended to absorb its members. Mrs Leach was already a controller in the W.A.A.C. as well as commandant of the Military Cookery Section of the Women's Legion, and she eventually brought six thousand domestic workers with her into the new Corps. The strength at home was always likely to be greater than that overseas and the War Office was principally concerned with the formation of regulations which would cover the women serving in Great Britain.

In the event, the organization produced was not unlike that of the Women's Legion. Grave exception was taken to the use of the word 'officer,' but for administrative convenience 'officials' were authorized in each camp, graded as administrators, deputy administrators, and assistant administrators according to the number of women for whom each was responsible. Although they wore three, two, and one rose respectively, it was made clear that they had no equivalent in military rank. Among the 'workers,' as the rank-and-file were called, a few selected 'forewomen' were

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appointed, being distinguished from their fellows by light-coloured collars and a laurel wreath on the forearm. Ladies appointed to higher formations were known as controllers, and to those already functioning in the Areas of the Lines of Communication in France were now added one in each Command at home; the badge appropriate to their grade was a fleur-de-lys and two roses. This badge was also worn by the assistants to the two chief controllers—one at the War Office and one in France—whose appointments were logically enough known as deputy chief controllers.

In course of time the conditions at home came more into line with those of soldiers. The use of railway warrants was authorized; medical attention could be provided in the unit provided that a capitation fee was recovered from the health insurance in respect of each woman; regimental institutes, with the exception of the wet bar, were made available during certain hours; women could be put under canvas if no other accommodation was available; food cards were issued for leave; each woman was issued with a pay book and identity discs; arrangements were made for compensation for loss of kit. Saluting, customary in France but forbidden at home, became universal in the summer of 1918. By the end of the war many of the anomalies had been ironed out, and although they were still civilians, the women were being more and more administered as soldiers.

On one point there was no change. 'Officials' never became 'officers' and they legally had no power to enforce discipline, which remained the responsibility of the commanding officer. At home the women were ultimately controlled by the Defence of the Realm Act and they could be brought before a civil magistrate. In practice many magistrates refused to dispose of military offences and referred absentees back to the C.O., whose power for a first offence was limited to a fine of 2s. 6d., 5s. for the second, and 7s. 6d. for the third and subsequent convictions. There was also a clause in the enrolment form which was signed by every recruit, who thereby agreed to accept certain minor punishments at the hands of their administrators, such as restriction of privileges, stoppage of leave, and admonition.

In France the legal position was that a woman was attached to a unit as a camp follower and could be brought before a court martial in that capacity. Otherwise the position of C.Os. and

officials was the same there as in Great Britain and it was generally accepted that offenders would have to be reverted to home establishment where they could, if they got into trouble again, be referred to the civil courts.

In practice the C.O. could have little control of his women once they had left their place of work, and G.H.Q. had produced regulations making it clear that the Chief Controller was responsible for the discipline of her women, through her officials, whose equivalent rank was clearly defined. For these reasons the power of the C.O. to inflict fines was at first omitted from the regulations in France, as everyone realized that the administrators would lose face if they had to refer minor cases of indiscipline to an outsider. Mrs Gwynne-Vaughan delegated her powers of inflicting punishment to her subordinates in the same way as a commanding officer delegates his to his company commanders. When officials were authorized to fine women they were already accustomed to hold orderly rooms and to administer discipline as far as the regulations would allow on a military pattern. But at home many officials relied entirely on the threat of action by the civil courts. As a report of the time said, 'Some achieve results by strict military discipline, others get equally good results with hardly any at all.'

After the war the Corps disbanded, and no official women's service existed until the Auxiliary Territorial Service was formed in 1938. It was formed on a territorial basis for voluntary training, the only expense to the nation being the provision of uniform, cost of camps, and the out-of-pocket expenses of the members. This time, though it is generally thought that it was an accident, the word 'officer' was applied to certain women who were allowed to claim rank equivalent to commissioned officers of the Army, and those who held rank equivalent to warrant and non-commissioned officers were known as 'sub-officers.' The Service was regulated by a War Office letter, 9/General/2970 (T.A. 5), dated Sept. 19, 1938, but it had been circulated only to Territorial Army Associations and no general instruction was issued through normal channels. The administration, however, was kept between the War Office and the T.A. Associations, the Records being maintained in the War Office and the authority for A.T.S. officers rested solely on Appendix G to the original letter. It was divided into fourteen separate instructions, dealing with action before enrolment, docu-

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ments and army forms, preparation of enrolment forms, medical examination, Part II Orders, absentees, appeals, discharges, age limits, promotions, monthly strength returns, training, finance, and uniform. Attached were specimens of every sort of return required in the appendix.

The only form of disciplinary power was once more contained in the enrolment form, where the recruit by her signature accepted liability for minor punishment if she broke the conditions of her enrolment.

By the outbreak of war the strength of the Service had risen to nearly twenty thousand and the maintenance of records had been moved from the War Office to a Record Office; camps had been organized and had entailed the payment of grants-in-aid of expenses, which were handled by a regular paymaster; Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan had been appointed the first Director, but she had had only six weeks in her office, and that during the busiest time of the Territorial Army, the annual camping season. Many plans had been made to increase the efficiency of the Service in peace and to prepare for a possible outbreak of hostilities, but they had to be put off until the autumn and by that time the country was at war and the A.T.S. embodied.

One general instruction only had been issued, authorizing the requisition of quarters for the accommodation of A.T.S. if no War Department buildings were available. But there was nothing about pay, the issue of stores and rations, nor any other aspect of administration, and in the absence of specific orders some military authorities withheld supplies. More generally, common sense prevailed and A.T.S. received the same treatment as the men. In due course the necessary instructions were issued to put them on the same footing as their predecessors at home at the end of the First World War.

In some ways they were worse off. They were regulated under Defence Regulations, but they were spared the indignity of appearing in a civil court charged with a military offence. There was in fact no possible means by which an offender could be punished. Soon after the outbreak of war the clause accepting liability to punishment was taken out of the enrolment form, but as no officers knew it they continued to act as though it existed. Fortunately the bulk of the early volunteers cared little for such things and con-



tinued to work as though they were under Military Law. Those who walked out could not be brought back, but their absence did little to affect those who remained. Throughout this period the Director strove to bring the needs of her Service to the notice of those of her colleagues who were responsible for seeing that they were met. The A.T.S. also had the advantage of being on active service, as were all troops at home in the Second World War; the position of women in civilian life had also changed a good deal between the wars; but even so it was not easy to convince the male staff officers concerned that these women were part of the army and their responsibility rather than a completely separate organization.

In the manpower crisis after the evacuation from Dunkirk the decision was made to employ the women in operational duties in anti-aircraft artillery. This made it imperative to have more control over them. In his statement in the House of Commons the Secretary of State for War announced that they were to have 'full military status,' but when the Army Council had worked out the extent to which this was to be implemented it boiled down to a specially worded commission which gave A.T.S. officers strictly limited powers of awarding minor punishment. Courts martial could only be convened at the request of the accused, the powers of officers were never sufficient, and discharge remained the only way of dealing with the persistent offender. But a high standard of discipline was maintained by the adoption of a voluntary code by the women themselves. They regarded themselves as part of the army; in almost every other aspect of administration they were treated in the same way as the soldier, and on the whole the system worked well.

But after the war it was decided to retain a women's service in the regular army and this entailed the consideration of such things as careers, professional qualifications, and terms of service generally for officers and other ranks. When the Women's Royal Army Corps was formed three years later its officers were commissioned in the same words as the men; other ranks were enlisted; the annual Army and Air Force Act and King's Regulations were amended to allow of the inclusion of women in His Majesty's Land and Air Forces.

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vice laid down for men and those for women—the right of discharge on marriage being one of them—the W.R.A.C. does not form part of any other corps. It is separate, with its own units, its own traditions, its own Director, Deputy Directors, and Assistant Directors at appropriate levels, whose task it is to control the work of the women on behalf of their commanders in exactly the same way as the heads of other services are responsible for their men. There is provision under Queen's Regulations for command of women by men and men by women, but in practice both are controlled by their own sex up to unit level.

The W.R.A.C. officer or other rank is under Military Law in exactly the same way as the equivalent man, but no detention barracks have been built for women. On the few occasions that a woman has been sentenced to detention she has carried out the punishment in the Depot Guard Room under the supervision of specially trained women who normally do the work of regimental police. One officer has been court martialled.

Within forty years therefore women serving with the Army have changed their status from that of camp followers to that of the regular soldier, shouldering many of the same responsibilities and exercising many of the same privileges. Women officers can now be employed in any appointment for which their qualifications suit them. Although replacing men of the combatant corps, we do not bear arms, but in the rapid technicological advances of a modern Army the sphere of our work is rapidly expanding.

JULIA M. COWPER

## PITY UPON ALL PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES

WHEN a Judge or a Magistrate sentences a man to a term of imprisonment, what is his real object in doing so and what does he hope to achieve thereby? Is his motive retaliatory, to convince the accused that 'crime does not pay,' or has he some nebulous, half-conscious idea that a period spent in prison will help the offender to reform his character and to become an honest and industrious citizen?

With the utmost respect to both the judicial and the magisterial benches, there would seem to be a great deal of confused thinking and mixed motives on the subject. A cross-section of J.Ps. from Norfolk, Suffolk, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Huntingdonshire, when questioned, appear to adopt the principle of: 'Shove him behind bars for a bit. Teach him a lesson and protect the public.' Is that the prevalent attitude on the part of the Bench as a whole? If it is, there is something radically wrong.

Crime must be punished, even in the most Utopian of Welfare States. The results of abolishing punishment and discipline in schools (should one say in homes, too?) can be seen in Children's Courts, where, week after week, charges of burglary, rape, and even blackmail are preferred against boys and girls aged from 9 to 14. If adult crime went unchecked and unpunished, it is reasonable to assume that a civilized existence would soon become impossible. Using school as an analogy, we all know the injustice of the old-fashioned rule-of-thumb punishments. What may have been sauce for the goose was not always a suitable sauce for the gander. Even for an identical offence, a punishment that was contemptuously shrugged off by one culprit may have been grossly excessive and caused quite unnecessary suffering in the case of another. What may be effective in one case can produce disastrous results in another. In order to make a punishment effective it is necessary to calculate its effects on the individual to be punished.

What percentage of Judges and Magistrates considers the long-term effects of a prison sentence on a man? With great respect, a much too small one. If it were otherwise, Prison Reform would

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have been pressed energetically *from the Bench*, whereas, in actual fact, it is indisputable and public knowledge that the Bench, as a whole, has been opposed to most reforms.

The goal of every prison reformer is to make every 'first offender's' imprisonment such that only a minute proportion of convicted persons ever receive a second or subsequent sentence. In this, reformers try to emulate Elizabeth Fry, who wanted prisons to be less places of punishment than centres of influence 'to reform character by the inculcation of industrious and honest habits.' To those who argue that this is impossible, one can but retort: 'So is Christian Perfection. But that does not mean one should not strive for it.' At last the Home Office has taken a step, long overdue, in the direction of worthwhile Prison Reforms. Those outlined by the Home Secretary early in March 1957 are both sensible and far-reaching.

In order to understand the results that it is hoped will be achieved by the proposed reforms, it is essential to understand first the effects of 'prison' on a man to-day. To anybody who has not actually served a prison sentence this is not easy. What is the actual effect of a 'first' sentence on a man of average intelligence, average education, and normal sensibility?

Men of this category are unanimous in their description of their reactions. So much so, that one is left with no alternative but to accept such descriptions as accurate statements of fact. Without exception they say that the effects of prison fall into three sections: bewilderment, hopelessness, and boredom—varying in length only with the mentality and resilience of the individual concerned. In some cases the first and second sections may be only a matter of days; in others, they may be a matter of weeks or even months.

The keynote of the first period is bewilderment—bewilderment at the strangeness and inhumanity of the surroundings in which the man finds himself; bewilderment at the stupid, pettifogging, and often childish restrictions; and at the unnecessary indignities and malicious frustrations imposed by individual members of the prison staff. Do the Prison Commissioners issue orders that calendars are to be turned face to the wall, so that a man cannot check the date? Does the Home Secretary command that clock faces are to be hidden by a piece of old sheet, so that prisoners shall not know the time? Who ordains that a prisoner, who wants to visit

the w.c. on a Saturday evening, cannot be unlocked from his cell until the Landing-Officer on duty has finished reading the evening paper and checked his football-pool coupon? Is it in order for a Prison Governor to say to a man: 'I never believe anything a prisoner says about an officer. Even if an officer told me you were riding a bicycle round the second landing, I'd still put you on bread-and-water'?

Under the complex laws of to-day—for example, how many experienced solicitors understand the Bankruptcy Acts?—a man can find himself in prison, if only on remand, without having any clear knowledge of what he has done wrong or even understanding why he is there at all. A case in point is that of a Wiltshire man who was charged with false pretences when he accepted £2 'on account' against £5 for a chest-of-drawers which he proposed to buy later that same day for £3 10s. from a second-hand furniture dealer, thus making a profit of 30s. on the deal. When he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, he argued that if it is legal for a 'bear' on the Stock Exchange to sell what he does not possess, gambling on being able to buy in shares cheaper when the time comes for delivery, it must be legal for him to do precisely the same thing with furniture. All the satisfaction he obtained was a sharp reprimand from the local J.P.—a retired stock-broker—for impertinence. Yet the prisoner was so convinced that he had not committed any crime that he did not even trouble to employ a solicitor. He was completely thunderstruck and bewildered at being sentenced to imprisonment. The only result of his sentence was to make him say, in effect: 'Right! Next time I'll take very good care to do something that will make prison worthwhile.' Not a particularly desirable result!

That man, and his name is Legion, found himself completely disorientated and cut off completely from wife, children, family, and friends. At a time when letters and visits from a wife and children could mean everything to a man, and prevent him from feeling vengeful and embittered, 'regulations' forbid him to receive them. On arrival at a prison, even when they are no strangers to the experience, many men are so emotionally disturbed that they cannot speak without stammering and are quite incapable of coherent speech or thought. Nevertheless, a man is expected by the authorities to tell his family all that it is necessary for them to

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know on *one* half-sheet of small-sized notepaper. To this *one* letter, he is permitted to receive *one* reply of limited length. If his domestic or business affairs dealt with on his single sheet of paper involve, say, three people, he can still only receive a reply from *one* of them unless he applies to the Prison Governor for special permission (which is given sparingly) to receive *one* or more additional *business* letters. Thereafter, in some (but not all) prisons he may write *one* letter every fifteen days and receive *one* reply thereto, again of strictly limited length. In a provincial prison in 1951 a man was put on a charge before the Acting-Governor because *his wife* made a practice of writing seven to ten pages of family news, which the Censor Officer found 'too much work to wade through time after time.' Of the people who commit suicide in prison, a fairly large proportion do so between the eighth and twelfth days of their sentence. The period of silence between 'news from home' has been too much for them to bear.

While there is no case at all to be argued for *unlimited* letters to and from a man in prison, surely *one* letter a week each way could not be considered unreasonable? It is to be hoped that some such reform will be included in the Home Secretary's final proposals.

The first period of a prison sentence can be appallingly nerve-racking. Smoking may or may not lead to cancer of the lungs, but to the majority of men tobacco is a solace and a sedative. Yet Prison Regulations ordain that no prisoner may smoke until he has earned sufficient money to buy tobacco from the prisoners' canteen. The price of tobacco being what it is, this usually means that for the first fortnight a man whose nerves are stretched to breaking-point is denied the solace of even *one* cigarette in the evening. Unless, as often happens, a prison officer with more compassion and common-sense than his superiors appear to possess 'accidentally' leaves *one* on the table in the man's cell. Without advocating facilities for unlimited smoking, it is to be hoped that the new reforms will provide for an issue of tobacco to all prisoners as part of their kit on arrival in a prison. Such a reform would be only humane and there is much to be said in favour of a weekly issue of 'snout.' If the purchase of additional tobacco from the canteen was restricted to 'good conduct' men and was a privilege awarded to an individual by the Governor at his discretion, illicit trading by 'tobacco barons' would almost disappear. No reform or

reorganization on the face of the earth will ever make it disappear *entirely*.

When the sense of 'bewilderment' wears off, a man begins to enter the second stage of reaction. In this stage he discovers that he has become numb to frustration and indignity, but can see nothing ahead of him except weeks, months, or even years of drab, dreary, grey monotony. This is the only period of true punishment in any prison sentence. When it has passed, a man should normally be released and put, if necessary, in the care of a Probation Officer. Once a man has had time to become inured and insensitive to this period of monotony, the remainder of his sentence, whether it be a period of months or years, becomes nothing but a period of boredom. Once the stage of boredom is reached, a prison sentence becomes futile so far as any reformatory influence is concerned. Its other influences may be, and often are, sufficiently disastrous to turn a well-intentioned first offender into a potential habitual criminal and a practising homosexual.

Prison reforms, if they are to be really effective, must make provision for the remission of imprisonment and the substitution of probation at the discretion of some type of parole board. Such remission should be additional to the good conduct remission already in vogue.

Whose fault is it that prisoners are bored? Does the fault lie with the Prison Commissioners or with individual officials in the Prison Service? Both are culpable, though it is not easy to apportion the blame.

The days when the majority of prisoners were either semi-illiterate or completely so, and of a definitely low 'I.Q.' have gone for ever. New and modern methods of teaching, particularly in the cases of backward and slightly handicapped children, have done much to raise the standard of education throughout the country with a corresponding rise in the level of general intelligence. The average prisoner to-day is no longer suitable, still less content, to spend hour after hour, day after day, month after month, performing monotonous, mechanical tasks requiring little skill and less intelligence, such as sewing mail-bags or gluing bristles into third-rate scrubbing brushes. Surely a man who has been sent to prison is entitled to argue that, if he is expected to redeem himself after his release, he should be provided with the means with which to do so? A case

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in point is that of a solicitor who embezzled a sum of money. He is a comparatively young man, who can reasonably expect to live another forty years. He is barred for ever from his former profession and, to a certain extent, from his former social standing. He took a realistic view of his future and applied to the Governor of the prison he was in for a transfer to a different prison where he could be taught boot and shoe repairing. His brother-in-law had offered to set him up in a small business and the Prison Governor recommended that the request should be granted. The Prison Commissioners refused it, on the grounds that as a solicitor he was a competent book-keeper and ought to be able to find a job as a clerk. Again, a Regular Army officer, who had been cashiered and imprisoned for a sexual offence, had some knowledge of building and asked whether he could be taught plumbing. He possessed enough capital to set himself up as a builder in a small way and all he needed was training and experience. The Prison Governor would not even submit his request to the Commissioners.

Possibly the most far-reaching and important of the Home Secretary's proposed reforms is that every prisoner, with or without previous convictions and irrespective of social standing, should have the opportunity to learn a useful trade of his own choice. Although the treadmill and oakum-picking were abolished years ago, far, far too many prisoners to-day are employed on futile, boring, non-productive jobs. This is particularly so in the much-vaunted 'open' prisons, where they are employed as unskilled, and often very unsuitable, agricultural labourers. Of what conceivable use is it to teach a Teddy-boy from Bermondsey to build a potato-clamp?

The Prison Commissioners' constant complaint that it is difficult to find sufficient suitable productive tasks for prisoners is probably justified. This does not alter the fact that their failure to find such tasks shows that they have also failed in their chief moral responsibility—that of rehabilitating a prisoner. The fact that it may be 'difficult' is no excuse. A reform that will ensure a prisoner having a proper trade to ply on discharge is of vital importance and is long overdue. It is not necessary that a man should be fully qualified. All he needs is sufficient knowledge of a trade to enable him to get a job immediately.

Although the Home Secretary's proposed reforms are eminently

sensible, far-reaching, and practicable, a large proportion of them will be opposed by Prison Officers ('warders'). Discussions with groups of Prison Officers of various grades from a number of different prisons force one to conclude that the majority of them are strongly averse to any increase in prisoners' rates of pay. They assert that more money would only lead to increased gambling and give greater power to the 'tobacco barons' and prison bookmakers. They seem unable to grasp that a reform cannot be modified to comply with what is *ipso facto* against the rules.

Many Prison Officers, in common with members of the general public, are under the erroneous impression that people are sent to prison to be punished and not *as a punishment in itself*. Many Prison Officers—it may even be true to say most of them—would like prisons to be run on much the same lines as the 'Glass-house' was at Aldershot fifty years ago. The reiterated theme of their conversation is:

'If I had my way, "they" would learn what discipline means. I'd make them put a snap into it! They get away with too much altogether. Half of them are better off in "bird" than they are at home. Prison's too soft. Give 'em a taste of the old Glass-house. Do everything and go everywhere at the double. If there isn't enough work in the "shops," put 'em on really stiff P.T. and *proper* Squad Drill under a real Sergeant-Major. Smarten 'em up and give 'em hell! That's what prisons are for, isn't it?'

The awful thing is that a large proportion of Prison Officers believe the last sentence of the preceding paragraph to be correct. Such men will effectively frustrate, by their attitude, any reforms that, to them, savours of a lessening of discipline or indignity for the prisoners. Mr John Vidler, O.B.E., who recently retired from the Governorship of Maidstone Prison, was probably the greatest Prison Governor that the Home Office has ever had. For years he fought, almost single-handed, for sensible reforms and (let it be said to the honour of a courageous man) he put his own ideas on prison reform into practice, more than once in defiance of the Prison Commissioners. His motto was 'Time will tell which of us is wrong.' Time has told. Almost every reform now proposed by the Home Secretary originated in John Vidler's fertile brain and was tested, in a greater or lesser degree, in Maidstone Prison. Great though his successes were, they would have been greater still had

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his staff not frustrated and obstructed his ideas as much as they dared. John Vidler had to overcome an enormous amount of subversive disloyalty from his uniformed officers, only a few of whom had either the education or the intelligence to understand how great a man they worked under. Even more than the proposed reforms, let his memorial be the numbers of men, many with a whole string of previous convictions, who never went back to prison after leaving Maidstone.

What John Vidler's staff could never understand was his obtrusive insistence that prisoners should be taught to discipline *themselves*—and not have 'glass-house' discipline ('Wandsworth stuff' was what he called it) forced upon them. He maintained too—and so few of his brother Governors agreed with him—that the less time a man spent locked in his cell, the better. He insisted that men drifted into crime because they had insufficient to occupy their hands and less still to occupy their minds. In other words, because they were bored with idleness. He encouraged every form of study and handicraft.

People who advocate the curtailment of amenities in prisons—radios, newspapers, correspondence courses, educational or handicraft classes—would not talk such unchristian nonsense if they had ever witnessed the effect of boredom in prison on men's morals as well as their morale. Whether such amenities and 'privileges' are regulated to the best advantage by individual prison authorities or whether they are properly used by the recipients are different matters altogether. Even the gross abuse of a privilege by one party does not justify its wholesale withdrawal from another.

The Prison Commissioners are uneasily aware of the effects of boredom and they make a not very impressive attempt to counteract it. They issue instructions for certain things to be done. Some Prison Governors do them; some do not. For example, safety-razor blades issued to prisoners are *not* of the best quality. Towards the end of 1950 the Commissioners issued an 'Instruction' that any man who wished to do so could have a blade sharpener sent in, to keep in his cell for daily use. The then Governor of Norwich Prison (Mr S. G. Clark) made this fact known and various prisoners took advantage of it. When three men were transferred to another prison their sharpeners were confiscated on arrival there. On protesting to the Governor of the new prison that sharpeners

were authorized by the Commissioners, they were told: 'We don't choose to know that here! Do you think we've nothing better to do than deal with six hundred applications for razor-blade sharpeners from the men here?'

Again, for many years it was a rule that any books sent to a man in prison, whether on remand or convicted, automatically became the property of the prison library at the end of four weeks. This had always been a matter of complaint, and, again towards the end of 1950, after years of inaction, the Commissioners stated that in future all non-fiction books would remain the personal property of the prisoner concerned. Yet, in several prisons, non-fiction books were still being seized and stamped 'Prison Library' two years later. One man, whose wife had bought him the 42s. edition of T. E. Lawrence's *Letters* at considerable self-sacrifice, was told by a certain Governor: 'That's her look out! Where do you think our library-books come from? Provided by the Home Office out of public funds?'

Another man, studying for a London University External Degree, had over £12-worth of books confiscated without warning and did not get them back until his brother asked an M.P. to take the matter up personally with the Home Secretary.

Such incidents would be unthinkable if all Prison Governors were of John Vidler's type. They must be impossible when the new reforms come into operation. When men with the rank and authority of Prison Governors ignore or evade official 'Instructions' aimed at reform, can the rank-and-file of Prison Officers be censured too severely if they follow a lamentably bad example? Even so, unless Prison Officers are drawn, as a body, from a very different class than they are at present, many of the proposed reforms will be still-born.

Let it not be thought that there are not some magnificent characters amongst Prison Officers. There are indeed, particularly amongst the older generation now reaching the age-limit for retirement. The younger men give the impression that too many of them were junior N.C.Os. who found that lack of education—and in some cases downright lack of intelligence—handicapped them from further promotion. Not one in fifty could pass the G.C.E. Too many of them admit frankly that they left the Army or the R.A.F. to join the Prison Service 'because the pay was good; there

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was nothing much to do; the hours were short; and there was bags of overtime.' Such an outlook bodes little good in men engaged on a responsible job. There can be no lasting reform unless the second-rate N.C.O. type of Prison Officer is weeded out.

If prison staffs are to be overhauled when the proposed reforms are put into operation, it is as essential to see that the right type of Medical Officer is appointed as it is to see that the wrong type of Governor is superseded. Prison doctors have been the target of criticism by the Howard League for Penal Reform for many years. So much so that the writer feels that any reference to them is akin to infringement of copyright!

There are, of course, prison doctors who are good by any standard of comparison, but they are exceptions and not the rule. The average prison doctor gives one the impression that, for one reason or another, he has proved himself incapable of holding down a private practice and has entered the Prison Service *faute de mieux*. The detailed castigation published in the *Howard Journal* a few years ago leaves no room for argument, but that they are rude to their patients and comparatively indifferent to their welfare—until a man has been allowed to become seriously ill, when they hasten to rid themselves of responsibility by packing him off to the local hospital. A perusal of the *Medical Directory* will prove that very, very few prison doctors hold a degree or qualification which would admit them to 'consultant status.' It will prove, too, that fewer still possess any *recognized* qualification in psychiatry. Why is it, then, that Judges accept the opinion of a prison doctor as gospel and without question, even though his opinion may be the direct opposite of those expressed by the most eminent consultants in Harley Street? That this statement is *horrifyingly* true can be established, times without number, by reference to trials at the Old Bailey and elsewhere, and particularly where leading psychiatrists have been giving evidence for the *defence* in murder and sex-crimes.

Again, Judges and Petty Sessional Chairmen are apt to inform a prisoner that he will receive a specific form of medical treatment while in prison. Do they, in blunt English, know what they are talking about? Have they ever taken the trouble to pay a personal visit to a prison to satisfy themselves that such a man is receiving *any*, let alone the correct, treatment at all? Most of them would receive an appalling shock if they did!

Some five years or so ago a certain disabled ex-officer, with a distinguished war record, was waiting to be admitted to the Rowley-Bassett Orthopædic Clinic (St Thomas's Hospital) for a most intricate spinal operation due to war injuries, when he was charged with some offence under the Bankruptcy Acts. It so happened that the date of his admission to the clinic coincided with the date at which he was to appear in the Assize Court. When Mr Justice Hilbery raised the matter before passing sentence, the prison doctor assured him that 'arrangements were already in hand for the required treatment if the man was sentenced to imprisonment.' Next morning that same prison doctor passed the man as 'Fit. A1 for labour,' and neither then nor subsequently took any steps to provide him with even one hour's treatment of any sort. As the result of neglect in the early stages of his prison sentence, that man now suffers agony from arthritis of the spine and chronic sciatica. This is by no means an isolated case. The writer knows details of several others, some of which are so appalling that the general public would not credit them as true.

A year or so before the war, *Time and Tide*, under the guidance of Lady Rhondda, conducted a campaign against the scandal of medical 'attention' in prisons. It had some effect—but only some. Lady Rhondda's revelations showed that prison doctors were under the delusion that aspirin tablets and Epsom salts were satisfactory antibiotics. Many of them, apparently, still are. In vulgar parlance, it is time, and more than time, that a public outcry blew the Prison Medical Service sky-high.

FRANCIS MARTIN

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## THE VICTORIAN YOUNG LADY

IF one wished to be slightly provocative one might assert that the Young Lady *was* a Victorian product: adumbrated but not realized in earlier periods, fading out in the peculiar light of the present century. She was the result partly of education and breeding, partly of age-grouping. The girl-child of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the seventeenth century grew quickly to womanhood. She might marry at sixteen; there was barely a pause between her leaving the nursery (if, indeed, her disciplined childhood could be said to know any nursery life) and her starting one of her own.

The young gentlewoman of the eighteenth century began to linger for a moment on the threshold of maturity; but only after the majestic girlhood of Queen Victoria and the crowning of that formidable young lady of nineteen was the period or condition of young ladyhood realized, cultivated, and maintained as a territory in its own right. A poet found a word for it:

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

The royal feet which stood there at the moment of accession were by no means reluctant; they walked firmly and quickly into womanhood and queenhood.

'To-day is my 18th birthday,' the Princess Victoria recorded in her Journal on May 24, 1837:

How old! And yet how far am I from being what I should be! I shall from this day take the firm resolution to study with renewed assiduity, to keep my attention always well fixed on what I am about, and to strive to become every day less trifling and more fit for what, if Heaven will it, I'm some day to be.

Had Heaven not willed it, she would have been extremely displeased, for she had long been aware of her destiny. Before another month had passed she became what Heaven, fortunately, willed. On Tuesday, June 20:



I was awake at 6 o'clock by Mamma who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown) and *alone*, and saw them.

Having received the news of her accession and, according to tradition, declared, 'I will be good,' the new Queen returned to her room and dressed. In her Journal the famous vow is expanded:

Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country. I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have.

There might be a little, a very little diffidence about that 'perhaps inexperienced,' but the 'perhaps' must be emphasized. The Queen never had any doubts about herself. She was neither vain nor arrogant; but never self-distrustful. She was beyond pride or vanity; at this moment and to the end of her long life she was simply and sublimely sure of herself as Queen, unique and incomparable.

'Alone' is the key-word. There can be pathos in the loneliness of majesty, but not in Victoria's conception of it. For her to be alone was to be, at last, free. After breakfast on that day of days, she received her Prime Minister Lord Melbourne—"in my room and, OF COURSE, QUITE ALONE, as I shall always do my ministers"; she held her first Council—"I went in, of course quite alone"; and she had her bed moved from her mother's room to one where she would sleep alone for nearly three years, until Prince Albert was admitted to what the Victorians called the connubial chamber.

She was alone in majesty, and young enough to love her solitude; making her own life, accepting her responsibilities, guided by her First Minister as became a good queen; but that approved mentor was soon dearly loved, and was temperamentally suited to her needs.

The young queen and Lord Melbourne present a picture often reproduced in Victorian fiction as well as in letters: that of the girl, inexperienced but eager to learn, ardent, disposed to hero-worship, curious about the ways of the world; the man mature, mellow, sagacious, with immense reserves. Her Journal from her accession to her marriage is full of 'Lord M.'; he gave her the

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sense of protection, of fatherly watchfulness and guiding which, consciously or unconsciously, she had missed all her life until now; though whether the late Duke of Kent would have supplied it is matter for question.

'He has such an honest, frank and yet gentle manner. . . . I have great confidence in him'—that impression, made by her first audience, was deepened by every meeting and conversation.

Their relationship was perfect. Melbourne was most circumspect; he was also most sincerely devoted, most affectionately serviceable to his girl-Queen. He was deliberately and consciously preparing her for her great office; but he was also, though hardly if at all realizing it, preparing her for marriage, by awakening yet controlling emotions which could have become dangerous if repressed or uncurbed. She could be sentimental about him as he about her, and come safely and happily to her fulfilment in marriage.

For his part he found in her, though set apart and above him by her queenhood, the daughter he would have loved; for Melbourne was *un père manqué*. It was tragic for him; yet perhaps better so, for Lady Caroline's daughter would have had a disastrous heritage.

He found, now, a partial fulfilment; yet it must have been difficult for him, this mellow, brilliant man of the world, to curb himself, his speech and his interests. Only affection could make bearable those long, dull evenings at Windsor. For the Queen it was a Cortez-vision of a new ocean.

There were other joys besides. As yet she knew only the delights and not the cares of majesty; and the wave of popularity lifted her high. The Court spent that first summer at Windsor—'the pleasantest summer I EVER PASSED in my life,' and she looked back on it, a little wistfully, from London. But then came, in November, her first state appearance when 'dressed in all my finery' she drove to the City for the Lord Mayor's dinner:

I met with the MOST gratifying, affectionate, hearty, and brilliant reception from the greatest concourse of people I ever witnessed. . . . I cannot say *HOW* gratified and *HOW touched* I am by the very brilliant, affectionate, cordial, enthusiastic, and *unanimous* reception I met with in the greatest Metropolis in the World.

The royal style is overwhelmingly adjectival, and capitals and italics spatter the page.

About ten days later she drove to open Parliament, again tremendously cheered. In the following May (1838)—‘I this day entered my 20th year which I think very old.’ It sounded more impressive than being merely nineteen! And on June 28 she went to her crowning in the Abbey, through ‘millions of my loyal subjects whose good humour and loyalty was beyond everything. I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the Queen of such a nation.’

Eight young ladies from the higher ranks of the peerage attended her young Majesty, dressed alike in white and silver tissue, with wreaths of silver corn-ears on their foreheads and little coronals of pink roses round the plaits at the back of their heads. They must have looked charming, those first Victorian young ladies; fashion still kept a graceful line and some simplicity; its full horrors lay ahead, in the ‘seventies and ‘eighties.

A girl in her schoolroom in a quiet country-house in Hampshire heard all about it from an eye-witness, and retailed the description to her cousin in Devonshire. Charlotte Yonge was four years younger than the Queen, whom she was to venerate all her life and outlive by only a few months. She was the most exquisite of Victorians, and it was she, not the Queen herself, who was to portray the ideal young lady and help to form the actuality. Victoria became the matron and the matriarch, and set the pattern of that august type for her countrywomen. But the girl, the young lady, lives immortal in Charlotte Yonge’s novels. And it is her—Charlotte’s—supreme achievement to have created and perfected a new form of fiction: the Schoolroom Novel, the *Roman Jeune Fille*; for and about the young lady, yet of an interest and variety sufficient to captivate the mature and the masculine mind as well.

Her girls live: even in the slight but clear sketches of the heroines of *Abbeychurch* and *The Castle Builders*; still more in the full-length, lovely portraits of Laura and Amy in *The Heir of Redclyffe*, in Ethel May and her sisters, in the Underwoods, the Mohuns, and the Merrifields and all the rest. Indeed, it has been alleged against Miss Yonge’s historical tales that their heroines too are Victorian young ladies, even in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, and in France as well as in England.

In an issue of *The Monthly Packet* in 1890 (the magazine she founded and, until that year, edited) a competition was set on a

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comparison between the girl of the day and her predecessor of forty years earlier. Nearly every competitor chose Amy Edmonstone as the ideal type of the earlier heroine; some chose Ethel May. But everyone found the same qualities in that earlier type: sense of duty, submission, filial devotion and obedience, unquestioning faith, delicacy of mind, self-control. In the girl of the 'eighties and dawning 'nineties was found a more adventurous spirit: a desire for self-development, for liberty of thought.

In both Amy, little and dainty, adorning everything she touches, and in Ethel, prototype of all eager and awkward young things, passionate for learning, impatient of the little feminine arts and graces, the ideal is fixed. She and Amy are sisters in breeding and instinct; and one of the wishes of Miss Yonge's devotees (an insatiable set!) is that we might have been granted a glimpse of Amy in later life and a meeting between her and Ethel.

Charlotte Yonge was loyal to the backbone, if we may use so crude a phrase; but the Queen as a girl came far short of the ideal she created and the actual type she helped to form. For one thing, filial duty was not the Queen's dominant virtue; she had suffered too much in eighteen years of maternal domination. In time, thanks partly to the influence of her husband, she grew towards her mother in affection and kindliness; but in those first years of her reign she showed, very plainly, her delight in her new freedom.

Then she was not deeply cultivated in mind, although of acute intelligence and excellent common-sense. In the schoolroom she learned quickly enough—up to a point; she loved music—again up to a point—and the theatre; she enjoyed Melbourne's racy and varied talk of men and books, but chiefly of men; had a fair sense of history. For books in themselves, for the joy of reading, the discipline of study, she had no feeling whatever.

Charlotte Yonge loved books from her earliest childhood, when she found herself reading *Robinson Crusoe* at the age of four, through her schoolroom days when she was allowed the indulgence of one of the Waverley novels after finishing her stent of history. This love she gives to most of her heroines.

In nearly every number of *The Monthly Packet* there is advice about reading, and in one article the attitude that kept feminine culture alive before the days of formal 'higher education' is made explicit: 'From eighteen to twenty-one is, as a rule, a period in a

woman's life of great leisure and no great usefulness.' It sounds incredible now; but the girl-undergraduate had not yet arrived, the young lady was not preparing herself for a profession, and *The Monthly Packet* was intended for her rather than for the young person in apprenticeship to a dressmaker or in service. The Victorian girl had neither the academic career of later generations nor the intensive domestic training of earlier. Her ancestress of the eighteenth century would, if not married at eighteen, be receiving and practising lessons in housewifery, particularly in stillroom lore. The Victorian home was well staffed; only in circumstances of poverty or sickness were the daughters of gentlefolk expected to cook and do housework.

'This time cannot be better employed than in gaining intellectual culture. . . . To a woman of any intellectual vigour the pleasure of wide and systematic reading is in itself considerable.' Such reading, even before the age of eighteen, was for a girl what his classical studies were for her brother, if conscientious: a mental discipline. He was reading for a degree, perhaps for Holy Orders; preparing for his profession. Without any such definite aim it was all the more necessary for a girl to discipline herself. French and history were especially valuable; a sound knowledge of both made part of the elementary education of a lady. Some Italian too was desirable. Charlotte herself while still in the schoolroom translated *I Promessi Sposi* for her father's benefit: a feat she was later to credit to Philip in *The Heir of Redclyffe*. It was commendable to have a grounding of Latin, and even a little Greek, though not to carry a love of the classics to such excess as did poor Ethel.

Victoria—as Princess and as Queen—cared little for such things. In another and ruling love of Miss Yonge and her heroines she was also defective: in religious devotion. All her life she was, to use an old phrase of approval, 'a good church-going woman'; but her religion was chiefly a matter of morality, and very sober in expression. For Charlotte it was the source of all joy and strength, the beginning and end of all things, her daily, super-substantial bread. She lived and worked for the Church: the Church of England renewed and restored by the Tractarians; and her own interests, of church-building, of missions, of work for and with the clergy, and for the poor and for children, are bestowed upon her heroines.

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hood, did not overshadow the great event at that period in her private life: her Confirmation. She was prepared for that sacrament by Keble, her parish priest, her guide in all things spiritual and intellectual: 'It was done by working through the Catechism and the Communion Service, with the last comparing old liturgies,' she recalled in her fragment of autobiography. 'It was a great happiness and opened my mind to Church doctrine. But I well remember the warning at the end against taking these things up in a merely poetical tone for their beauty.'

The Princess Victoria was duly confirmed at the age of sixteen. She realized the occasion as 'one of the most solemn and important events in my life,' and resolved 'to become a true Christian, to try and comfort my dear Mamma in all her griefs, trials, and anxieties, and to become a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her, also to be obedient to dear Lehzen who has done so much for me.'

It is all very laudable as far as it goes, and it goes, perhaps, as far as most Confirmation resolves in those days of the Church's lethargy, when the full Catholic teaching was rarely given. The responsibility for one's own acts which is part of the new life is, indeed, assumed; the other part, which so rejoiced Charlotte and her heroines, the preparation for the supreme and holiest Sacrament of the altar, is disregarded.

That sense is found in a girl born a few years after the Coronation who was later to become one of the Queen's Maids of Honour: Lucy Lyttelton, daughter of Lord Lyttelton and afterwards Lady Frederick Cavendish. Herself an admirer of Miss Yonge, she is an embodiment of that author's ideal heroine. She was the eldest but one of a family of twelve: in itself a proof that Charlotte's broods of children are no exaggeration. As an elder sister she was all that a heroine should be, especially after her mother's death following the birth of the last baby.

Lucy could have appeared in any of those novels without disrupting the story or spoiling the atmosphere. There is, indeed, a resemblance between her and Constance Somerville, the eldest sister of Kate and Emmeline in *The Castle Builders*. Constance is married at nineteen to Lord Herbert Somerville, a cleric of high birth and breeding and sound Tractarian views, who devotes himself and his wealth wholeheartedly to the welfare of his poor parish. Constance is not only a dutiful helpmeet, she is gay and

full of humour. Lucy had that gaiety with devotion which is so attractive.

She had courage too, shown in her tragic widowhood. Constance reappears in *The Pillars of the House* as Sister Constance; her husband has died of tuberculosis and overwork and left his fortune to found a Sisterhood of which his widow is head. Her charm is undimmed. Lucy would have made an admirable clergy-wife; and though she did not formally renounce the world in her widowhood, she withdrew, in practice, more and more into religion and good works. Her courage was unshaken, her faith strengthened; there was even a little gaiety left. The spirit and training of her girlhood maintained her.

For her, as for Charlotte, Confirmation was a great joy:

It was very quiet—all fear and trembling seemed gone. . . . I had Papa on one side, Mamma on the other. . . . I seem to remember nothing very distinctly till I went up and knelt on the altar step, feeling the strangest thrill as I did so for the first time. And I know how I waited breathlessly for my turn, with the longing for it to be safe done, half feeling that something might yet prevent it. . . . And I know that I shall never forget the touch on my head: 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant with Thy heavenly grace' and the glorious rush of trembling calm that followed in indescribable feeling. . . . And the new Life was begun.

As a young lady of the best family Lucy 'came out' in society; she was presented to the Queen, who received her with marked kindness; she was taken to balls and parties, the play and the opera, unless when the latter ended with a ballet, which for some reason was not approved. She enjoyed it all and liked her pretty muslins and tarlatans with their fresh flowers and ribbons.

It was all as Miss Yonge would have arranged for one of her more exalted heroines. The Prayer Book teaches us to do our duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us; and a girl called to high station must fulfil her social duties gracefully and enjoy the appropriate pleasures.

Most of the heroines are of more modest position, though all of them are gentlewomen: Laura and Amy the daughters of a country gentleman; Ethel of a doctor of gentle birth; the Underwoods children of a poor clergyman disinherited of his rightful estate; the others of like gentility. Only Countess Kate is a high-born aristocrat. But they all have the same breeding: a sureness of touch, an

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inborn refinement, a certain tranquility—even the tempestuous Ethel. The trivial and restless gentility that was to make 'young ladyism' look foolish and even contemptible was not to be admired but rather satirized as far as Charlotte would permit herself that exercise; and indeed she has a bite and irony that might have been oftener expressed.

She would not have thought it right to invent a correspondent; otherwise one would ascribe to her creative irony a letter in one of the *Monthly Packets* in 1667, signed Blanche Montgomery. The writer is the young—surely the very young—wife of a clergyman holding his first charge in a large industrial town: 'My husband wished me to get acquainted with everybody, and to use my influence with the young women of the middle class, to raise them a little.' It was a laudable desire and Mrs Montgomery tried to fulfil it but the young women would not respond. They did not wish to have their tone raised. 'The young ladies seem to me to read many more tales than we do. They do not care for history or science or politics, and talk gossip and about their dress when they go out. . . . They do not read to talk as we others do.'

What was worse, they—the people generally, tradesmen and their wives—'put themselves quite on an equality with me'; and said 'Mrs Montgomery' in every sentence instead of 'Ma'am.' Only one or two showed proper respect to the young lady of the vicarage: the schoolmistress, 'a very good, humble young woman with no pretensions,' and an old, bedridden woman who had been a housekeeper and knew her place and what was due to the gentry.

So much for the middle class; the poor were even worse. They did not order themselves in the meek and lowly way befitting their station which Mrs Montgomery had found among the poor at home. *There* they were all Papa's tenants and employees, and lived in neat cottages with sanded floors and oak dressers, kept immaculately clean; if not 'a fine rout we made'—Miss Blanche and her mamma; and Mamma saw to the children's clothes so that 'they could not be smart' and ape their betters. But here—she had told a child in her Sunday-school class to take a tawdry flower out of her hat, and next Sunday the flower was still there: 'Feyther says it be to bide.'

It was all very difficult for a high-minded, well-meaning young lady, and she did not win all the sympathy she expected. In due

course she was answered and reproved: both by 'one of us'—another clergy-lady, older, wiser, and more charitable; and by 'one of them'—in a pained and dignified remonstrance from a woman of the lower middle class who deprecated 'the undisguised contempt often sustained for us by the wives of our clergymen.'

Young Mrs Montgomery proves the reality of the silly if well-meaning Victorian young lady. But the ideal type must be—and the real good girl *was*—given to charity: she must visit the poor, sew for them, teach their children and arrange for them such treats and pleasures as were fitting. A great deal of good was done by the young ladies of England who had more sense than Blanche; they might be unaware of the depths and complexity of the social evil, but they were pitiful towards the sorrow and the needs they could comprehend. Lucy Lyttelton, in the whirl of the London season, was a little homesick for her quiet country ways, and anxious about her poor folk. They had their share, these good girls, in averting the revolution which mid-Victorian England so mercifully escaped.

As the century advanced other influences more and more guided the young lady into new ways. Charlotte Yonge was the Victorian girl perfectly fulfilled within the limits of her time, class, and circumstances; she did not merely accept her setting, she delighted in it, and her heroines live in the same harmony.

Other girls could not thus develop; they had to break out of their setting. They were the pioneers, sometimes the rebels. Florence Nightingale, herself a pre-Victorian young lady, had shown one way of fulfilment. Others followed or made a new track; reformers like Frances Power Cobbe, who, at the time of the Queen's Coronation, was receiving her extremely inadequate education at a boarding-school; scholars and teachers like Emily Davies of Girton, Miss Buss of the North London Collegiate School, Miss Beale of Cheltenham. They found female education intolerably limited. Neither the domestic schoolroom nor the polite boarding-school could satisfy their needs; and they were aware of the needs of other eager girls. They founded or developed new schools and colleges. Charlotte Yonge's own friend Anne Moberly was of this company. Some of them led the way into professions hitherto forbidden to women: into medicine, in the persons of Sophia Jex-Blake and Elizabeth Garrett among others. In the second half of the century

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a new type of Victorian girl was found: very serious, very ardent, going up to Newnham and Girton, to Somerville or Lady Margaret Hall, to classes in the Scottish universities as to a Mecca or a Jerusalem of heart's desire.

Miss Yonge at the end of her life was to accept if not wholly approve those new girls. Much more wholeheartedly did she accept those who heard a call to the strict life of a religious community. One of the results of the Tractarian revival was the renewal of this life within the Church of England; and for some Victorian girls true fulfilment lay in renunciation.

The conventional picture of the young lady of the century as decorative but insipid, trivial, and sentimental may occasionally have been painted from life. But that prototype is almost hidden in the throng of girls of an infinite variety; the adventurous as well as the home-loving, the intellectual as well as the simple; the devout as well as the worldly. A real knowledge of the century discovers a high proportion both of the intellectual and of the religious—in the strictest sense.

The young Queen Victoria was to give her name to an age, but not, universally, her character or her outlook. The Victorian girl was as God made her, the Divine handicraft aided by human hands and minds; not least by Charlotte Yonge, that most exquisite Victorian.

MARION LOCHHEAD

## THE GROWTH OF WORDSWORTH'S MIND

*William Wordsworth: A Biography. The Early Years 1770-1803.*  
By Mary Moorman. Oxford University Press, 1957. 50s.

WHEN subscriptions were invited for a national memorial to Wordsworth after his death in 1850, Macaulay remarked that 'ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country.' Born in 1770, Wordsworth had long outlived all his contemporaries except Landor and Rogers; to the generation of Tennyson and Browning he was the survivor of the golden age of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Lamb. Had not Coleridge himself bowed in homage before Wordsworth as the greatest of them all—as the poet who supremely achieved 'the union of deep feeling with profound thought'? As Matthew Arnold wrote, 'poetry is at bottom a criticism of life . . . the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, —to the question: How to live.' Wordsworth was the acknowledged leader of the poets who revolted against the falsity of artificiality and asserted the truth of an individual response to Nature.

Disappointment, if not disillusion, followed his death. His widow immediately published 'The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind'—the autobiography projected in his thirtieth year at Coleridge's request to relate 'the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself.' The long-awaited masterpiece was considered by even an avowed Wordsworthian like Matthew Arnold as 'by no means Wordsworth's best work'; Coventry Patmore thought it contained 'the best and the worst passages that Wordsworth ever penned.' Within a year followed the circumspect *Memoir* by the poet's episcopal nephew to confirm the impression of 'The Prelude' that Wordsworth had lived a depressingly 'un-eventful' life for a poet of revolt.

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Clough reported Tennyson as saying that he 'would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than all Wordsworth.' Even when Arnold attempted a revival in 1879, Swinburne argued that all 'his systematic and studious love of nature' failed to 'give ever such wings to his words or such fire to their music' as Shelley achieved by his 'spirit of sense.' 'Alone of their generation,' said Swinburne, Shelley and Coleridge were 'indeed to be counted among the very chiefest glories of English poetry,' and it was 'no inadequate reward for the noble labour of a long and strenuous life' that Wordsworth could stand 'a little lower than these.' In 1884 James Russell Lowell thought that 'whatever can be profitably said of him has already been said,' so shocking Wordsworthians that Professor W. A. Knight five years later produced a biography in three volumes, disparaging all his hero's contemporaries—especially the drug-addicts Coleridge and De Quincey—by contrast with the immaculate character of the dedicated poet labouring in domestic respectability.

An early critic of 'The Prelude' described its later books on the French Revolution as 'strange pieces of furniture to be found in the soul of a laureate,' but an American and a French professor, G. M. Harper and Emile Legouis, collaborated in studying Wordsworth's preoccupation with his experiences in France and discovered the 'delicate subject' suppressed in the *Memoir* to the 'satisfaction' of the diarist Henry Crabb Robinson. Harper was enabled to publish the first revealing biography of Wordsworth in 1916, and Legouis in 1922 presented in *William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, the story of the youthful romance that resulted in the birth of Wordsworth's illegitimate French daughter in December 1792.

Crabb Robinson was a retired lawyer, a man of no imagination but of shrewd social experience. In his view the revelation of a youthful indiscretion would serve only to feed an appetite for sensational scandal and to detract from the laureate's reputation for respectability. Himself a very old man, he had forgotten that such deep feeling as Wordsworth expressed in his poetry could spring only from emotional experience. Vainly seeking traces of any such emotional experience in 'The Prelude' and the *Memoir*, critics could not reconcile the author of the 'Lyrical Ballads' with the recluse who lived in austerity and rectitude. It had long been

recognized that the fount of Wordsworth's poetical inspiration dried up about a decade after its sudden eruption in 'Lyrical Ballads'; the reminiscences of De Quincey and Joseph Cottle indicated that the period of his productivity coincided with the period of his association with Coleridge, and as early as 1840 a *Quarterly* reviewer (the Rev. W. Sewell) wrote of the happy conjunction of 'the kind, gentle, affectionate Wordsworth . . . with the acute, restless, deep-thinking Coleridge.' Kindness, gentleness, and affection seemed impossible in the chilly egocentric of the *Memoir*, and after more than half a century Professor Garrod described Coleridge as 'the guardian angel of Wordsworth's poetical genius' whose 'greatest work is Wordsworth—and, like all his other work, Coleridge left it unfinished.'

Discovery of his amour with Annette Vallon indicated an impulse in Wordsworth independent of Coleridge: it disclosed the reason for the poet's preoccupation with the subjects of guilt and of women's suffering in 'Guilt and Sorrow,' 'The Borderers,' and 'The Ruined Cottage,' three of the principal poems written before his meeting with Coleridge; it explained why he waited through ten years of haunted unhappiness, relieved only by his sister's passionate devotion, till 1802—when the Peace of Amiens enabled him to meet Annette and to ensure that she renounced her claim upon him—before marrying Mary Hutchinson; it showed why he entered upon a marriage so singularly destitute of romantic sentiment or passion—as a refuge from temptation to emotional disturbance. Finally, the discovery revealed that his inspiration had flourished on frustration and self-reproach, and his flight from emotion into a placid domesticity induced an increasing preoccupation with the commonplace.

Wordsworth thus supplies an extraordinary example of genius devitalized by a deliberate decision to escape from life and its emotional complications. Naturally therefore, during the thirty-five years since Legouis's book, he has attracted the attention of several accomplished writers of critical biography—from Dr C. M. Maclean (1927), Sir Herbert Read (1930), and Mr Hugh I'Anson Fausset (1933) to Mr F. W. Bateson as recently as 1954. All these writers are collectively disparaged by Wordsworth's latest biographer, Mrs Mary Moorman, as belonging to 'the psycho-analytical school.' She allows that 'psychological evidence' may be

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'a useful aid to human studies of any kind,' but 'it is very easily misinterpreted, and can be misleading when it results in the distortion or neglect of relevant facts.' She thinks 'it became possible to study Wordsworth's life with some hope of understanding and completeness', not after Harper and Legouis had traced the story of Annette, but only after Professor de Selincourt had published the early text of 'The Prelude' and his enlarged and amended editions of Dorothy Wordsworth's 'Journals' and the family letters.

Apart from the story of Annette, the facts of Wordsworth's early life are too few to admit distortion or neglect. He was born at Cockermouth, the second of five children born between 1768 and 1774 to Ann Cookson, daughter of a Penrith draper, by John Wordsworth, estate steward to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. Of his mother, who died in his eighth year, it is recorded that she expressed anxiety for the future of William alone among her five children, thinking he would be 'remarkable either for good or for evil' on account of his 'stiff, moody, and violent temper.' On her death William and his elder brother Richard went to boarding school at Hawkshead—a small school, where Wordsworth never knew such loneliness as Coleridge's among the seven hundred pupils at Christ's Hospital, and where the boarders lodged with cottagers near the school. To his landlady, Anne Tyson, Wordsworth paid tribute as 'my old Dame, so kind and motherly.' Before he was fourteen, his father died, leaving claims against his employer for arrears of salary and for payments made on his behalf, which were the subject of litigation and settled only after Lord Lonsdale's death in 1802 for a sum exceeding £8,000. Wordsworth naturally resented the injustice by which he was so long deprived of his inheritance through the unscrupulousness of a man of rank, wealth, and influence.

After his father's death Wordsworth's school holidays were spent at the Penrith home of his grandparents, with whom lived their eldest son, Wordsworth's uncle and guardian, who had taken his mother's maiden name of Crackanthorpe. Here his rebellious temper was fostered by his grandparents' querulousness, his uncle's dislike of him, and the humiliations he suffered from the servants. He and his brother Richard were both intended for the law, but while Richard went to study at Staple Inn, Wordsworth entered St John's College, Cambridge, in October 1787. The following year



his sister Dorothy went to live as companion to the wife of another uncle, the Rev. William Cookson, calling at Cambridge on her way to the Norfolk rectory and later spending most of her brother's long vacation with him; to Wordsworth she gave the devotion of an ardent temperament and sharpened his appreciation of natural beauty—in 'The Prelude' he relates,

she seem'd,  
A gift then first bestow'd,

and 'She gave me eyes, she gave me ears.' Previously he had written little besides some love verses at sixteen to a 'Mary of Esthwaite,' but a walking tour in Switzerland was celebrated in the derivative verses called 'Descriptive Sketches.'

This Swiss holiday occurred when he went down from Cambridge in 1790. His uncle Cookson's influence had persuaded him to abandon the law for the church, but Wordsworth made little mark and few friends at Cambridge, and his uncle was disappointed by his 'giving up all thoughts' of a fellowship. After some months of idling he went to France 'for the purpose of learning the French language which will qualify him for the office of travelling companion to some young gentleman'; there he became the lover of Annette Vallon, the sister of a notary's clerk at Orleans, while he developed enthusiasm for the principles of the French Revolution.

He returned to England in December 1792, the month of his illegitimate daughter's birth, presumably intending to make arrangements enabling him to marry Annette. But England declared war on France in the following month, and Dorothy was unable to appease her uncle Cookson's anger with Wordsworth. Family disapproval intensified Dorothy's devotion to her brother; she longed to live with him as his housekeeper, and this became possible in January 1795, when a young Cumberland friend, Raisley Calvert, died of consumption and left Wordsworth a legacy of £900 from sympathy with his misfortune in being deprived of independence by Lord Lonsdale's injustice. Wordsworth and Dorothy then settled at Racedown in Dorset till they removed in July 1797 to Alfoxden, where Wordsworth could enjoy the daily stimulant of Coleridge's company.

The association with Coleridge at Alfoxden—which produced the 'Lyrical Ballads,' published at Bristol by Coleridge's friend

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Cottle in the autumn of 1798—lasted only a year. Coleridge was notoriously opposed to the war with France, and when Wordsworth and his sister arrived to live near him, a Government spy was sent down to Somerset to report on their activities. As a result, the Wordsworths' tenancy of Alfoxden was not renewed at the end of the year, and they accompanied Coleridge on a visit to Germany, though, while Coleridge fulfilled the avowed intention of their trip by acquainting himself with the German language and literature at Ratzeburg, Wordsworth spent the winter of 1798-99 alone with Dorothy at Goslar, composing the 'Lucy' poems. Returning to England in the spring of 1799, they stayed with the Hutchinsons at Sockburn-on-Tees, decided to settle in their native mountains, and the following December moved into the cottage at Grasmere which remained their home for more than five years after Wordsworth's marriage to Mary Hutchinson in October 1802.

The facts of Wordsworth's early life therefore provide a bare skeleton for clothing in the flesh of over six hundred pages by Mrs Moorman. Confessing, 'I cannot claim to have found out many new facts about Wordsworth,' she regards as her 'most important new discovery' the fact that Wordsworth was personally acquainted with William Godwin as early as 1795, as 'revealed in Godwin's diaries.' Unfortunately the diarist's entries reveal only that Wordsworth was evidently much in London between Raisley Calvert's death in January 1795 and the settlement at Racedown in the following September, for Godwin was too little impressed by Wordsworth to comment on his personality or to introduce him to Coleridge, whom he esteemed as one of 'the four principal oral instructors to whom I feel my mind indebted for improvement.'

As she despises 'psychology' and therefore denies herself and her reader the stimulant of imaginative deduction, Mrs Moorman necessarily resorts to much padding, as in devoting two chapters, or sixty-four pages, to Wordsworth's schooldays at Hawkshead; she has ransacked local histories and guide-books to contrast the eighteenth-century condition with the present condition of the little market town, she analyses the grocery purchases in Anne Tyson's account book, and as Wordsworth confessed to having stolen woodcock from traps, she quotes Pennant's *Tour of Scotland* on the poachers' trade in woodcock to comment coyly that 'Wordsworth's zeal in the chase therefore may have had some commercial

incentive!' But the facts and implications of Wordsworth's life become hard to seek in a detailed commentary on 'The Prelude,' which Mrs Moorman naively accepts 'as a reliable guide in all that concerns the "growth of his own mind," valuable also but not unerring from the point of view of biographical detail.' As Sir Herbert Read has amply shown, no conscientious biographer can accept 'The Prelude' as such a reliable guide: the poem was written mainly between 1803 and 1805, and it is impossible to decide 'to what extent are his recollections guided and influenced by his present ideals'; the work was undertaken at Coleridge's suggestion, and Wordsworth naturally strove to impress Coleridge with emotional experiences as profound as Coleridge's own; as a work of art describing the growth of a poet's mind, 'the poet is conceived, not merely as William Wordsworth, but as an ideal character progressing towards a state of blessedness in which he shall be fit to write that great philosophical poem conceived by Coleridge in the early years of their poetic faith.'

Mrs Moorman herself is forced sometimes to concede the unreliability of her 'guide.' With the 'somewhat heavy satire' of the London scenes, 'we cannot escape the feeling that Wordsworth was trying here to write of what he thought afterwards should have interested him rather than recollecting with vividness and accuracy his real feelings.' Excusing Wordsworth for not including the story of Annette, 'we have to take into account the long gap of years' which made the episode seem 'so remote' that he might ask 'how much had it had to do, after all, with "the growth of a poet's mind"?' When a scene from 'the chosen Vale' of Grasmere is transposed to Racedown, we are reminded that "'The Prelude" is not an autobiography, and we know that it does contain incidents which did not occur exactly as described.'

Though facts compel such admissions of Wordsworth's unreliability, Mrs Moorman complacently perseveres with her 'guide' into every side-track or *cul-de-sac*. When Wordsworth writes,

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington  
I laughed with Chaucer,

he might be credited with the average undergraduate's knowledge of Chaucer's association with Trumpington, but most of a page discusses possibilities of his familiarity with Chaucer only to arrive

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at the conclusion, 'in any case it is unlikely that his acquaintance with Chaucer at Cambridge was very profound.' Such comment belongs rather to editorial annotation than to biography, but Mrs Moorman's complacency decoys her into contradicting fact with the supposed facts of 'The Prelude.' Professor de Selincourt believed that Mary of Esthwaite in the early 'Beauty and Moonlight' verses was Mary Hutchinson; Mr F. W. Bateson has pointed out that the description of Mary of Esthwaite fails in several particulars to fit Mary Hutchinson; Mrs Moorman (p. 58) finds the question 'scarcely profitable to discuss,' but states categorically from a passing reference in 'The Prelude' that Wordsworth was 'mildly in love' with Mary Hutchinson in 1788. On this passing reference she builds a 'distortion of relevant facts' far beyond any 'psychological evidence': Wordsworth's 'love for Mary at this time was rather a happy experience of a new pleasure than a great passion,' but henceforth, 'not indulgently, or excessively, but at critical periods and with wonderful appropriateness he received exactly what he most needed for his growth as a poet and his happiness as a man' (p. 78). So on p. 113 Mary is 'his sweetheart,' but by p. 152 'the story of the next few years justifies us in thinking that between 1789 and 1797, when Mary paid a long visit to William and Dorothy in Dorset, her image became dimmed'—though not perhaps so dimmed that 'we have to take into account the long gap of years', as in the case of his child's mother. When Mary, after eight years' absence, arrived on her visit to Dorset, Wordsworth promptly went to Bristol for a fortnight; Sir Herbert Read wondered if a feeling of duty towards Annette impelled him to keep away from Mary's 'disturbing presence,' but having no regard for psychology, Mrs Moorman thinks 'it is scarcely possible not to feel that William's happiness at this time was in part due to her presence.'

Presumably it is being too psychological to suppose that Wordsworth, writing between 1803 and 1805 when Mary Hutchinson had become his wife and was bearing his children, felt an affectionate impulse to please her by including a few suggestions that her influence had contributed to the 'growth of a poet's mind.' Yet this would be no more than a poet's licence, for Coleridge adapted his 'Kisses' verses to three different ladies and Landor addressed to his Ianthe several poems inspired by other loves. When it suits her

purpose, Mrs Moorman reminds us that 'Wordsworth is a poet before he is a biographer'—not in relation to 'The Prelude,' but when she is seeking to cast doubt on the evidence that Dorothy inspired the 'Lucy' poems written at Goslar. She asks a question which she omits to ask in the case of Mary of Esthwaite: 'if "Lucy" is Dorothy... why is she represented as having died?' Quoting Coleridge's explanation that 'in some gloomier moment he had fancied the moment when his sister might die,' Mrs Moorman remarks, 'On this supposition Wordsworth must have had several "gloomier moments," as Lucy is thought of as actually or potentially dead in each poem.' That Wordsworth suffered several 'gloomier moments' appears from passages in Dorothy's 'Grasmere Journal' quoted by Mr Bateson but ignored by Mrs Moorman, who also ignores—doubtless as too psychological—Mr Bateson's suggestion that Wordsworth's 'dangerous relationship with Dorothy was now solved, subconsciously, by killing her off symbolically.' Yet she remarks that Wordsworth wrote 'The Glow-worm' shortly before his marriage, 'and its opening line is

Among all lovely things my Love hath been.

"My Love" is not Mary, from whom he had just parted in "an ugly storm of sleet and snow," but Dorothy, waiting anxiously at Eusemere for his return.... He could not have devised a better means of assuring her that his love for her was unchangeable and unchanged.'

'Had Wordsworth chosen Mary Hutchinson to be his wife chiefly because she loved the kind of life that he and Dorothy led together?' Mrs Moorman thinks 'such a conclusion would not be far from the truth.' But does not the evidence suggest a conclusion still nearer the truth—that Dorothy devised the marriage because she recognized that Mary Hutchinson would fulfil the duties of a wife without impinging upon Wordsworth's spiritual and intellectual companionship with his sister. The marriage was a compromise—an escape from the emotional disturbance suffered during years of enforced separation from Annette and perhaps sometimes exacerbated rather than abated by his sister's devotion. Mrs Moorman denies that it is 'possible to make Wordsworth's life, poetry, and personality fit into a preconceived psychological pattern,' but inevitably his life, poetry, and personality were interdependent,

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and the story of his emotional life illustrates how and why the poet of revolt became the poet of retreat.

Mrs Moorman's book attempts no pattern. She seems to have had no preconception of Wordsworth to guide her in selection of the essential and rejection of the irrelevant. The result is an amorphous and discursive commentary, beneath which the facts about Wordsworth's life, poetry, and personality are so effectively buried that she has herself lost sight of them by the end of her book, when she quotes the comment of Samuel Rogers—a casual acquaintance and a superficial observer—on Wordsworth's being 'joyous and communicative' to suggest that he was a happy man. Suffering marks a man's appearance, and De Quincey relates how several strangers agreed that Wordsworth at thirty-nine looked over sixty.

Wordsworth's poetical development can hardly be appreciated without a sympathetic understanding of Coleridge, whom Mrs Moorman continually subjects to slights and sneers. 'To Coleridge, Wordsworth was "a great man," beside whom he felt himself to be "a little man"—though without detracting from his estimate of himself' (p. 318), yet 'Coleridge's modesty about his own poetry amounted almost to a disease' (p. 488). Apparently unaware that Coleridge's friends, notably Charles Lamb and Thomas Poole, resented his deference to Wordsworth, Mrs Moorman fails to understand Poole's reaction when Wordsworth tactlessly intervened to request a loan from him to Coleridge. She gives an inadequate account of the consequences of Coleridge's 'Nehemiah Higginbottom' sonnets, and ignores the findings of every judicious critic since Livingston Lowes in re-asserting Wordsworth's claim to have supplied suggestions for 'The Ancient Mariner.' Though she deprecates a 'pattern,' Mrs Moorman might have removed many repetitions in revising her book—details of the Lonsdale debt are repeated on p. 71 from pp. 7-8, the birth of Annette's child on p. 209 from p. 187, particulars of Wordsworth's loan to Basil Montagu on p. 297 from p. 269, De Quincey's description of Mary Hutchinson on p. 553 from p. 78. There is no bibliography and the index is incomplete, as will appear from examining the entries under Coleridge and De Quincey.

Despising the work of her predecessors during the past thirty years, Mrs Moorman has reverted to the style of Victorian biography deplored by Lytton Strachey in the preface to *Eminent*

*Victorians*: 'Those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design?' She hopes to supply a second volume on Wordsworth's later life.

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## AMERICA AND THE WORLD

AMERICAN economic and political world-leadership is acknowledged. Out of a long chain of circumstances beyond the control of the rest of the world that has become inevitable. But cultural and moral dominance derives from quite other factors than fortuitous circumstance. It has no necessary or essential connection with materialistic concerns. It may be entirely divorced from them. Therefore, America's power, political prestige, and weight of influence in material considerations cannot and do not invest her with the elements of other than material leadership.

The question, then, that immediately arises is, Can world-leadership safely be entrusted to any nation, any people, whose power and influence are reckoned in terms of the materialistic, and therefore the ephemeral, rather than in those of the cultural or, in the broadest acceptance of the word, the spiritual, and therefore the enduring?

In recent years there has been much comparing of modern America and ancient Rome. In the matter of world-power the comparison is apt. No nation since Rome has possessed so much of that power as America possesses at the moment. Other comparisons not so comforting, less reassuring, have been made. Nor have reminders been lacking of the results of the accumulation of unchallengeable power in the hands of both nations and individuals.

Power, that is to say, unrestrained by nobler considerations. In each historic instance where great power has corrupted and, corrupting, brought to disaster nation or individual, or both, the submergence of spiritual considerations in the material has been the main contributing cause. Rome's power, equally with her prestige and influence, held throughout her empire as long as cultural and moral standards—broadly 'virtue' in the Roman sense—maintained. As they waned and were disregarded, so waned the power of Rome to its fall.

The fact should ever be borne in mind that no people are stronger than their moral standards. Every nation that has come to its doom, every civilization that has disappeared from history has, in the last

analysis, decayed from within through a gradual, sometimes almost imperceptible, moral and cultural weakening. In the course of this process the outer and visible shell, like the outer shell of the oak whose heart is full of decay, presents to the world the aspect of strength and durability up to the very moment at which, all but pierced by inner deterioration, it suddenly crashes.

Supreme material power as a goal is a will-o'-the-wisp, leading inevitably into the inextricable morass. But, being tangible, it intrigues the thought and diverts the spirit. It inculcates a false standard of values. It erects a structure of fantastic proportions and garish aspect upon a foundation of shifting sand. But as long as the structure stands, it dominates the scene. The true values, upon which all that is to endure must be built, have ceased to be a part of that scene.

No unprejudiced person, viewing the position objectively, questions that this process of material submergence of the cultural, the spiritual, has already commenced in America. It creates in the mind of every thoughtful American, of every American alive to the great responsibilities and heavy obligations of his country in her rôle of world-leader in material power, increasing concern. It poses, to all but the most superficial observer, the most acute of the many problems she persistently faces, or is likely to face, in the immediate future.

There are a great many other problems, and the manner in which they are faced and dealt with in the next few years will go far to determine America's entitlement to world-leadership and capacity for carrying its burdens and responsibilities. Let us consider a few of them, particularly those having more than a local significance and more than a national interest.

The American Republic was founded upon a high concept of social justice. The Declaration of Independence, which purported to be an implementation of that concept, contained no references to 'colour-lines' nor to social distinctions of any sort. The opening proposition, that 'all men are born free and equal,' is generally attributed to Tom Paine, whose influence in the drawing up of the rest of the remarkable document is now believed to have been considerable. Moreover, Thomas Jefferson, the third President and the actual writer of the Declaration, was American Minister to France at a time when the influence of the lately-deceased Rousseau was

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strong. Jefferson is known to have had much intercourse with Jean-Jacques' disciples, and there is ground for believing that, although a Southern American aristocrat and a slave-holder himself, he was not a little affected by their arguments.

The question is, then, to what extent has the present America, if at all, departed from the original concept of social justice. Certainly, if it has thus departed in any important respect, it cannot be held that the concept, or the historic document that implemented that concept, continue to be a basic testament of the American people.

No one felt this more strongly than President Woodrow Wilson. He believed that the concept of social justice was the very cornerstone of the Republic. 'I tell you solemnly,' he said in one of his last speeches in support of the embattled League of Nations, 'that we cannot postpone social justice any longer in the United States.' Nor was this at all a reference to the racial problem, because at that time it had not assumed the very dangerous character it holds to-day. But Wilson was greatly concerned with the concept of justice generally. Even more significantly than the foregoing, he said, in another speech on the matter of the League, 'justice has never grown in the soil of absolute power.'

The first war President's one-hundredth anniversary of nativity is being observed this year in America, and a surprising amount of attention is being paid to the republication of many of his more important public addresses, especially those in which he so fruitlessly and even pathetically, albeit so powerfully, laboured for the acceptance by his countrymen of the instrument by which he believed an enduring world-peace might be secured.

'Justice' to all peoples and in respect of the inter-relations of all nations was the central theme of all his argument. The idea of America's standing alone, of what presently came to be called 'isolationism' and was encouraged, if not actively supported, by such of his enemies as Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, was repugnant to Woodrow Wilson, the worst of all menaces to his conception of 'justice' for all men and all nations. 'When America,' he said, 'looks so intently upon the road immediately before and around her that she does not know whither it leads, then she will forget what she was created for, and her light will be out.'

This was strong talk for that day and it brought bitter denunciation upon Wilson from most of the Republicans, even from some of

the more conservative of his own party. Even to-day such argument is unpalatable to the 'Rightest' element in Republican Party, to the Knowlands and the Brickers and the Hickenloopers in the Senate, and not less so to Southern leaders who see in Woodrow Wilson's ideas of social justice hostility to the 'colour-line' and to racial segregation, at the moment one of the most vital issues before the American people.

The question, then, is posed, Are the American people, in their acquisition of vast and increasing material power, drawing farther and farther away from the basic principles and the fundamental concepts upon which the American Republic was founded? It is also in order to ask, Is America, as her power and influence expand and strengthen, growing more disposed to scrutinize critically the foreign, and sometimes even the domestic, policies of other nations?

Whether it is in order or not, that question is being asked with growing frequency. The fact that it is, and that in its very asking it constitutes a menace to friendly accords, is disturbing to peace-seeking Americans who see in, for example, a close Anglo-American amity the world's best hope of an enduring peace, likewise in Anglo-American discord one of the worst threats to that peace, to any peace.

Dealing with the first question, no doubt exists that the American people have come a long, and perhaps dangerous, way from the simple but sound and clearly-defined manner of life of the founders, or even of the closer forebears of the present generation. World-power and the expanding prosperity that has accompanied it have inculcated a desire for luxury and for a larger field of existence in all concerns that would have astonished and alarmed Americans of no more than half a century ago. They have also given the slightly naïve and always a trifle self-conscious Americans a sense of self-importance that is both national and individual. Long isolated between two oceans, the Americans for a hundred and fifty years were, in the aggregate, satisfied with their political isolation, their cultural limitations, and a living-standard almost frugal compared with the opulence and the abundance demanded to-day. Their interest in the political concerns of the rest of the world was, on the whole, academic. European culture was an interesting and slightly mysterious thing to most of the relatively few Americans who came into close contact with it. Luxurious living was regarded

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with distrust, and the small minority able and inclined to indulge in it were far from serving as examples to the community as a whole.

Much more important was the unshaken adherence to the aforesaid principles of the Republic's foundation, the unrelaxing of the respect in which the founders held simple integrity of character and limitation of material aspirations, the tenacious clinging to the basic precepts of a simple domestic culture, and, above all, a regard amounting almost to reverence for the fundamentals of social justice.

In short, there was no little similarity to the manner of life, to the codes and tenets and the political and cultural directives alike, of the strongest days, morally speaking, of the Roman Republic. There was the devotion to domestic life and pursuits; the emphasis upon character rather than acquisitions; the respect for leadership endowed with primary consideration for the common good; and an all-pervading spiritual devoutness. There was a disposition toward fair-dealing in material concerns and a strong sense of social discipline.

All this is menaced, everywhere and at any period, by the accumulation, in the individual or in the nation, of great wealth and great power, the latter generally deriving from the former. Polybius, exiled to Rome by the conquerors of Greece, marked this when he wrote, in words not without their significance to America to-day, 'The Romans do not trouble about the moral decline of the Republic. All they ask is that it should be prosperous, secure. "What contents us," they say, "is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth, so that he can afford lavish expenditures."'

The Greek was writing, of course, of the closing period of the Republic, long before the 'Decline,' as examined so closely by Gibbon, had commenced. Nevertheless, the far-sighted historian saw very clearly, in the increasing emphasis upon material concerns and the craving for luxurious living that he noted all about him, the decadence of the Republic and the probable ultimate fall of the empire.

In the entire history of the American Republic no such craving for luxury, no such demand for the things that contribute to sensual indulgence, no such restlessness and dissatisfaction with the manner of life that is so distinct even in living memory, have ever been as apparent as they are to-day. Material aspirations seem insatiable. There is a constant demand from almost all classes for more and

more remuneration, 'white-collar' classes and workers, skilled and unskilled, alike. The demands are backed up by strikes. Never is the whole country free of them. Everybody, from telephone-operators and newspaper reporters to waterside-workers and taxi-drivers, demand more pay, nor are they without reason in their demands, in as much as the cost of even the simplest living is ever on the increase—and what American is content to live simply?

The demands are usually acceded to, or at least compromised on a basis acceptable to the strikers. The employers 'pass this on,' of course, to the consumer, which creates the vicious circle of ever-rising living-costs and higher and higher wages to meet them. This, in turn, means inflation, and inflation grips the American economy to-day in a degree never before known in American history, if indeed in the history of *any* country.

Out of this inflationary process has come much of the material lavishness with which the Americans are now surrounding themselves. That is to say, an abundance that is not paid for and, in some part, never will be paid for. Four-fifths of the motor-cars, the largest and most ostentatious item of the current American craving to impress themselves and their opulence—actual or pretended—upon others, are, according to authentic figures, acquired on the deferred-payments plan. This is equally true of the television instruments that are found in almost every American home even though the paint is peeling from the clapboards and the bricks falling from the chimney.

It is true of much else. The current American mania for travel, due in part to the national restlessness and in part to a yearning to 'see the world' that never troubled their forebears, is also possible of complete satisfaction on the instalment-plan. You can 'buy' a trip to Tahiti, a cruise to the Mediterranean, or a winter in Florida by payment of a small sum down and monthly remittances. In similar fashion you may acquire any stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange though you do not actually own it until payment is complete. If you are unable, as many are, to complete the obligations so airily and short-sightedly shouldered, your stockbroker is the one who benefits, just as if you do not carry out your payments on motor-car or television set whoever sold it to you wins. You get back nothing of all you have paid in, though it may be more than half the total amount.

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This sort of thing casts derision upon the frugality and foresightedness of the average American of no more than a couple of generations back. It defies every law of sound economics and jests at the concept of economic security. What is worse, it menaces the entire national structure in respect of its economic and financial stability.

Every kind of pressure is, nevertheless, exerted and utilized to increase sales and to overcome what is naively known as 'sales-resistance,' that is, the disinclination of people to spend what they know they cannot honestly afford. There has arisen a kind of modern school of economics based more or less on distortions and misrepresentations of the Keynesian school, 'spend for prosperity' its slogan. But spend for *whose* prosperity, that of the nation or of a few producers? The answer is pretty obvious.

Be that as it may, the almost unbelievable extent of spending in the United States is in some degree indicated in the official figures (Gross National Production) which place at 415 billions of dollars the value of goods and services sold in 1955, with an estimated increase for 1956 of some 15 billions over that.

The national income for 1956 is expected to have reached 70 billions, more than a 10 per cent. advance over the previous year. Much of this advance is accounted for by greater corporation-taxes, super-taxes, and excess-profit-taxes, all due to increased production. Corporation-tax on incomes exceeding \$25,000 a year is 25 per cent. Super- and excess-profit taxes add 18 and 22 per cent., respectively, to this.

There is still, of course, a huge deficit, exceeding 250 billions of dollars, but in 1955 this was reduced by 500 millions, and is likely further to be reduced in 1956 by 700 millions. This is an improvement over 1954, when expenditure exceeded income by still more.

These astronomical figures of course mean little or nothing to the average person, but they do give some idea of the country's vast wealth. However, this does not necessarily mean a stable economy. That depends, of course, upon the maintenance of a ratio between wage-earners, living-cost-rates, and profit-rates. If cost of living rates exceed wage-rates, if wage-rates exceed profit-rates, and if profit-rates are at the expense of wage-rates and consumer-price-appeal, national economy is in a bad way. Likewise if credit exceeds saving and, very definitely, if government spending in a period of inflationary pressure exceeds government revenue.



The danger of the last is not at the moment so threatening as it was a few years ago, owing to the increased government revenue arising out of both increased corporation-taxation and increased prices of all sorts. The former are the highest in the nation's history and are causing a good deal of discontent in the big corporations. The latter is presently at all-time high, having increased 1 per cent. over last year.

The weak point in the American economy indubitably is that so much retail business is being done on credit. This clearly amounts to a mortgaging of the future. Much of the mortgaging will be foreclosed, is being every day, for the matter of that. This means vast losses to the consumer and therefore, in turn, a lessening of national purchasing-power. But little heed is given that by the individual who wants something, whether it is a pair of boots or a new motor-car—thousands of Americans buy a new one every year—and who knows he can acquire it on 'easy terms' at the nearest shop or sales-room.

The few voices-crying-in-the-wilderness in attempted warning against the inevitable results of such a short-sighted and reckless manner of living as never before indulged in by the American people, or maybe any other people, are little heeded and generally derided as 'pessimistic,' 'lacking confidence in America,' 'retarding prosperity,' and so on. The common sentiment, strikingly and somewhat ominously, resembles that of 1929 just before the crash: 'America is sitting on top of the world'; 'Nothing can stop us'; 'Watch America grow.' That sort of thing constitutes, to the objectively-minded observer, a kind of moral inflation encouraged by nothing more substantial than the existing unprecedented inflationary condition.

Such an incident as this, recorded by one of the largest-selling weekly news-magazines, indicates the trend: A bond-salesman in the lively city of New Orleans, having a salary of 100 dollars a week, married, and expended upon the honeymoon all but \$2,000 of his substance. With this the couple started life under the following conditions. They paid three-quarters of the \$2,000 down on a house costing \$15,000. The remaining \$500 constituted a first payment on a \$300 TV set, a \$400 wash-drier, two air-conditioners costing \$500—and a \$300 mink cape for the wife! They added to this a \$600 cruise about the Caribbean Sea.

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The monthly payments on all, including the house, would leave an income unencumbered of seventy-five dollars a month! Asked how they expected to live on this, the groom replied airily, 'Well, for one thing, we've given up smoking.'

What of to-morrow? you ask. 'Well, *what* of it?' is the usual reply. The general idea appears to be that it may be depended upon to take care of itself. As to that, the manager of an important bank observes, 'The key to the credit picture is optimism, psychology. But some day we may awake to find we have gone too far.' Just *how far* is *too far*?

All this would seem to indicate rather clearly the distance the American people have come from the moral and economic standards alike of their forebears. And the ominous thing, at least to the thoughtful minority, is, THAT the demand for more and more luxury, for more labour-saving 'gadgets' in the home, for a more expansive standard of living generally, grows apace. What satisfied the individual yesterday is discarded to-day in favour of something more costly. If the simple Ford once sufficed, now it must be a Buick or a Cadillac, maybe even an imported Daimler or a Rolls-Royce. The 'deterioration' process in motor-cars was never so rapid. When a new one emerges from its garage or sales-room its arbitrary value drops by a third, though its actual value is unchanged. A car that has run a thousand miles cannot be traded in for more than half its original cost though there is no noticeable diminution in its real worth.

Nor is the matter of the incredibly rapid increase in traffic the least of the problems facing America. In highways alone the country expects to spend in the neighbourhood of fifty billions of dollars during the present year. Already every large city is encircled by a veritable maze of 'super-highways' capable of carrying eight or ten cars abreast, over-passing, under-passing, and level-passing each other. In the larger cities themselves you will commonly require half-an-hour to proceed half-a-dozen blocks. When you consider that presently there is one car to every three Americans, taking the population in its entirety, the appalling and ever-worsening traffic problem is not surprising.

Money and material possessions, that is the goal. 'What contents us,' Polybius found the Romans saying, 'is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth, so that he can afford lavish expendi-

tures.' But even then it is not on record that the Romans bought gilded chariots and sea-voyages to isles of Greece on the instalment-plan, though of course it is possible that they did.

Another effect of a free-spending economy is the abnormal value that attaches to money, that is, to the means by which material possessions are acquired. This abnormal value carries with it the impulsion to obtain money, or its equivalent in terms of material substance, at any cost. A common underworld maxim is: 'Get money, honestly if you can, but get it anyway.' The inevitable and logical result of this is an increase in crime, especially the crimes of outright theft and of various methods of dishonesty in business. While the former has increased more than 50 per cent. since the war, the latter involves 'shady' transactions and embezzlements and forgeries in degree and amount never known before. One bank manager in an eastern state was found to have turned to his account by devious methods which baffled the examiners a sum exceeding half a million dollars.

Where the highest objective is material acquisition it goes without saying that the moral standard declines. No doubt at all exists that such is the case in America. The envy and resentment of the have-nots toward the more fortunate increases with the widening gulf between the two groups, the approximate 10 per cent. who are the fortunate beneficiaries of the so-called 'era of golden prosperity,' and the vast majority of the rest, half of whom with, as the official figures show, incomes of less than \$3,000 a year, are put to it to gain a barely secure livelihood. Victor Reisel, the unfortunate newspaper-columnist who was lately blinded by vitriol thrown by an enemy, wrote the other day: 'Never were things so wide-open in America, never were crime-fighters so ham-strung.' The interpretation of this is, 'Never was there more lax law-enforcement, never were the enforcers so handicapped through the difficulty of securing deterrent sentences against law-breakers.'

Out of all this, the increasing and arbitrary value of money, the American attitude is hardening toward huge expenditures for foreign aid. The unthinking, or, more accurately, the incapable of thinking, see in this aid nothing more than benefactions to foreign peoples considered not over-friendly, or even distinctly unfriendly, to the Americans. These, and they constitute the majority, cannot understand, and will not listen to any attempt to make them under-

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stand, that altruism is far from being the dominant motive in foreign aid. That motive is the protection of America herself, nothing more nor less. For if Europe becomes undernourished, unprotected economically as well as physically, dissatisfied and apprehensive, the Communist advance cannot be halted short of war, all-out, atomic war.

However, this Administration is determined to carry on with the present policy of foreign aid. Mr Eisenhower, however he may be regarded by Europe generally, is one of the strongest advocates of continued and, in some cases, increased aid. In fact, he is already urging the Congress to give more latitude in providing and administering it. He has stated that he wishes foreign aid to be more flexible and to be free of 'strings attached to it.' In this regard, at least, the President's vision is clear and far-reaching and his attitude firm and without guile.

He also takes much the same position in respect of civil justice, both in America and abroad, as Woodrow Wilson is shown to have taken, in the public statements already quoted. His humanitarianism is not, on the whole, less than that of Wilson or of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he lacks their capacity, or even their inclination, for forceful and compelling declaration of it. He is also, of course, a 'big business' President, and his Cabinet is composed mainly of former executives of that group. He has to face a Senate in which there are many representatives, and in some cases practically agents, of vast and powerful business and industrial interests. These are mostly 'America Firsters' and often very troublesome as to certain phases of American foreign policy. The 'government by discussion' that was the ideal of Woodrow Wilson, rather than 'government by control,' has not yet been attained, and can hardly be expected, of course, while the President and his Cabinet are of one political party with the Congress in control of the other.

There has perhaps never been a time in American history when the people as a whole did as little thinking for themselves, especially in respect of foreign policy, as now. The majority are, as one columnist put it, 'nose-led' by the various widely-circulating news magazines, the wireless, and other media for the direction and control of public thought as desired by the interests behind those media.

The principal of these are the Luce interests, *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*. You will find, if you scrutinize the fine-print statement of

ownership which the law requires to be placed somewhere in all publications, the name of J. P. Morgan and Company rather prominent. Not very much investigation would be necessary to discover interests of a similar character behind other magazines, to say nothing of hundreds of leading newspapers, which play a great and influential part in the directing and shaping of American thought.

It is not, to do him reasonable justice, that the fairly intelligent American lacks the capacity to think things out for himself. It is simply that he hasn't the time, even if the inclination. His own personal problems are closer to him than those of other countries or even of his own. In this age of bitter competition, of all-out and often ruthless struggle for as much or more than your neighbour, or, in millions of cases, for sufficient to live decently at all, what time or intellectual effort can a man be supposed to devote to thinking out abstruse and little-understood world-problems or to following issues too complicated for an average mind. As one man is reported to have said, after being asked a little testily by a friend, from what source he took his opinions, 'Where would I take them from, if not from *Time* and *Life*?'

The danger of all this is, of course, very obvious. Yet it is doubtful if there ever has been an era in America when public thought was so guided, 'channelled,' coloured by public media of information under strict control. This also applies, with a few outstanding exceptions like Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippman, to the numerous columnists and radio-commentators. Complete objectivity is rare and at a discount. The American may have, upon occasion, formed an opinion of his own out of his newspaper reading. But presently he turns on his wireless and hears, from a source he thinks is authoritative and unbiased, a directly contrary opinion. Who is he, then, to dispute the supposed experts, equipped with so formidable a vocabulary and capacity for forceful expression? The result is, nine times out of ten and more, that he alters his preconceived opinion to coincide with that of the wireless 'authority.'

Here, again, is a dangerous current tendency, in as much as it can clearly direct a great volume of public thought, possibly so influential a volume as to affect important policies, into such channels as some selfish interest may desire. The foundation of a successfully functioning democratic form of government, anywhere,

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any time, is free and untrammelled public thought, objectively informed and independently implemented. The contrary must, in the end, undermine the whole democratic structure.

The present tendency, to scrutinize critically the functioning of foreign governments, especially those receiving aid from America, is fostered and fomented by the aforesaid media of public expression, yet it is *not* a natural or usual tendency of the American people. For example, the anti-British sentiment stemming from the Suez operation was not a natural outpouring of the feeling of the Americans. It could not have been, as very few of them know anything about the problem, the history of the Canal, its method of functioning, its future in respect of the agreement expiring ten years hence, or the absolute necessity of its free operation to all of Europe, and especially to Britain.

However, the feeling aroused by the British-French-Israel action has practically waned, and any lasting effect upon Anglo-American relations may be discounted. The policy of aid-to-Britain and other amicable relations will not be adversely influenced.

The continuance of such relations, particularly the aid, will be affected by quite other considerations, as far as is apparent at the moment. Those considerations will be of a material character, rather than a sentimental. In brief, they will depend almost entirely upon the maintenance of American prosperity, that is, the prosperity comprised in a government income sufficient to balance the budget, with a margin of some hundreds of millions of dollars. More frankly, America will go on extending assistance as long as she has the means to do so. If these means should fail through an undermining of the national financial structure because of inflationary pressure continued to the breaking-point, it will be, as the Americans say, 'just too bad' for everybody.

MARC T. GREENE

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

*The English Empress.* Egon Cæsar Conte Corti.

*In Highest Nepal.* Norman Hardie.

*The Small Woman.* Alan Burgess.

*The Law in Action.* R. E. Megarry, Q.C.

*The Author and the Public: Problems of Communication.* Dr C. V. Wedgwood.

*The Middle East.* Europa Publications.

*Scotch Reviewers: The 'Edinburgh Review,' 1802-1815.* John Clive.

*Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Claude Collier Abbott.

*Peru.* G. H. S. Bushnell.

*The Scythians.* Tamara Talbot Rice.

*The Enneads.* Stephen Mackenna.

*What Man may Be.* George Russell Harrison.

*Hans Andersen and Charles Dickens: A Friendship and its Dissolution.* Elias Bredsdorff.

*The Shaw-Barker Letters.* C. B. Purdom.

*On the Poetry of Keats.* E. C. Pettet.

*A History of St Paul's Cathedral and the Men associated with It.* Dr. W. R. Matthews and the Rev. W. M. Atkins.

*'The English Empress: A Study in the Relations between Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter, Empress Frederick of Germany,'* by Egon Cæsar Conte Corti (Cassell), is a well written but very sad story. The trouble is suggested by the title. The Empress Frederick—to call her by her last name—was always accused of being too much of an Englishwoman in Germany and too much of a German in England, and she herself wrote: 'Of course, in Germany I always take the part of the Englishman and in England I try to stick up for the German.' This attitude explains a great deal, but certainly was not all the trouble, the worst of which was a matter not of national loyalty but of ideals and policies. Both the Empress and her husband wanted to see Prussia at the head of Germany, but they wanted it by winning the hearts of the whole German race by good and liberal Government; whereas Bismarck was determined to win it by blood and iron; and Bismarck had the power and they had not. He entirely dominated old Emperor William and took very good care that the Crown Prince and Princess (as they then were) had no real power or influence. Hence the thirty years of bitter frustration when they could not put any of their liberal ideas into practice, and the tragic 99 days of the dying Emperor at the end, when power came, but too late to be of any use. And so the frustration of the Empress remained. Chapter XI, which is the Empress's account of those tragic 99 days, is particularly sad reading. Her grief, despair, and disappointment caused her to use harsh and bitter words; but readers will fully forgive her under the circumstances. It was terrible for one of her rather dominating and



enthusiastic nature to be up against a Bismarck and, later, to have such a tactless, conceited, and, at times, cruel son as William II. The book is mostly made up of the letters now at Friedrichshof, Kronberg, many of which were once in safekeeping at Windsor, but have now been returned to the grandson of the Empress and the present owner of Friedrichshof. The whole is a valuable work of history, and a wonderful love story as Frederick and Victoria were a most devoted couple.

*In Highest Nepal*, by Norman Hardie (George Allen and Unwin), deals with his travels in a little known part of the world. After the great feat of climbing Kangchenjunga with the official party, he left his companions on the downward journey in order to travel for nearly a year through the Sherpa country in Nepal, as he was much attracted to the tribe and wished to study their habits and customs, superstitions, religion, etc. He went right across the country from east to west, which looks simple enough on the map, but in actual fact means climbing up passes of 20,000 feet or more and going down into steamy tropical valleys, which is exhausting even for the strongest. He lived entirely the life of the Sherpas under the same conditions, sharing their food and homes, and joining in their festivals and activities. After reaching Khumjung he returned to India to join his wife and a friend who returned with him to Khumjung, and from there he conducted surveys of the upper waters of some of the rivers that flow through Nepal. He himself writes: 'In that time I would take part in a major mountaineering expedition, and then with a small party of my own choosing, complete all I had for a long time dreamed of doing—exploration, experimenting with food, and studying Sherpas and animals. Knowing the slow ways of the East, I was aware that even ten months could easily pass with little to show for them, if I did not keep myself and my Sherpas under continual pressure.' The work is a remarkable record of endurance and determination, and it is valuable both geographically for the description of the country through which the author travelled and also ethnologically in this intimate description of a most interesting and praiseworthy tribe.

*The Small Woman*, by Alan Burgess (Evans), is a record of a very remarkable and plucky woman, Gladys Aylward. At one time she was a parlourmaid in the household of the late Sir Francis

Younghusband, but she had an overwhelming urge to serve as a missionary in China. Unfortunately, her educational standard was not high enough for her to pass the tests of the recognized missionary societies; but nothing daunted she saved up her money year by year until she had sufficient to go to China across Siberia, under great difficulties and sometimes danger, and with no money and no influence. She managed to get herself attached to an elderly lady missionary in the dangerous parts of Shansi and there she started work. At first she was considered 'a foreign devil' and mud was thrown at her, but she gradually won her way through and reached a position of extraordinary influence. She was even called in to quell a riot in the prison, which none of the authorities could do, but in which she succeeded single-handed. She legally adopted four orphan children and became guardian of many others. All went well till the Japanese invasion, when they, with their customary barbarity and ruthless cruelty, caused havoc in the Shansi cities and Miss Aylward had a fearful time. In fact she was wounded and beaten by the Japanese and suffered considerable torture. In the end she was forced to make a perilous journey across the mountains with a hundred children to try to find security in Sian. It seems almost incredible how she managed the journey successfully, but she did. Her strong faith carried her through all difficulties and privations and her influence was so great that she finally even converted the local Mandarin. The author writes: 'She is one of the most remarkable women of our generation, and although one can never enter completely into the heart and mind of a fellow human being, it is clear that she possesses that inner exaltation, that determination to go on, unto death, which adversity, torture, brain-washing, and hardship cannot eradicate from the human soul, and which is the natural corollary of a tenacity of faith so unusual in an age with little faith.' We feel sure that all readers will feel that this tribute is fully justified.

*The Law in Action* (Stevens & Sons) includes a series of broadcast talks in 1954 and 1955 now edited for publication by R. E. Megarry, Q.C., with a foreword by Lord Justice Denning. The popularity of these broadcast talks fully justifies their reprint in book form and they are certainly well worth a longer life. The guiding principle of the series is that each talk should be based on a recent decision or series of decisions of the English Courts which

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raise questions of general interest, and the governing aim both in the selection of subjects and their treatment is to strike a balance between the demands of the professional lawyer and those of the discerning layman. Certainly the contents of the present volume will interest many laymen. They include driving while under the influence of drink, conditions in wills, desertion and cruelty as grounds for divorce, avoiding death duties, officiously encouraging litigation, State secrets and private rights, and company directors and take-over bids: all important subjects very ably discussed. It will be of interest to many laymen to see what difficult problems can be raised apparently by simple words like 'desertion' or 'cruelty' or even 'freedom' by way of a contract.

*The Author and the Public: Problems of Communication* (Hutchinson), introduced by Dr C. V. Wedgwood and with the many distinguished contributors, is really the 'cream' of the P.E.N. discussions here last summer. The subject has been divided into various sections such as The Author and the Public, Criticism, History and Biography, Contemporary Techniques in Poetry, The Technique of the new Mass-Communication Media, The Importance of Minority Literature, and Contemporary Techniques in Fiction, and under each heading are reproduced addresses by distinguished authors, British and otherwise, including C. V. Wedgwood, J. B. Priestley, V. S. Pritchett, A. L. Rowse, Angus Wilson, André Maurois, Robert Henriques, Margaret Kennedy, E. M. Forster, B. H. Liddell Hart, Naomi Mitchison, and many others. A work of this kind must naturally be rather a pot-pourri and the contents are primarily addresses made to a literary audience rather than written as part of a planned book. Many interesting questions are raised, especially ones like whether the creative author should also be a critic. On the whole, the feeling seems to be that this is quite correct, though one of the contributors makes the large qualification that the creative author must be successful and a disappointed author is the worst kind of critic. Naturally as the addresses were made to a P.E.N. audience the word 'author' is taken in its very best sense, namely, for one who has a real earnest purpose in his, or her, work and is aiming at an ideal. Unfortunately 'author' also in ordinary life includes a great many who are singularly lacking in these qualities and they do not come into the P.E.N. story at all. Some really interesting points of view are set

out in the work, which therefore has literary value; and there is a good inaugural Address by the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler.

Europa Publications are to be congratulated on the 1957 edition of *The Middle East*, which is a survey and directory of Arabia, Cyprus, Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Jordan, the Lebanon, Libya, the Sudan, Syria, and Turkey, with geographical, historical, economic, and educational surveys, concise information about political, industrial, financial, and cultural organizations, and 'Who's Who in the Middle East.' It will be realized from this description how much valuable and interesting information is given, but compiling a work of reference on a part of the world which is so much in a state of ferment as the Middle East must, at times, be rather a disheartening undertaking. However, for those interested in the subject there is a full description of the background of the various countries on which to form opinions. In the Who's Who section many readers might feel inclined to amplify the four entirely non-committal lines given to Colonel Nasser, but perhaps that might not be desirable! This is indeed a valuable work of reference and specially timely at present.

*Scotch Reviewers: The 'Edinburgh Review,' 1802-1815*, by John Clive (Faber), is of special interest to the *Quarterly* as it was the righteous Tory indignation of Sir Walter Scott and others against the mistaken views of the *Edinburgh* that called the *Quarterly* into existence in 1809. The *Edinburgh* on its appearance in 1802 excited attention by its verve, its wit, and its merciless wielding of the executioner's axe over dullards and fools, and the chief names associated with it were Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham. As Jeffrey was editor during all the period covered by this book, naturally he is the chief figure in it—very able; at times rather puzzling as, for instance, in the apparent contradiction of his views about Wordsworth in private and in the review. The *Edinburgh* started with purely literary aims, but it soon began to use books as 'pegs' on which to hang views and reflections on many subjects, and thus it became political—often with great acerbity. It is claimed that it played a significant part in the transition to a more popular Whiggism; that it fought against abuses; that it met the needs of a new public anxious for enlightenment and moral guidance; and that perhaps its most important service was to instil in its readers respect for the power of their

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own opinions, in other words, to exalt the *idea* of public opinion in the eyes of the public. But to ask how many minds were swayed one way or the other by the Review is to ask the impossible. It also claimed that it 'comprehended the realm of literary taste and production which can be saved from desiccation due to over-refinement only by renewed emphasis on the natural passions; and it comprehended the realm of politics where the virtuous middling classes alone (assisted, of course, by the Whig party and the *Edinburgh* reviewers) can attempt to prevent the encroachments of a new despotism—and of the latest *Quarterly*.'

Professor Clive has made a most careful and thorough study of his subject, and some of his pages are almost too well provided with the apparatus of footnotes! However, the whole is a good and informing study of the early years of a great periodical.

All those interested in his poems should welcome a collection of the *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins* that has recently been prepared by Claude Colleer Abbott (Oxford University Press). This volume is said by the publishers to contain all his letters so far known which have not been printed elsewhere. Apart from a large number of family letters, it includes his correspondence with Coventry Patmore, and the compiler has written an interesting essay on the significance he finds in this relationship between the two poets. He starts: 'The essential document of a poet is, of course, his poetry. But . . . there may be other writings by him that help towards an understanding of how he became the poet he was, that deal with problems and inner conflicts of abiding significance to all thinking men. By their aid his poems become more clear. . . . The two, his work and his life, are, in the long run, inseparable.' There may be much of truism in this, but it serves to remind us that for the complexity of Hopkins in particular, his letters may throw considerable light on his meaning. The reader must come to his own conclusions about what he finds, but he is sure to come across much that is unexpected and will delight. To pick only a few instances: a 'joke' letter written from Oxford breaking the news of his rustication and—the eternal scholar—asking for more money in an irresistible way; or his description to his mother of two gardeners: 'It is so funny to hear the people of this country [Stonyhurst] saying Ay. . . . They are shy of being overheard but they cannot conceal their agreements. What the one says the other

assents to by the roots and upwards from the level of the sea. He makes a kind of Etna of assent. . . . The word runs through the whole scale of the vowels beginning broad in the barrel of the waist and ending fine on the drop of the lip.' What a pleasure it must have been to get a letter from him, and how fortunate we are to be able to share in these letters to other people.

A new archæological series has been launched under the title of 'Ancient Peoples and Places' and the first two titles, *Peru*, by G. H. S. Bushnell, and *The Scythians*, by Tamara Talbot Rice (both Thames and Hudson), have appeared. Attractively produced in an unusual format, they present yet another opportunity for the interested layman to keep in touch with the latest findings of archæology, and little seems to have been forgotten. One welcomes particularly the unusually fine plates (about 60 of them in each volume), which give a vivid impression of the peoples and objects discussed. Dr Glyn Daniel is the Editor of the Series. Dr Bushnell presents a survey of the whole field of Peruvian archæology, while admitting that much field work remains to be done. To those who may be disappointed by the small proportion of Inca workmanship illustrated, he points out that the Inca succession occupies only a minute fraction of Peruvian pre-history, a fact which is often forgotten. Certainly he redresses the balance and we learn in this book to appreciate the earlier cultures, some of them equally remarkable. Much more has been written about the Scythians, but Mrs Talbot Rice's book gathers together strands from many languages into a work of real scholarship. She clearly loves those fiery nomads and her descriptions of their life have all the atmosphere of the steppes. Scythian art has long been renowned, but seeing the objects illustrated here one is astonished once more at the fertility and inventiveness of their powers of design. Mrs Talbot Rice makes some interesting suggestions about the origins of their animal motifs and traces their influence from China to the British Isles. In this book we see a hint of the possibilities of archæology when historical records can be drawn upon to fill out the picture.

Plotinus should need no introduction, for he has had an incalculable effect upon the religious thought and philosophy of the West, but a superb new edition of Stephen Mackenna's translation of *The Enneads* (Faber) provides an opportunity of remembering him and studying his thought afresh. The volume begins with a

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short foreword by Professor Dodds, in which he gives some account of the extent of Mackenna's undertaking. A journalist by profession, he decided when he was thirty-six to spend the rest of his life, if need be, translating the writings of Plotinus. At the cost of twenty years' work he succeeded so admirably that his translation has become almost legendary. What unselfish devotion this must have entailed in circumstances of extreme hardship we can only begin to guess, for he had to start his study of Greek from the beginning, and with it pursued an intensive reading of English literature in order to perfect his prose style. Certainly the result has proved well worth the time spent, for the quality of his writing is noticeable at every point. This edition contains an Introduction on Plotinus' place in the history of thought, by Professor Paul Henry—an essay that helps the newcomer to realize what manner of man Plotinus was. Reading it, who could fail to be stimulated into attempting to understand for himself the thought of Plotinus and of Plato, his model? Porphyry's life of Plotinus completes the preliminary matter, and anyone wishing to make a serious study would be well advised to read all these excellent, well-chosen introductory pages more than once. And then? *The Enneads*. For those who take the trouble to study them an unfailing treasure, locked in symbolic language. It is worth spending a lifetime, as did Stephen MacKenna, trying to find the key.

*What Man may Be*, by George Russell Harrison (Cassell), is one of those broad surveys of the world seen through the eyes of twentieth-century man that are becoming increasingly popular. As usual in scientific works it is lit with the optimism engendered by a belief in the infallibility of man, but one wonders if the picture is quite so rosy as it is here made out to be. There is much to fascinate in this collection of to-day's scientific theories, but let us not forget that they are theories. There seems to be an ever-increasing tendency to regard observed science as unshakable fact, quite forgetful of the warning of Kant that all our knowledge of the world around us comes through our imperfect senses. The result is the dogma of scientific progress, and it would be well at this point to remember the author's own words—'dogmas retained too long restrain growth'—said about religion, but equally applicable to science. But if one can overcome the slight feeling of repulsion that comes from the slickness, the sweeping answers in this



book, there is much profit in it, even if it sometimes comes in the form of a shocked reaction to what is said. Some of the parallels and metaphors are too far-fetched and too glib; and behind the crispness of the style there lurks considerable confusion of scales, particularly in the use of the words 'atom' and 'molecule.' Surely animals do not 'sample molecules' with their senses; we 'taste' the banana, not the molecules of which it is composed! And how nice it would be if we could get away from the dreary mumbo-jumbo which can talk about Mozart's works being 'dredged . . . up from his subconscious almost complete.'

No vehicle through which literary genius expresses itself can have more incongruous facets than Hans Andersen. It has been realized for some time that his psychology was a clouded study. Harsher interpretations, too, have been made of him, but these can be discounted. Every person has his own modes of personal expression without necessarily being the instinctive sounding board of the 'unconscious.' *Hans Andersen and Charles Dickens: A Friendship and its Dissolution*, by Elias Bredsdorff (Heffer), is an exhaustive examination of the contact of the two writers. It was a curious story from Andersen's side of perfervid enthusiasm. Dickens came to the point where he had to break the contact. The actual reasons are put forward in a very interesting theory by Professor Bredsdorff. Andersen tried to renew the friendship, but to no purpose. He was obviously completely at sea as to why Dickens should so demonstratively have terminated their friendship. The book contains the whole extant correspondence between the two men, making a total of twenty-one letters, ten of which have never been printed before. Letters from both of them written to other people and bearing on the friendship are also quoted and used, and many of these also have never before been made accessible. From these one gets a concentrated picture of Andersen's view of the friendship. Without wishing to analyse his emotional make-up there was a certain odd immaturity about him which mingled hero-worship with an almost sycophantic intimacy. It seems noteworthy that a writer of children's stories almost unparalleled should have been so astray in his attitudes to the relationships of adults.

The general impression left by Bernard Shaw's death and the amount of his estate plus the oddity of the terms of his will was of a hard business acumen and determination to preserve his

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management of his affairs in perpetuity. *The Shaw-Barker Letters*, edited by C. B. Purdom (Phoenix House), are doubly welcome because of the picture they give of an extremely generous Shaw whose last thought ever was to corner his plays for his own sole financial benefit, even though he was always aware of his returns on them. The letters in the main detail the friendship of Shaw, then aged 43, with Harley Granville-Barker, then 23, in their joint work at the Royal Court Theatre during the time (1904-1907) when Shaw was writing his most important plays and getting them produced by the Vedrenne-Barker management. Shaw obviously had a great regard for the brilliant young man and he exercised the terms of his friendship in his own inimitable dogmatic way and, in these letters, in his own inimitable style. Their chief value, though, is in the dramatist's handling of technical matters. Shaw was not only interested, as is well known, in the writing of plays; casting, production, and all matters appertaining to their presentation on the stage were brought under the focus of his remarkable decisive craftsman's mind and he was uniquely frank about putting forward his point of view. This book records for posterity what in the case of Shakespeare can only be conjectural—the working dramatist and theatre man. In 1918 the friendship broke up on Barker's second marriage, for Barker's American wife objected to his theatrical interests, and particularly to his friendship with Shaw. Some of Shaw's letters carry on until 1942. The book is also in its way a history of the players of the period. Shaw was the magnet around which all the best of them collected. Mr Purdom, who knew both men, connects the letters with a commentary, but far too large a proportion of this is mere paraphrase of what the letters contain.

The danger of such books as *On the Poetry of Keats*, by E. C. Pettet (Cambridge University Press), is that, if they come into the hands of readers in the throes of the dewy poetic wonder that Keats engenders, they can kill such natural and unrepeatable appreciation, or supplant it with a literary-club textual know-how that ranges from the absurd, such as the appropriate amount of roundness in an 'o' sound under given circumstances, to factual autobiographical interpretation of episodes, authenticated and conjectural, in the poet's life. Is it really necessary to dissect Keats's poetry as if it were an electrical machine that the mechanic must

take to pieces to learn the correct wiring, thus to guard against a future breakdown? But one could pick a more serious quarrel with Mr Pettet. Once the hunt for autobiographical implication is on, the hounds will nose over anything that carries the vestige of a smell. The supposition that a poet's poetry is autobiographical can be disputed over every individual poet. The stuff of which poetry is made can be wholly a distillation of experience, but the emphasis is always on the distillation. While Mr Pettet can justifiably claim that this is where he puts his emphasis, he has dragged in the latest conjecture by the most recent interpreters. One does not doubt Mr Pettet's devotion to Keats or the range of his scholarship over the text, but it throws things out of proportion when the fact that, as young men and women go, Keats was normal and natural is treated as a remarkable thing. Are poets not capable of being men? One admits that there are enormous barriers of romantic falsifications which need to be broken down from round Keats; that his agonized devotion to poetry is almost without parallel; and that the astonishing development of his poetry is worth any amount of critical appreciation. It serves little professional purpose to try to dog his footsteps and chase him from privacy to poem.

*A History of St Paul's Cathedral and the Men associated with It* (Phoenix House) will undoubtedly remain the standard work on the subject for many years to come. It is edited by the present Dean, Dr W. R. Matthews, who contributes a chapter on 1934 to the Present Day, and by the Rev. W. M. Atkins, librarian of St Paul's and rector of St George's, Hanover Square, who writes on the Age of Reform, 1831-1934. Professor Brooke writes on the Earliest Times to 1485, Canon Carpenter of Westminster on the Reformation, 1485-1660; and the Rev. A. Tindal Hart on the Age of Reason, 1660-1831; while Mr Martin Briggs concludes with a History of the Fabric. It will be realized, therefore, what a strong team in the way of authorship have compiled this work. A general conclusion of the whole seems to be that it is really only within the last eighty years or so that St Paul's has gained the dignity, orderliness, and splendour which it so rightly deserves. In the old cathedral in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the nave was almost entirely secularized and Paul's Walk became a promenade and meeting-place of riff-raff and a market, with degrading uses—not excluding sanitary ones! Even in the eighteenth century the

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nave of the new cathedral was still far too much secularized; but all this has been changed now and the St Paul's that we know has reached its full glory, or will have when the rebuilding of the east end (the result of bombing in the last war) has been completed; and it will be clean. Even up to the second half of the last century it was so filthy inside that many of the monuments and much of the stone work were absolutely black. A special feature of this book is the account given of the deans and other dignitaries who have played a part in the past. Milman deserved much credit for trying to bring the cathedral into a proper state, but he still had too many obstacles to fight against. However, since Canon (afterwards Dean) Gregory went to St Paul's, the progress has been steady. Gregory at any rate was and the deans now are whole-time officials, whereas in the eighteenth century seven of them were bishops of sees far from London who obviously could not give the cathedral the attention that it deserved. Surely an extraordinary state of affairs? This book will have special appeal to all who are interested in St Paul's and that should mean all who are interested in London and, indeed, the whole country, as St Paul's, both architecturally and as a religious centre, has entered deeply into our national life.

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## GRAND STRATEGY

1. *Grand Strategy*, Vol. II, by J. R. M. Butler; Vols. V and VI, by John Ehrman (H.M. Stationery Office).
2. *The Turn of the Tide*, 1939-1943, by Sir Arthur Bryant (Collins).

THE volumes on the Grand Strategy of the Second World War that have appeared so far are the second, fifth, and sixth. All are edited by Mr J. R. M. Butler, who has indeed borne the major burden, having himself written Volume II, while Mr John Ehrman is responsible for Volumes V and VI. Mr Butler starts at the opening of the war and carries us on to June 1941—the turning-point of the war—when Hitler started his attack on Russia (*Barbarossa*). Volumes V and VI deal with the later stages of the war, from the first Quebec Conference held in August 1943 to the end of the Potsdam Conference in August 1945 and the Japanese surrender in September of that year.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to emphasize how great is the scope of the subject and the quantity of material with which the historians have had to deal. Where so much has been gleaned from so many sources it is obvious, says Mr Butler, 'that a historian shirks his duty if he does not indicate to what conclusions the evidence to which he has had access seems to him to point.' But he also says that where possible he has let facts tell their own story, leaving judgment to the strategists. No doubt his collaborators have accepted his guidance in this respect.

It reflects great credit on them not to have been swamped by a mass of detail and by the inevitable and long-drawn-out controversies between allies, concerned as they are more with arguments than with battles and their fluctuations.

Mr Ehrman, in his two volumes, does not in any way attempt to gloss over the differences that occurred within the Anglo-American Alliance—it would indeed be difficult to conceal them—but in accordance with the recognized British constitutional principle, the historians, as a rule, have not held themselves free to reveal individual differences of opinion within the War Cabinet nor to lift the veil of Civil Service anonymity.

It is fortunate, therefore, that immediately after the publication of the first two volumes on Grand Strategy, there should appear the first instalment of Lord Alanbrooke's diaries, compiled and edited by Sir Arthur Bryant. Here we have an intimate picture of the working of the War Committee and we are shown the main differences of opinion that arose between the Prime Minister and his Chiefs of Staff, illuminated by vivid touches showing those contrasts in human relationships that cannot, of course, appear in the perusal of an interchange of minutes by an official historian. *The Turn of the Tide*, now published, is the first volume built round the diaries, and takes us up to the first Quebec Conference; and from it we get a picture of the Grand Design and the gradual build-up of strategic plans.

By the time the second volume appears, Sir Arthur Bryant will no doubt have succeeded, by skilful arrangement, in producing a history of the war, based as it is on, and enlivened by, excerpts from Lord Alanbrooke's diaries and his later autobiographical notes. It will certainly be widely read and may well serve as an authoritative history of the war for the general reader. The maps, however, are hardly adequate and compare unfavourably with those provided in the volumes on Grand Strategy. These, published by H.M. Stationery Office, are beautifully printed and produced.

The ill-prepared and unfortunate campaign in Norway raises a question that Mr Butler points out was to worry the Allies in all their undertakings in the early part of the war—how to treat the attitude of strict neutrality adopted by potential victims of German aggression. He quotes Mr Churchill's remark 'small nations must not tie our hands when we are fighting for their rights and freedom,' and asks in this particular case, 'if the Allied Governments, for all their honourable scruples, were in fact responsible for involving Norway in the horrors of war and an enemy occupation?' In the final event, however, the Germans were the patent aggressors, and the Allies landed in Norway fulfilling an obligation and at the request of her government.

The defeat which followed brought the Allies small renown, but the loss to their prestige, though immense, was soon swallowed up in the vast catastrophe in France.

As in Scandinavia, allied plans to meet the expected German offensive in France and the Low Countries were much hampered

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by the uncertainty as to the action of the neutrals and failure to persuade them to co-operate. The strategic planning depended largely on where the main thrust was expected and where to meet the German attack. The latter, as finally approved, was something far more formidable and unexpected than the old Schlieffen plan—an attack through the Ardennes, hitherto considered impassable, with the *Schwerpunkt*, or decisive point, somewhere between Dinant and Sedan. Actually, it was not till the end of March that Hitler, with one of his strange flashes of intuition and against the opinion of the more conservative members of his staff, gave his final approval to the Guderian plan.

The French plan 'D'—the advance to the Antwerp-Namur line—had been a *projet* ever since November 1939. It was fully approved by the two governments and, as pointed out by the historian, the Chiefs of Staff were fully in favour of it and for the same reasons as General Gamelin.

But there was an addition to the original plan—the *Breda variant*—which was Gamelin's idea, 'the gravity of which was not realized by the British.' It entailed the French Seventh Army under General Giraud—hitherto in strategic reserve—moving up into Holland, to the Scheldt estuary and beyond. That the British Chiefs of Staff did not make themselves acquainted with the fact that this move left the French front denuded of its strategic reserve seems almost incredible.

It was Mr Winston Churchill himself, arriving in Paris on the afternoon of May 16, who first put the blunt question to General Gamelin: '*Où est la masse de manœuvre?*' and received the bleak reply: '*Aucune!*' No wonder he felt aggrieved, and his recorded comments are bitter indeed.<sup>1</sup>

Once the break-through at Sedan had occurred and the Meuse had been crossed, no strategic move or planning by the High Command could save the day. Georges was left to fight the battle as best he could from his North-eastern Front H.Q., while Gamelin, immured in his château at Vincennes 'as if in a submarine without a periscope' (as a French officer bitterly remarked), issued only one order on May 19 before being relieved of his command by Weygand on May 20. The Weygand plan—'to close the gap'—and the project

*Second World War*, Vol. II: 'Their Finest Hour,' p. 43 (Winston Churchill).

to form a Breton redoubt were strategic conceptions that in view of the strength and situation of the Allied and German forces bore no relation to what was practicable.

For the disaster in France, as Mr Butler points out, the responsibility cannot be laid on the British Government. Plan 'D' was Gamelin's decision and the British Cabinet saw no reason to interfere. The decision to evacuate the B.E.F. was unavoidable. 'The credit for its being taken in time,' says the historian, 'is primarily due to Lord Gort.'

With the fall of France and the entry of Italy into the war against us, the Mediterranean as a theatre and the security of the Middle East became of the first importance. Defence and 'non-provocation' were now to give way to fierce belligerency.

With the combination of brilliant leadership and the tactical adaptability of his troops, Wavell by his counterstroke at the end of 1940 pushed the Italians back until he had almost achieved the Prime Minister's primary aim 'to rip them off the African shores.' But the whole situation was changed as a result of the Italian invasion of Greece at the end of October. That country had already accepted the guarantee of the Western Powers, and though, at a most unpropitious moment, it seemed we could but offer to help them now. All the considerations involved in this momentous decision are fully dealt with by the historian. As usual, politics and strategy were interdependent, and it was hoped that our action in Greece would induce Turkey and Yugoslavia to come in on our side. But, as remarked by Mr Butler, 'it is indeed surprising that in view of Germany's military record and achievements . . . we should have expected the Balkan countries to join in the war against her, or if they did, to withstand her. It would appear that in such cases the Norwegian campaign had taught us little.'

The Eden mission to the Middle East (which included the C.I.G.S., General Dill) took the final decision which was, of course, approved by the Cabinet, and the first troops left for Greece on March 2. Of this decision Lord Alanbrooke writes, 'one of the very few occasions on which I doubted Dill's advice and judgment.'<sup>1</sup>

Honour and prestige, indeed, seem to have outweighed any military considerations. As the historian remarks, 'No account

<sup>1</sup> From 'Notes on my Life,' quoted by Sir Arthur Bryant in *The Turn of the Tide*.

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seems to have been taken in London of the drain on our resources in Egypt which the campaign might imply, nor was there a considered estimate of how much we were prepared to lose.' The evacuation of Greece was followed by the capture of Crete—a landmark, indeed, in the history of war—but also 'the grave of German parachutists.' Never again did Hitler attempt to launch an airborne attack on the grand scale.

Later, in early June, Wavell launched his unsuccessful (*Battle-axe*) attack to regain the ground lost to Rommel in the spring, and the Prime Minister felt the moment opportune to relieve him of his command. It is doubtful if he had ever enjoyed the full confidence of the Prime Minister. He had certainly lost it now. 'The historian must regret,' says Mr Butler, 'that a general of such quality was never given the opportunity of facing a first-class enemy in the field, with an army properly trained and properly equipped.'

By the fall of France, the Royal Navy in the Middle East suffered as much as the other Services. Any idea of sending a fleet to the Far East had to be abandoned, and the New Zealand and Australian Governments were so informed on June 13.

This change of policy opened up large and difficult problems affecting not only the defence of Singapore but the whole strategy in the Far East. It was disquieting for Australia to be told that the fleet on whose immediate despatch her government had for years been counting—in the event of a threat from Japan—could not possibly be sent, 'War,' remarks the historian, 'taught the Mother-country, not once or twice in these years, the unwisdom of promising what one cannot be sure of being able to perform.'

The Chiefs of Staff realized at once that it was not merely a question of the defence of Singapore but of the defence of Malaya as a whole and particularly of the security of the up-country airfields. With the limited resources available, it was largely a question of 'priorities.' The subject is fully discussed by the historian and he shows that the main difference of opinion between the Prime Minister and the Chiefs of Staff at this period lay in the relative importance of Malaya and Egypt. In a separate memorandum (attached as an Appendix) addressed to the Prime Minister, the C.I.G.S. (Sir John Dill) indicated that the 'only mortal blow' to us would be a successful invasion of the United Kingdom. Egypt was 'not even second in order of priority, for it had been an accepted



principle of our strategy that in the last resort the security of Singapore came before that of Egypt.' But the Prime Minister saw Egypt as the immediate danger, and no further reinforcements for Malaya were provided. In his and the Government's view, Japan would never risk war with an undefeated Britain and United States; if she did, we should certainly be warned in sufficient time to send the necessary reinforcements. The future was to show that this confidence was misplaced. In addition, that there should be a disaster like Pearl Harbour was in those days as unthinkable as that of the Meuse had been before May 1940.

Mr Butler's comprehensive volume also deals with the blockade of Germany, the Strategic Air Offensive, and our 'own most mortal danger.' 'It is in shipping,' said the Prime Minister, 'and the power to transport across the oceans that in 1941 the crunch of the whole war will be found.'

In the volume dealing with the first eighteen months of the war it would not be reasonable to expect to find a final appraisal of Mr Churchill's great achievements. Mr Butler, however, suggests that 'while in larger issues his instincts were sound, he did not in this earlier period of the war, show greatness as a strategist in the narrower sense.' Praising him as a statesman and war leader, he says: 'there had been no one like him since Chatham—Lloyd George for all his vigour and resource had not the same understanding of either the technique of war or the service mind—and Mr Churchill possessed the human quality which Chatham lacked.'

The two volumes (V and VI) written by Mr Ehrman were the first on Grand Strategy to appear, and they deal with the later stages of the war, from the first Quebec Conference held in August 1943 to the end of the Potsdam Conference in August 1945 and the Japanese surrender in September of that year.

Volume V is concerned with events between the two Quebec Conferences; the second being held in September 1944, and notable as being the last which actually dealt with Grand Strategy as a whole. It opened in the immediate hope of a German surrender; three weeks later, when it closed with the failure at Arnhem, that hope had faded. Thereafter, the war in Europe was carried to its inevitable end, postponing further the full offensive against Japan.

Volume VI, therefore, follows somewhat in the nature of an anti-climax. The military strategical decisions had already been

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taken. The conferences at Malta, Yalta, and Potsdam, with which this volume is mainly concerned, deal primarily with political considerations and the post-war set-up in Europe.

In the general strategy of the war there was on the British side a restlessness and a wish to avoid rigid commitments which Mr Ehrman goes some way to explain, emphasizing that victory 'if inevitable, for the British must be reasonably swift. The limits of their war effort were now compelling . . . and if they were to maintain their full contribution, and to keep their place within the Alliance, the war in Europe must end in 1944.' The Americans, on the other hand, had plenty of men, materials, and techniques, and were therefore confident in their resources. 'The two Allies, in fact, worked to entirely different margins.' The Prime Minister, of course, dominated the British scene. Up to the end of 1943, as Mr Ehrman points out, there was always a choice of action open to the Allies in Europe, and Churchill could 'envisage a reasonable design of victory from the possibilities that offered.' Certainly at that time he acted on the 'Chiefs of Staff as a stimulant and a discipline,' and from this assessment of Mr Ehrman's there is little disagreement to be found in the over-all picture so graphically given by Lord Alanbrooke. It was later, when the shape of a strategic offensive had been determined and its demands could be measured, that the rôle lost some of its force.

The Chiefs of Staff were always in a strong position, in that they knew the Prime Minister would not move, in purely military matters, without their consent. Unlike Lloyd George in the First War, he would not run counter to the advice given by his military advisers. Sometimes the genius could turn sour, and none can testify more forcibly to this than Lord Alanbrooke in his diaries. But in the last analysis 'the achievement is tremendous,' says Mr Ehrman. 'That, incontrovertibly, will be the verdict of history.'

The historian has something to say on the constitutional position held by the British Chiefs of Staff, comparing it with the similar organization adopted by America and set up after the United States had entered the war.

Throughout, strategy was determined increasingly by the single committee—the Chiefs of Staff—guided and supported by the Prime Minister. They formed an integral part of the Cabinet Committee system, and were collectively responsible to the War Cabinet itself

through the Minister of Defence, a post occupied by the Prime Minister since 1940. The link between him and the Chiefs of Staff was General Ismay (Deputy Secretary to the War Cabinet)—‘as an interpreter one among a thousand’—he soothed, he suggested, he harmonized and thereby made a notable contribution to the successful conduct of the war.

In the United States, the President as Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces and as sole Chief Executive constitutionally free to summon whatever advice he chose, and under no obligation to consult a cabinet with joint responsibility, conducted Grand Strategy almost entirely through his Chiefs of Staff Committee.

The Chief of Staff of the Army (General Marshall) acted as chairman, and was Alanbrooke’s *vis-à-vis*. ‘The noblest Roman of them all,’ Churchill called him, but as a strategist he did not impress his British colleagues. Alanbrooke wrote after the War, ‘I have often wondered how different matters might have been if I had had MacArthur to deal with instead of Marshall. From everything I saw of him, I put him down as the greatest general of the War.’<sup>1</sup>

But Marshall was undoubtedly a great organizer. He did for America, says Sir Arthur Bryant, on a far larger scale, what Carnot did for Revolutionary France and Kitchener did for Britain. The Army and Congress had entire confidence in him, and Eisenhower wrote of him, ‘that ability so characteristic of General Marshall to weigh calmly the conflicting factors in a problem and so reach a rock-like decision.’<sup>2</sup> Certainly the rock-like decision was there, and one of the main difficulties on the British side was to understand and appreciate American ideas on strategy. The rigidity of the American system in conducting operations, as judged by British standards with their more empirical approach, has been the subject of frequent comment. An illuminating remark made by Eisenhower in this connection was ‘that the doctrine of opportunism, so often applicable in tactics, is a dangerous one to pursue in strategy.’

The President himself could claim no such ancestor as the great Duke of Marlborough, and was not really much interested in strategic matters. He therefore rode his team with a loose rein, and this obviously ministered to the power of his professional advisers. Amongst these was one (on the Chiefs of Staff Committee) Admiral

<sup>1</sup> ‘Notes on my Life,’ quoted by Sir Arthur Bryant in *The Turn of the Tide*.

<sup>2</sup> *Crusade in Europe* (Eisenhower).

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Ernest J. King. A great proponent of the war in the Pacific, he thought this should have precedence over anything in the European zone of operations. He also controlled the allotment of all landing craft, beyond what were already in the hands of the British. He was, in fact, the 'king-pin' round which revolved all the demands for assault shipping—east and west. He was thus able to exert a great influence on the general strategy of the war.

A disquieting factor which can be seen running through the history of the last two or three years of the war affected the relationship between the Prime Minister and the American Chiefs of Staff. That they admired Churchill goes without question, but they doubted his strategical judgment and suspected his political motives. New plans and projects tumbled over each other in his fertile and restless brain, and we can see from the Alanbrooke diaries how he kept his own Chiefs of Staff in constant doubt about what he would next propose. The point has been well made by Chester Wilmot. 'Sometimes,' he writes, 'Churchill was prone to toss an outlandish proposal into the stream of conversation, sometimes merely to provoke a battle of wits and words, but for the most part because he was eager to goad his audience into presenting every possible objection. The President realized this, and would lead Churchill on, confident that he could hold his own in argument. But Marshall, King, and Arnold seldom distinguished between serious advocacy and mere kite-flying on the Prime Minister's part. They were reluctant to be drawn into open debate with him, for they knew they would be outmatched in oratory and dialectics. So they tended to follow the precept, 'Don't argue, just say "No."'<sup>1</sup>

What Churchill really wanted, of course, was open criticism, not silent opposition. He surrounded himself with men of strong character and high professional attainments, and he expected them to be outspoken. This is, in fact, where Alanbrooke fitted so well into the picture as his chief military adviser. Of him both the official historian and Sir Arthur Bryant are unanimous in their praise, and they give it unstintingly. 'It is obvious,' adds Mr Ehrman, 'that in so far as the Chiefs of Staff designed British strategy, that strategy bore his impress; and when they were required to act as a corrective to Mr Churchill, it was he who usually bore, and resolutely, the brunt of what ensued.' Finally, to round off the fascinating

<sup>1</sup> Chester Wilmot: *The Struggle for Europe*, p. 131 (Hutchinson).

picture of the relationship between these two great men, we may, perhaps, quote a remark made by Lord Templewood: 'In spite of apparent incompatibility of temper, their discords were transmuted in the end into an impressive harmony that would never have been possible if either of them had merely said "Yes" to the other.'

While the important conferences at the latter end of 1943, Quebec, Teheran, and Cairo, determined the military strategy for 1944, 'The Mediterranean had already,' says Mr Ehrman, 'become the focus of a difference of thought between the British and the Americans.' The British preferred strategic flexibility rather than adherence to a long-prepared plan, while for the Americans strategy implied concentration of effort in the Napoleonic sense. They therefore disliked side-shows and diversions, and to them the Mediterranean bore the marks of a side-show. Hence their cautious dislike for the Italian campaign with its possibilities of a further diversion towards the Balkans. For them, the essential complement to the invasion of North-west Europe was the invasion of southern France by an advance up the Rhone valley (Operation *Anvil*) and for this they were prepared to transfer shipping and landing craft from the Pacific.

But it meant weakening Alexander's forces in Italy, and long and bitter were the arguments between the Allies before a settlement was reached. It is interesting to note that in a letter to the Prime Minister, quoted by Mr Ehrman, the President—on this controversial subject—made the only allusion to the impending elections that has been recorded. 'Finally, for purely political considerations over here, I would never survive even a slight set-back in "Overlord" [The Normandy landings] if it were known that fairly large forces had been diverted to the Balkans.' But operations in southern France, he knew, would always be popular. Few would cavil at the employment of American troops to liberate the sister Republic with whom there had been strong sentimental links since 1776. In January 1942 the first American propaganda leaflets dropped on France carried the assurance: 'To you who gave us liberty, we will restore liberty.'

There was also every reason for differing points of view between the Allies in the strategy for the Far East. For the Americans, the first consideration was to open up the Burma Road. 'It was to keep

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China in the war, and not to assist "British Imperialism," that they were in India and North Burma, and the shortest road to China lay in the North.'

But the Prime Minister, 'always sensitive,' as Mr Ehrman remarks, 'to a threat of deadlock on land, and averse to an essentially rigid programme,' wished to avoid a major campaign in Burma ('munching a porcupine quill by quill,' as he described it), and looked rather to South-East Asia for 'a campaign bearing his favourite hall-marks of audacity, economy, and flexibility.' His plan for a major attack on the tip of Sumatra brought him into direct conflict with his own Chiefs of Staff, as well as the Americans; and after protracted discussion it was given up and the more rewarding combined operation on Rangoon was finally accepted by the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

In Europe, Eisenhower's main problem was how to exploit the great victory obtained in the Battle of Normandy. 'As is well known,' says the official historian, 'Montgomery and Eisenhower had different ideas whose merits may long be debated'—a concentrated offensive on one sector or an advance on a broad front to the Rhine 'at the pace and in an order which would conform to the administrative facts.' But Eisenhower was concerned with another factor. Would the bold strategy advocated by Montgomery carry the conviction or even the assent of his fellow commanders? It was doubtful. Montgomery's relations with the Americans were certainly strained. They were distrustful of one who held so much power and exercised his authority with so much confidence. Sometimes there was more than confidence in his manner, and during the battle of the Ardennes when he arrived at First U.S. Army H.Q. (temporarily placed under his command), one of his staff commented 'that he strode into Hodges' H.Q. like Christ come to cleanse the temple.'

'The American doctrine,' says Eisenhower, 'has always been to assign a Theater commander a mission, provide him with a definite amount of force, and then to interfere as little as possible with the execution of his plans.'<sup>1</sup> Bradley, who got to know and appreciate Montgomery, carried this doctrine even further: 'You don't even tell a Corps or Division commander how to do his job when you have an Army. You assign a mission and it is up to the fellow to

<sup>1</sup> Eisenhower: *Crusade in Europe*.

carry it out. Of course, if you are in a position to have a look and talk it over with the guy, you may make suggestions, but he doesn't have to take them.'<sup>1</sup>

This was not at all in the Montgomery fashion, and it says a great deal for the Supreme Commander's persuasive tact and patience that he was able to oil the wheels and make his disparate team of commanders work in unison.

The discussions at the Malta conference on Jan. 30 and following days, as described by Mr Ehrman in his last volume, produced probably the most acrimonious dispute between the Combined Chiefs of Staff during the war. It concerned, primarily, Eisenhower's plans for crossing the Rhine and the move into Central Germany. 'By the end of January,' says the official historian, 'the Supreme Commander's intentions had become entangled in misunderstanding and resentment, the result of faults on both sides.'

The British Chiefs of Staff '... were driven to suspect that not only had his strategy been inadequate but that he had not always grasped the point of the objections.' Such reflections lead one to suggest that Eisenhower's task would have been easier had he not doubled the rôles of *Supremo* and land force commander. But the difficulties attendant on the appointment of such a separate commander were probably insurmountable due to political and other reasons. In the final event, Eisenhower's three-phase plan for the Rhineland battle was a complete success which the British Chiefs of Staff were the first to acknowledge.

In a chapter 'Dresden or Berlin?' the final plans for Eisenhower's advance are fully discussed. As Germany sank into the last stages of defeat, the Prime Minister became increasingly concerned by the implications of the Red Army advance. It was at this crisis, on April 12, that President Roosevelt died. The decision to leave central Austria and central Czechoslovakia to the Russians was taken by Eisenhower alone, to whom the Chiefs of Staff now gave complete freedom of action. The Prime Minister did indeed try to intervene, suggesting how favourably the liberation of Prague by the Americans might affect the post-war situation, but the response to his request by General Marshall summed up the American attitude towards the last crowded events in the European war: 'I

<sup>1</sup> *The New Yorker*, March 1951. (Interview with A. J. Liebling.)

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should be loath to hazard American lives for purely political purposes.'

Politics did not seem to enter into their conception of Grand Strategy. 'American generals,' an American historian has written, 'often seemed to regard war as a game, after which when it had been won and lost, the players would disperse and go home.'<sup>1</sup>

To the Prime Minister, Roosevelt's death seemed to have removed the one figure whose knowledge and experience resembled his own, and who could bring them to bear on these fast-moving events. He was now, indeed, left lonely on his eminence with British influence on events declining, particularly in the political arena.

Did 'Unconditional Surrender' affect, or retard, the final defeat for Germany? Mr Ehrman discusses this, but retains an historian's impartiality by asking how it is possible 'to measure the consequences of a formula on a country.' There is no proof, he suggests, that it had any particular effect on the ultimate result of the war, but the fact remains that in the case of Japan—at Potsdam—the formula was modified to demand only 'the unconditional surrender of all the Japanese armed forces.' The two cases obviously are not exactly parallel, as in Japan the modification strengthened the hands of the peace party who hoped the prestige of the Emperor might not be jeopardized.

The momentous decision to drop an atomic bomb on Japan and the manner in which that decision was taken are discussed in a most interesting chapter. In the final analysis, from the American point of view it was justified 'as the only military "sanction" which will end the war without our having to invade, and the sooner the better.' And from a world point of view, it might have the effect of preventing war in the future.

Incidentally, the British gave their consent to the use of the bomb without, apparently, hearing the arguments and without seeing the historic memorandum of Mr Stimson (the War Secretary) on the subject. 'The balance of power,' says Mr Ehrman, 'both in the atomic project and the Pacific, lay so heavily with the United States, that the British preferred to acquiesce in decisions taken without more ado.'

The correct and most effective use of the Allied Air Forces was a subject constantly before the Chiefs of Staff, and often led to

<sup>1</sup> *America, Britain, and Russia: Cooperation and Conflict* (Wm. Hardy McNeil).

prolonged discussion. The results are fully dealt with by the historian. But he is cautious in his final judgment on the rôle of air power in subduing German economy and in winning the war. 'For this,' he says, 'we must await the publication of the official history of strategic bombing.'

The last chapter in Volume VI of *Grand Strategy* deals with the Allied commands, and particularly with the functions of a Supreme Commander. As Mr Ehrman says, 'The system of the Supreme Command was undoubtedly successful, whatever the merits of an alternative.' In addition to having the usual attributes of a general in war, in his opinion the Supreme Commander must be 'a fortunate commander in the sense that he commands fortune.' He quotes Eisenhower and Mountbatten as examples of fortunate commanders, while Wavell, with all his virtues, was not. Finally, 'the system of the supreme command worked well only largely because the Combined Chiefs of Staff system worked well.' Eisenhower, incidentally, Mr Ehrman considers, 'was the archetype of this sort of commander whose handling of the forces and Governments of two great, and several lesser, Allies was unrivalled in its blend of simplicity and skill.'

As far as military strategy is concerned these two volumes mark the close of an era. As we move into the nuclear age, forces will be released that to-day we can scarcely visualize or comprehend. Looking to the future, we may wonder which will be the predominant arm. The airman may well occupy the central position in planning, while new weapons may restore to the Navy its offensive function. Or there may be some form of integration—what Lord Tedder, in a recent speech, described as 'the egregious Frankenstein of a single defence service.' However that may be, the statesmen and heads of governments will still control developments and shoulder the ultimate burden. The full measure of that burden as shared by Roosevelt and Churchill in this war may well be difficult for us to compute. But in the words of the official historian: 'Each secure at the summit of power, they formed a partnership which other authorities could not attack, and which impressed upon all levels of the Alliance the knowledge, and when necessary the warning, that military unity mattered above all else, and that it knew no boundary of effort.'

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## THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV

THE Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House are among the major services which the Royal Academy performs on behalf of what may broadly be described as culture in this country, and it is to be warmly congratulated upon its latest effort in this direction, namely the portrayal of French civilization in the age of Louis XIV. Each of the dominant Powers during the past few centuries has left the mark of its genius upon the rest of the world; but whereas in the case of England and Spain that mark has been most noticeable outside Europe, in the case of France it is the European continent which has been principally affected, and the apogee of French civilization was reached in the reign of *Le Roi Soleil*.

Until the clouds began to gather during the last years of the old king's life the French soldier was supreme in the field, and never had French diplomacy been more brilliant. The result of this pre-eminence was felt in all quarters and in all countries. The Court of Louis attracted visitors not only from Europe but also from Africa and the East, and the influence of Versailles can be seen in the ruins of the Summer Palace of the Manchu Emperors of China. There was not a petty German prince but felt compelled to imitate, so far as his resources would permit, the pomp of the King of France. This led at times to extravagances which can only be described as absurd, and the story is told of more than one princeling who provided himself with a French mistress, though rather for ornament than for use; yet what civilization there was in Germany in the century that followed the desolation of the Thirty Years' War owed its inspiration to France.

It was the same in Italy, where French influence early made itself felt, though the dominant Power in the peninsula was Spain: by 1665 Italians had begun to wear wigs in imitation of Louis, and for the rest of his reign his imprint on the manners and customs of the country became ever more steadily marked. England no more than the rest of Europe was able to resist the attraction of the French Court, and after the Restoration an ever-increasing stream of French ideas and modes of life flowed into the country. Everything

that was new or fashionable came from Paris, the Mecca of the civilized world, and this included a range of articles from sedan-chairs and dainty brushes for cleaning the teeth to Chatelin's famous fricassees and ragouts. Even the Highland chieftains aped the manners of the French Court, and so widespread was the use of the French language that the commands on both sides were given in it at the battle of the Boyne. It was a notable achievement, and one of which the echo has not yet wholly died away.

The incarnation, and to no small extent the driving-force, of this *grand siècle* was Louis XIV himself. One gift alone above all others he had which stood him in good stead, and it was his perfect manner. He was invariably dignified and reserved, calm and courteous. He also possessed the happy knack of saying the right thing at the right moment. When, for example, Condé returned from one of his later campaigns to pay his respects to the King at Saint Germain, he found the monarch at the top of the staircase surrounded by the Court. Condé, to whom the years had been none too kind, mounted the stairs with difficulty, and when he had done so apologized to Louis for his slowness. 'My cousin,' replied the King, 'when one is so heavily weighted with laurels as you are, one cannot walk quickly.'

Louis was a handsome man, and this is always an advantage to one in his position, while Lord Acton's tribute to his ability is a very adequate summary of his intellectual powers. 'Louis XIV was by far the ablest man who was born in modern times on the steps of a throne. He was laborious, and devoted nine hours a day to public business. He had an excellent memory, and immense fertility of resource. Few men knew how to pursue such complex political calculations, or to see so many moves ahead. He was patient and constant and unvaried, and there is a persistent unity in his policy, founded, not on likes and dislikes, but on the unvarying facts in the political stage of Europe. Every European state was included in his system, and had its part in the game. His management of each was so dexterous that diplomacy often made war superfluous, and sometimes made it successful.'

On the other hand, Louis was very susceptible to flattery, and he became increasingly so with the passage of the years, until the disasters of the War of the Spanish Succession brought him back to reality. He was inclined to take it for granted that the success of

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ministers and generals was due to his own inspiration, and the logical consequence of this was the employment towards the end of his reign of second-rate men both in the council-chamber and in the field; after all, if the king was the motive power in the State, then the capacity of his instruments mattered little. This line of reasoning was to cost France dear. Like so many men who are successful, Louis came to believe that things would always be as he wanted them to be, and he was proportionately the more astonished when he found that this was not the case. He was none too well educated in many departments of knowledge, and he sometimes joked about his own ignorance; indeed, the circumstances of his youth would in any case have prevented him from receiving a good education in the academic sense. Yet he was avid of information. 'My intention is,' he wrote in 1663 to Cominges, 'to be informed of all that is best and exquisite in all countries and in all branches of knowledge, and to make the best of such information for my honour, and service, and glory.'

Those who knew the king best had the highest opinion of him, and among them was the Duke of Berwick, who had far too extensive an acquaintance with the great ones of the world to be easily impressed by them. 'I have frequently had the honour of audiences from him,' he wrote, 'and have been very familiarly admitted to his presence; and I can affirm that his pride was only in his appearance. . . . As soon as anyone was going to speak to him, he softened his countenance, and had the art of putting you in the instant quite at your ease with him.' Berwick paid a further tribute to Louis for his humanity, a quality which has never been an outstanding characteristic of autocrats. 'There was no blood spilt among the great during the course of his reign, except that of the Chevalier de Rohan; and he lost his life only because no one had the friendship or courage to solicit his pardon; for the King, in going to, and returning from, Mass on the morning of his execution, turned himself round on every side, to see if there was not some of his relations or friends ready to throw themselves at his feet.' A very different state of affairs had prevailed during the previous reign. A great gentleman, when he heard that a French warship had taken the men off the Eddystone Lighthouse, he ordered them to be returned, with the observation that he was making war on England, not on humanity.

One charge in particular has been brought against Louis, and it is that he plunged his country into a series of unnecessary and expensive wars from the very moment that he assumed the reins of power. It certainly cannot be denied that, like Napoleon, he did not know where to stop, although his original efforts to break the Habsburg ring by which France was hemmed in were wholly justifiable. There must, in this connection, also be taken into account the attitude of the French people, which was bellicose and aggressive in the extreme. No ruler, however absolute, can neglect a determined public opinion, and that of France in the seventeenth century was very different from what it was to be in the twentieth. There is no indication that any of the wars in which Louis engaged, save possibly the War of the Spanish Succession in its later stages, was unpopular with his subjects, who were at least as desirous of martial glory as their ruler. In addition to being the embodiment of the French State the king was a typical Frenchman of the period, and he shared to the full the likes and dislikes of the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen.

Moreover, he knew intimately the land over which he ruled. From infancy he had travelled, often in the most uncomfortable circumstances, over the length and breadth of France, and in the seventeenth century travelling brought those who indulged in it into much closer contact with the inhabitants of a country than was to be the case after the appearance of the train, the motor-car, and the aeroplane. In the days of the Fronde the king had been driven from place to place as the fortunes of war swung this way or that, and he knew how the ordinary Frenchman lived. Louis had spent hours talking to the landlords of wayside inns while broken axles were receiving attention, and he had sheltered in farm-houses for the night when torrents of rain rendered impossible further progress along a flooded road. In later days he travelled in great pomp, it is true, but very little escaped those shrewd blue eyes. In the dark days when one army after another was going down to disaster before the apparently invincible Marlborough, and when the very climate seemed to have leagued itself with England and Austria, he knew how it appeared to the average Frenchman, and he launched his appeal in language that met with a response in every French heart.

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Louis XIV was one of the very few kings who have succeeded in what is the essential of successful propaganda, namely the ability to state a case, not as it appears to him whose case it is, but as it must be made to appear to the world at large. From the beginning Louis got the French people to realize that the monarchy was as much their affair as his, and however aloof he might appear in the magnificence of Versailles he never lost touch with them. Yet it is true to say that he made France great at least as much in spite, as because, of the French people. Their short-sightedness, their carping criticism, and their factiousness did not disappear with the Fronde, and it was only by putting himself upon a pedestal that the king was able to impose his policy upon the country he ruled. That he succeeded with a people among who centrifugal influences have always been so strong is not the least of his claims to greatness.

Few institutions have provided so much amusement for subsequent generations as the Court of Louis XIV with its elaborate etiquette, though it is difficult to see why this should be the case. Perhaps at first sight it is not too easy to repress a smile at the spectacle of the heads of ancient families clamouring for the privilege of helping the king on with his shirt or off with his breeches; of ladies taking mortal umbrage because others were allowed to sit in their presence; and of the world of social importance which separated a chair with arms from one which had them not. When, however, one looks a little closer, it is to realize that these regulations were not so stupid as they appear. The upper classes in France, as elsewhere at that date, may have been chivalrous, but they were without manners, and the only way to prevent them from behaving like savages was to prescribe a rigid code of behaviour. That this was necessary is proved by their utter lack not only of restraint but even of common decency whenever the opportunity occurred. For example, at a court ball in connection with the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy the bearer of one of the greatest names in France was caught in the act of stealing a diamond clasp from the dress of the bride.

Louis himself knew exactly what value to attach to the rigid etiquette which he so strenuously upheld. One day his brother, the Duke of Orleans, came to ask that his wife, the daughter of Charles I of England, might have the privilege of sitting in an arm-chair in the Queen's apartments. 'That cannot be permitted,' replied



the King, 'and I beg of you not to persist in such a request. It was not I who established these distinctions; they existed long before you and myself. It is to your interest that the dignity of the Crown should neither be weakened nor encroached upon, and if from Duke of Orleans you should one day become King of France, I know you well enough to believe that this is a point upon which you would be inexorable. Before God you and I are two beings precisely similar to our fellow-men; but before men we appear as something extraordinary, superior, greater, and more perfect; and the day on which the people cast off their respect and this voluntary veneration, by which alone monarchy is upheld, they will see in us only their equals, suffering from the same evils and subject to the same weaknesses as themselves; and this once accomplished, all illusion will be over. The laws, no longer sustained by a controlling power, will become black lines upon white paper; and your chair without arms, and mine with them, will be simply two pieces of furniture of equal importance.'

The Duke of Orleans had also asked for the governorship of a province, so the King went on, 'However, in order to gratify your wishes, I will appoint you to the government of any province that you may select; if you will, on your side, immediately concede in writing your consent to be put upon your trial as a mere subject, whenever there may be any disturbance, of whatever description, in the province under your control.' No monarch realized better than Louis the truth which underlay Napoleon's remark, 'Royalty is a part: Sovereigns ought always to be on the stage.' At the same time he did not allow etiquette to stand in the way of merit, and one of the very few who were admitted to his private apartments without ceremony was Racine, while he did not hesitate to ask Molière to lunch with him.

As in everything which Louis did, there was method in the apparent extravagance of the Court, for his aim was to wean the nobility away from the provinces, where they had been so powerful, to ruin themselves at Versailles. He was under no illusions as to the French aristocracy, which was to bring down the throne itself in the end. The memory of the Fronde, which in many ways presaged the Revolution, when he was but the puppet of disloyal relatives and when the mob invaded his very bedroom, remained with Louis until the end of his life, and exercised an enormous

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influence on his attitude towards those around him. If one is tempted to scoff at the elaborate ceremonial of Versailles, it is as well to remember that the monarch for whom the highest nobility in the land strove to perform the most menial offices was the same as he who had fled from his capital to an empty Saint Germain, and had seen the scum of Paris gathered round his bed. The new order did not only represent the King's personal reaction against what he had suffered in his youth, as a self-made man or a film star may order a marble bath with silver taps, but it was also part of his considered policy to impress upon the world 'the divinity which doth hedge a king.' In this he was undoubtedly successful, for the majesty of the throne managed to survive the return of power to the aristocracy under the Regency, as well as the scandals of the reign of his successor, and it required all the stupidity of Louis XVI to undo his work.

The manifestations of the French genius during the reign of *Le Roi Soleil* were as widespread as they were unparalleled, for France was as predominant in arts as she was in arms and diplomacy. In no other period have the distinguishing characteristics of the French intellect—method, logical sequence of ideas, and lucidity of style—been so conspicuous. The classical tradition of Greece and Rome, followed by the great poets and prose-writers of the sixteenth century, with a zeal which has been well said to have been as overmastering as it was injudicious, and transmitted by them to those of the seventeenth, was handled by their successors with so fine an insight, so sure a sense of proportion, and so instinctive an art of combining national originality with the inspiration of classical tradition, in effect with such felicity and propriety and skill, as to have resulted in a success almost unparalleled in the whole history of literature.

Mention has already been made of the influence of the France of those days upon the material civilization of her neighbours, and it was equally great upon their intellectual life. In Germany it was supreme for more than a century, as no one acquainted with the work of Leibniz is likely to dispute. In Italy and Spain the debt to France was most marked, for whereas in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries French writers sought inspiration from the other side of the Alps and the Pyrenees, succeeding generations saw the erstwhile pupils transformed into masters. In the case of

Spain the triumph of the French genius was assisted by the accession of the House of Bourbon to the throne, and it was not until the nineteenth century that national characteristics once more began to assert themselves in literature and in art. It always takes much longer for an idea than for an invention to cross the Channel, and the full impact of French civilization upon English thought did not make itself felt until Louis XIV was already dead, though there was considerable evidence of it earlier. Addison, for instance, may not unfairly be described as the pupil of Boileau, more gifted it may be, more refined, and more brilliant than his master, but still never forgetful of that master's teaching. Moralist, satirist, and critic, a poet equally at home in the romantic, allegorical, and tragic styles, he could turn with ease from French wit to English humour, and, indeed, he often seems to combine the two. Pope, too, owed much to France in his earlier days, and the debt of Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Gay has only to be mentioned to be admitted.

In spite, however, of the rapid growth of French prestige all over the world in what has been so justly termed the *grand siècle*, there have not been wanting those who were sceptical as to the king's personal share in this development. Michelet contends that the age of Louis XIV ended everything and initiated nothing, while Buckle goes so far as to say that 'everything which is celebrated' was effected in the first half of his reign. Nothing could surely be further from the truth. Racine's masterpiece, *Athalie*, was produced in the latter half of the period, which could, too, boast of such theologians as Bossuet, Fénelon, and Bourdaloue; of the Church historian Fleury; of philosophers like Malebranche, Bayle, and Fontenelle; of the mathematicians L'Hôpital and Varignon; of the great botanist Tournefort; of Sauveur, the founder of acoustics; of Lahire, the astronomer; and of the two Delisles, the geographers. Fénelon and Malebranche died in the same year as Louis, while Varignon, the Delisles, Lahire, Sauveur, Fleury, and Fontenelle survived him; above all, at his death younger men were still coming forward, for Voltaire was then twenty-one and Montesquieu was twenty-six. In painting it was the same, for if Le Brun and Claude were dead, Watteau and Rigaud were very much alive.

It may be that the King's direct encouragement of literature and art has been over-emphasized, but to his general patronage and to

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his inspiration both owe a very great deal. However this may be, during his reign and for many years afterwards France held the position which had been hers in the thirteenth century—she was unanimously acclaimed not only as the political but also as the intellectual sovereign of Europe: all eyes were turned to her, and her every action produced its repercussion throughout the civilized world.

Unhappily there was another side to this picture, and that was to be seen in the religious policy of Louis, for in the middle years of his reign he began to be obsessed with the idea of uniformity throughout his dominions. The union of France under the crown had long been accomplished, and Richelieu and Mazarin had achieved unity, but Louis wished to go even further and secure uniformity. This desire brought him into conflict first with the Pope, then with the Huguenots, and last of all with the Jansenists; in each case the king was on the whole successful, but the victory was to cost France dear in the long run.

In spite of his undoubted devotion to the tenets of the Catholic faith, what really actuated Louis in his opposition to Rome was, of course, the spirit of Gallicanism, which had animated his predecessors on the throne for many generations. As far back as the reign of Louis IX the French Church, supported by the king, had made a stand against the claim of the Pope to absolute control, and the first clear enunciation of Gallican principles was contained in the Pragmatic Sanction in 1269, when it was declared that the government of the Church should be carried on in conformity with the common law, the canons of the Councils, and the statutes of the ancient Fathers. Philip IV developed this doctrine still further in his conflict with Boniface VIII, and as the royal power in France increased so did its policy become more opposed to ultramontanist. Francis I was within an ace of declaring France independent of the Holy See; the Valois monarchs refused for many years to take any part whatever in the Council of Trent; and when the Cardinal of Lorraine did appear with the French bishops, it was rather for the purpose of presenting an ultimatum than of taking part in a discussion. The doctrinal decisions of the Council were never formally accepted by France at all. Heresy, too, was repressed as a political agitation by the crown, rather than as a religious movement by the Church, and the Jesuits were only

admitted into France under strict limitations. With such a background it was obvious that all that was required was the election of a strong Pope to precipitate a contest between Louis and the Holy See. This happened in 1676 with the election of Innocent XI.

Space prevents any detailed consideration of the issues at stake, but broadly speaking in the mouth of Louis XIV, as once in that of Henry VIII, the liberties of the national church meant in reality the power of the national king, but unlike his English counterpart Louis was too wary to be pushed to extremes, and he carefully avoided any overt act which could be construed into an undue assertion of independence. The fact was that as there was no divorce question to complicate matters Louis could afford to wait, while Henry was in no such happy position.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that the struggle should have continued for years; Louis favoured and promoted those of the clergy who held Gallican views, but the Pope refused to grant them spiritual institution, so that before long there were no less than thirty sees in France without a bishop and hundreds of cures without canonically instituted priests. With the passage of time the quarrel became exacerbated in more ways than one. In 1667, for example, the French ambassador entered Rome with a retinue which almost amounted to an expeditionary force, for it included several squadrons of cavalry. He also claimed the old privilege, which the Popes had abolished, of the right of asylum not only for his embassy but also for the streets in its immediate neighbourhood. 'They come with chariots and horses,' said Innocent, 'but we will walk in the name of the Lord'; so he rebuked the ambassador and placed the church of Santa Luigi, where he had attended a solemn High Mass, under an interdict. This, in its turn, drove Louis to stronger measures. He appealed to a General Council, seized the Papal territory of Avignon, and imprisoned the Papal Nuncio in Paris, while it was generally believed that he meditated the appointment of the Archbishop of Paris as Patriarch of France. In reply, Innocent allied himself with those Powers hostile to France, and at the time of his death in 1689 he was almost at open war with Louis.

During the reigns of the next two popes, that is to say Alexander VIII and Innocent XII, the situation took a turn for the better. Louis was now fighting a European coalition, and he had no desire

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to have more quarrels on his hands than he could avoid, while the influence of Madame de Maintenon was being exerted in favour of a settlement. A compromise was reached in due course, but the influence of the Crown over the French Church was very considerable down to the Revolution, and this state of affairs was far from being advantageous to either of them.

While Louis was engaged in this dispute with the Holy See he committed the one really first-class blunder of his reign, namely the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the expulsion of the Huguenots. From that day to this historians have argued as to the motives which induced him to take this step. The force of public opinion was certainly not the least of them. During the earlier part of the seventeenth century it was far more tolerable to be a Protestant in France than a Catholic in the British Isles, but although the Huguenots had taken no part in the Fronde their fellow-countrymen were bitterly hostile to them, and were prepared to support any action, however drastic, against them. These feelings were exacerbated in the seventies and eighties by the fierce persecution of Catholics in England, and as the horrors of the so-called Popish Plot became known in France public opinion was roused to fever-heat. Then there was a change on the part of the king himself. Louis had proved by no means intolerant in his earlier years, but after he came under the influence of Madame de Maintenon his attitude hardened. Furthermore, his Gallican views had brought him into conflict with Rome, and he wished to give convincing proof of the fact that, although he might be quarrelling with the Pope, he was nevertheless as devout a Catholic as ever. One good turn, too, deserved another, and as a reward for the support of the clergy against Innocent XI, the king yielded to their wishes in the suppression of Protestantism.

It is not easy to arrive at any exact figure for the number of Huguenots who left France, but it was probably about a quarter of a million; in any event the quality of those who fled abroad was out of all proportion to the quantity. Those who left were the most industrious citizens, and they carried with them to the rivals of France the thrift and skill which had made their native land the richest country in Europe. If the economic loss to France was great, the military and political damage she sustained was also on a considerable scale. Huguenot soldiers taught the English and Dutch

armies much of the discipline and skill which had made the forces of Louis irresistible, while the exiles fought against their persecutors with a fury which well expressed their resentment, and on more than one stricken field the generals of Louis had bitter cause to regret their master's intolerance.

Ultramontaniam and Protestantism having felt the wrath of Louis, there only remained the Jansenists to be forced to acknowledge a royal supremacy in religious matters which was not far removed from that claimed by Henry VIII himself. Yet, while it is easy to wax indignant or contemptuous for a variety of reasons over the attitude of Louis towards organized religion, there was on political grounds a good deal to be said on his side. Political meetings were unknown and journalism, still in its infancy, was closely muzzled, so that the pulpit was the most potent force in the moulding of public opinion. In contemporary England the control of it was not the least of the issues at stake between the Stuarts and their opponents, and Louis realized to the full the importance of supervising what was said from the pulpit. The Jansenists were particularly dangerous in this connection, for they were the enemies of the Jesuits, upon whom Louis and Madame de Maintenon relied, and they had acquired considerable influence in France.

It was in the last years of his reign that Louis took the final steps for the suppression of Jansenism among his subjects. In 1705 a Bull was obtained from Clement XI proclaiming Jansenist doctrines to be heretical, and Louis took action at once. Port-Royal, the Jansenist headquarters, was razed to the ground, and the Pope was induced to issue yet another Bull, *Unigenitus*, in which he explicitly condemned a hundred-and-one propositions taken from a book by one Pasquier Quesnel called *Reflexions Morales sur le Nouveau Testament*. Some idea of the pressure which had been put upon Clement may be gathered from the fact that when he was subsequently asked by the French ambassador why he had condemned such an odd number, the unhappy man burst out, 'Oh, Monsieur Amelot, Monsieur Amelot, what would you have had me to do? I strove hard to curtail the list, but Father le Tellier had pledged himself to the King that the book contained more than a hundred errors, and with his foot on my throat he compelled me to prove him right. I have condemned only one more.' In spite of the opposition of the Archbishop of Paris and eight bishops, and

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of the Parlement, the King insisted on regarding opposition to the Bull as opposition to his own authority, and his last months on earth saw him actively engaged in the extirpation of Jansenism.

Nothing is so dead as the religious controversies of the past, but those of the reign of Louis XIV cannot be wholly ignored if the period is to be seen in its proper perspective. Where religion was concerned the king appeared at his worst, for although there was some justification for certain of his actions in this field, his religious policy was calamitous, and is easily the deepest stain upon his memory.

Such, in all its strength and in all its weakness, was that epoch which is being commemorated at Burlington House. For a hundred years France was the foster-mother of the civilized world, and it is well that the debt which we all owe to her on that score should be thus impressed upon a generation whose sense of values, where the past is concerned, is often not a little confused.

CHARLES PETRIE

## BRAIN-WASHING AND CONTROL OF THE INDIVIDUAL

THERE has always been widespread interest in methods of persuasion and propaganda, indeed in all ways of influencing other people's beliefs and opinions. The salesman has, as his stock-in-trade, the need to persuade people to buy goods of every kind, while the modern politician, also to some extent a salesman, is interested in modifying deeper-lying attitudes, as is the teacher in a wider sense still.

The best-known methods of changing people's behaviour, if not their beliefs, is by physical force, especially in the form of torture. However, it has always been admitted that such methods are crude and at best only partially effective. It would be both easier and more effective if it were possible to change the beliefs *as well as* the overt activities of the people whose views we are interested in changing. This would also avoid the difficulties that arise over the need for constant watchfulness because of the eternal fear of insurrection. In any case, there are even greater difficulties over the use of physical violence because of the trademarks that are left behind; these make secrecy an inevitable part of the method of torture.

The history of brain-washing is partly the history of suggestion; the other part, which is very closely related, is that of religious and other forms of conversion. We shall take suggestion first in its simpler forms. It has been known for a long time now that human beings, like other organisms, are conditionable or capable of having suggestions made to them that they act upon. This has already meant the development of techniques for propaganda wherein persuasion by repetition is the principal feature. This repetition is multiplied greatly in its efficiency if it is accompanied by strong motivation. Most people, it is clear, believe what they want to believe, and you must therefore make *them* want to believe what *you* want them to believe wherever possible, if you wish to control them.

It has never been entirely clear how this process of suggestion operated, although that it did operate was well understood. Aldous

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Huxley in *Brave New World* made use of the idea of conditioning people to make them fit into society's needs. Thus those selected to be clerks were conditioned with the words 'I want to be a clerk,' 'I want to be a clerk,' again and again. Such methods remain a warning, as Huxley meant them to be, of the possibilities inherent in our growing knowledge of behaviour and the degree of control it implies.

Most of Aldous Huxley's dream (or nightmare) was derived from Pavlov, the Russian physiologist, who demonstrated that dogs could be trained to respond to special features of their environment in a specified manner. Pavlov's dogs were kept in harnesses in sound-proof rooms and a bell was rung when meat was presented to them. Subsequently the bell would be rung without the meat being presented and yet the dogs would still salivate, which they would not of course do if it were not for the previous association of the bell and the meat. Such a simple process of association was considered, and still is considered, the basis of human and all other learning. But the matter was obviously more complicated than this, since it was found easy enough to condition dogs in this way, but much more difficult to do the same with men, although it was nevertheless possible. It was rather as if the greater critical faculty of the human brain set up a resistance against the process, and the great complexity of the material it normally handled gave it greater powers of adaptation. But even these powers are not to be depended upon, as we shall see.

While Pavlov was showing that dogs were capable of being conditioned, Sigmund Freud was showing that human beings were subject to complex unconscious motives that guided their behaviour. Whatever the exaggerations of Freudian psychology and the earlier psycho-analysts, there was little doubt that we, as human beings, both acquired things unconsciously and were influenced by unconscious attitudes at every stage of our actions. We could become aware in dreams, or flashing introspections, of these deep-seated parts of ourselves and some such process of self-awareness is necessary if not sufficient for clearing up certain forms of neurosis.

The influence of the unconscious is generally well known and widely accepted by now. When we type on a typewriter or perform some such simple mechanical act, our fingers go automatically to

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the keys, and if asked where a particular letter is to be found on the typewriter one may hesitate and look at the fingers, moving them as in typing, before realizing where that letter is. It is not suggested that one's knowledge is in one's fingers, but at least they, like the rest of our bodies, are capable of doing more than we ourselves are generally aware of.

Hypnosis and dreams are not only relevant to problems of analysis but are also relevant to problems of suggestion. Indeed hypnosis was used in early forms of psycho-analytic therapy and the method here again was essentially one of suggestion, and therefore one that would be effective also in other situations where suggestion is fundamental.

In the dream state, as in the hypnotic state, you are not fully under conscious control, and you appear to be a good deal more suggestible than in the ordinary waking state. This is the basis of propaganda and sales talk and the proper climate for sowing the seeds of suggestion. The young man who takes his lover into an atmosphere of soft lights and sweet music is fully aware of this point; religious revivalists are aware of it too. Indeed the fundamental idea is a very old one that you can inculcate moods by suitable stimulation and make people more receptive to suggestion as a result. It is a device used by good public speakers, large-scale advertisers, and anyone else who has to try and sway his audience.

The religious revivalist is an especially important example, because there is a great deal of accumulating evidence that in religious conversion, the group atmosphere of revivalist meetings, especially well known in the negro population of America, as well as in many other forms through much of cultural history, is closely concerned with creating the atmosphere for effective suggestion. Ceremonial rites and various rituals associated with primitive religious festivals are clearly of the same general form. The effect of barbarous forms of dancing and their close connection with ceremonies, usually of a sexual character, is fairly clear. The basic factors, however achieved, are to increase the motivation for certain states, and relax the critical faculty that may otherwise deny the person those states.

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well known. The details, that is, at the purely descriptive level; no one has ever quite understood the underlying organic changes.

What, it must now be asked, do all these things have in common? We have already suggested that they have common causes and motives, but there must be more common to the various techniques and methods than this. We shall consider now an experiment in brain-washing.

Professor Donald Hebb at McGill University in Canada had the idea that lack of stimulation from the external world—the ordinary world around us—was the fundamental factor in suggestion, and therefore in brain-washing. Perhaps reduction of stimulation, since full-scale inhibition of all contact with the world is hardly possible, might be sufficient to create the state demanded. Another alternative, which amounts to much the same thing, was the concentration of stimuli at a single point, as in hypnosis. Solitary confinement as a punishment was also suggestive in the context of what we have now called 'brain-washing'; all our enquiries are really leading to this end. What we want to know is whether we can develop techniques for effectively controlling opinions and attitudes without showing any external signs of the changes that have been brought about.

Unconsciously Hebb had hit upon the one factor that most noticeably reduced gregarious people from their normal state—loneliness. Loneliness is certainly one of the most tragic things that can occur to human beings, and this coupled with the other conditions of suggestion are the subject of our investigation.

The experiment was carried out over a period of two years or more at McGill. It used a typical group of undergraduates for the experiment. It must be emphasized right away that they were normal in all respects and were well paid for their help. They allowed themselves to be confined in a large box, which was big enough to hold a single bed, for as long as a week at a time. They were blindfolded and the box was soundproof. They were allowed out of the box only for visits to the lavatory, where they went still blindfolded. They had to eat all their meals in the box, also still blindfolded. Apart from these departures from the usual routine, they spent the rest of the time lying on the bed with their hands and lower arms cuffed in such a way that they could not touch themselves.



While in the box, where they stayed for anything up to a week or more, they were observed all the time night and day from outside. Records were taken of their actions and their speech, if any, and in some cases electroencephalographs were kept of the electrical changes in their brain.

While in these circumstances, they were made the subjects of a propaganda experiment. A set of records were made of propaganda on behalf of extra-sensory perception, ghosts, and supernatural phenomena. The records were played from time to time to the subjects, while they lay in the box. Now before they entered the box, the undergraduates were questioned about their beliefs in supernatural things, among many other things, and furthermore another group of similar undergraduates were asked the same questions. This second group was then told it was *not* going in the box. The first group, or experimental group as we shall call them, were on the whole healthily sceptical about mysticism and the like before their isolated experience, but were noticeably different *after* it was over. The other group who had not entered the box showed, of course, no corresponding change of mind, so the changes were fairly clearly connected with their experience.

The writer, who helped to conduct this experiment, talked afterwards to many of the undergraduates who had participated and there were many points of special interest that we should describe.

In the first place, some of the experimental group said that they could actually feel themselves changing and yet felt incapable of doing anything about it. It was also of interest that not one of them was prepared to return to the box at a later date. Many of them admitted that it had been a profound and frightening experience, although this was not so much a matter of *conscious* fear as *conscious* strain. There was no doubt at all they had been greatly affected and yet it was difficult for them to say why or in what way.

Many other bits of information came out of these experiments. Many of the subjects suffered from hallucinations while inside the box. Large coloured patterns were often featured in their waking experience, to such an extent in some cases that they found it difficult to decide whether they were really there or not. Indeed, the power of critical assessment was one of the main features that they lost. This was due, some of the subjects thought, to the loss of all frame of reference.

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The idea that they had lost their frame of reference was consistent with another common observation. Many of the subjects went into the box deciding to revise, in their minds, all their knowledge for the coming final examinations. They soon gave this up because they seemed to lose all track of their thoughts. It looks as if much of our ordinary thinking is in fact closely related to external stimulation. Professor Price and other philosophers have claimed that thought is not chained to external stimulation, and to support this they cite the example of a person in the Sahara who can think about the North Pole; the fact is that some effective environment is necessary, and what guides one's thoughts is to some extent dependent on the immediate environment; reduce or destroy that environment and you destroy some part of the control and organization of the brain.

A further interesting aspect of the thinking question was touched upon by the McGill experiments. The subjects—or some of them—were given tests, mostly arithmetical, to work out while in their confinement, and there was a distinct deterioration of ability under these circumstances. This may be taken, perhaps in conjunction with the loss of critical faculty, as indicating the loss of cortical control under conditions of reduced stimulation.

A further finding was that the subjects would often become emotional and oversensitive, sometimes irritable. They often complained that their food was badly cooked or the tea too sweet or too bitter. Many of them said afterwards that they were convinced that we were trying to break their spirit by all these obviously intended annoyances. This was in fact not the case, and although the cooking may sometimes have been indifferent it was never really bad; this matter came as a complete surprise to those who ran the experiment.

It was not only that the subjects became irritable under circumstances like the above, they would sometimes go into states of great rage and say the most unprintable things, and also work up great states of hatred against the experimenter. This sense of persecution is probably consistent with their general lack of balanced judgment.

In these last respects the experiments have a deal of confirmation. During the war similar results were found at Cambridge under different, but related, conditions. Pilots were placed in a rigged-up aircraft, like a Link trainer, and after they had flown for many

hundreds of miles under the simulated conditions, they started to blame the aircraft for faults that were really due to their own fatigue and their need to concentrate on a small panel of instruments.

The implications for brain-washing of all this sort of work are clear. There are explicit techniques that can be applied, by suitable manipulation of the environment, and they allow people to become highly suggestible. Such effects have been observed in primitive societies in connection with religious ceremonies, rites, and rituals, in religious conversion and many other circumstances, some going back to great antiquity. Faith healing might be thought to be closely related to the same group of phenomena.

It seems that emotional behaviour is nearly always very closely connected with suggestion. The emotions are normally under the higher control of the cortex, which is thought to be the centre of the highest thought, original and creative ideas. It therefore seems that when this control is weakened the emotional system is released and behaves in an irrational manner, and generally the motor activities of the rest of the brain, that are normally restrained, are freed. With drunken people we sometimes say we see their real character coming out when they show themselves as aggressive, amorous, or stupid, in the alcoholic state. This could imply almost exactly the same effect.

This last point about the influence of alcohol reminds us that there are now available, or are in the offing, possible neurological or chemical techniques that will have the same direct effect on the subject as can be achieved by this isolation or fixation of stimulation. Certain drugs are known to have strange effects on human beings, and if it were possible to reproduce the effect of a fortnight's isolation in a matter of seconds, then it would facilitate greatly the techniques of brain-washing.

What does all this amount to? The real point is that the sort of 'thought control' envisaged by George Orwell in 1984 is a real possibility; one might even guess, a virtual certainty. The Nazi régime showed how much could be done with very little real knowledge. But now that we are able to see the evidence more completely and our general knowledge of the internal workings of the organism is increasing so fast, then we have some reason to believe ourselves

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within striking distance of the control of the individual by the methods that we have collectively called 'brain-washing.'

The temptation that an unscrupulous government would have to use such techniques publicly on groups, as well as privately on individuals, might prove too great to be resisted. It is clear that we shall learn more and more about the control of behaviour in the quest to understand insanity and the lesser illnesses of the 'mind'; at the same time we cannot be sure that our knowledge will not also be used for less satisfactory ends. Such a problem dogs science constantly. Our fight for individual liberty in the age of science and technology is likely to be enormously increased in scope and depth. The penalty for failure will also be greatly increased and could involve nothing less than the complete subjugation of mankind.

The McGill experiments are by no means isolated ones and are among a number that have been carried out in the last few years. This applies not only to experiments that are directly designed to understand methods of brain-washing, but also the various other forms of suggestion, propaganda, advertisement, conversion, and many related phenomena such as extra-sensory perception, radioesthesia, and the like.

The time has not yet arrived when the methods are either simple or foolproof, but there are many reasons for supposing that we are within reach of such foolproof methods, and it is important that we should anticipate their consequences and initiate their control. It is an undoubted fact that we are on the brink of a predictive theory of human behaviour which will allow us a degree of prediction and control never previously thought possible. It is the social consequences of this that is the main source of worry to most thinking people at the moment.

The temptation, as we have mentioned, to use effective methods of either mass or individual suggestion would be very great for any ruling body. Our increased knowledge of scientific facts, as well as any other more philosophical facts, far from decreasing the likelihood of this abuse is liable to increase it. There are many reasons for believing that the age of automation might supply the right climate for the increase of the present cult of power; it could also be the herald of an increase in the desire to be controlled and directed to a far greater extent. The implications of this are that

unless we are extremely careful, individuality and individual freedom will wane and finally disappear.

This is the age of science—no one doubts that. This is the age in which automation and nuclear power are going to be our guides in domestic and international affairs alike. We may expect that automation—the principal scientific weapon of the age—will increase the leisure of the majority of people. In case there is any doubt of this we should point out that the working week in most of the western world has been halved in the last hundred years and is still decreasing.

This greater leisure will emphasize the need for creative activities and draw attention to questions about the meaning and purpose of life, at the very time that religious influence is in decay. This could, especially if we are unprepared for the changes, lead to the sort of boredom that encourages every sort of drug and experiment to try and make worthwhile that which has been lost. It is precisely in such a climate that degeneracy begins and with it the increased possibility of Fascism. Fascism will not, under these circumstances, be easy to shed, since it will have the whole weight of science behind it, and as we can see the very phrase 'the whole weight of science' is going to mean something vastly different from what it has meant in the past and what it still means even now.

We can summarize the situation by saying that brain-washing is a name for a set of techniques used in high-powered suggestion and its advance is significant in our increased understanding of human behaviour, as well as in special techniques used in psychiatry. But far more important than this it offers itself as a dangerous weapon in the hands of people who are bent on destroying individual liberty.

The need for international control of science grows daily, and we will do well to forget the hope that automation and other scientific techniques herald the coming of a new paradise. We cannot do anything but use automation to the full and face the problems of the new society in an age which is becoming increasingly fast-changing and socially dangerous. One practical step can be taken to buffer us from the worst consequences of our own intelligence, and that is in the propagation of knowledge, and to this end we can say that if thought-control is not already a fact, at least it is not far away.

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## HAS IRELAND AN AGRICULTURAL TRADITION?

RECENTLY I was looking at an engraving which bore the title 'The Illustrious Sons of Ireland.' It was published in London by S. Lipschitz of Bishopsgate. The picture is an attempt to assemble celebrities from different periods in our history into a natural group. A score of portraits are comprised therein, those of poets, priests, politicians, militant revolutionaries, and leaders of national movements from the time of Brian Boru to that of Archbishop McHale. The result is somewhat startling, but the curious thing about it is that not a single agriculturist is included.

This picture set me thinking: Were there no great agriculturists, no great farmers, no worthy stockbreeders, prior to 1880?—which seemed to be the period comprehended by the engraving.

Were we so shackled by 'seven hundred years of slavery' that no agriculturist was allowed to shed his light? Certainly the young farmer of to-day is apt to remain silent if you ask him to name an outstanding Irish agriculturist of times long past.

In one respect we have been most unfortunate. The intrigues of certain individuals who plotted against him deprived us of the services of Arthur Young. Had Young remained at Mitchelstown, imbued as he was with the spirit of agricultural improvement, sworn foe of the tenant-grinding middleman, he would doubtless have become what he aimed to be, the right-hand man of a large landowner, showing the latter and many others in similar position that property had its duties as well as its rights, and almost certainly a pioneer of agricultural enterprise in Ireland.

Young was lost to Ireland, and though his detractors are fond of pointing out that he himself was none too successful as a farmer, it cannot be denied that Ireland lost one who was prepared to serve her well. If we understand all the circumstances attaching to Young's visits to this country and his sensitive nature, we can well understand his famous dictum: 'To Ireland I am not in debt.'

Those who wish to measure the Irishman's interest in agriculture, native or otherwise, in times past have many disappointments to face. *The Geographical Distribution of Irish Ability*, by D. J.

O'Donoghue, would seem to provide a convenient source of first reference, especially as the author tells us in the preface that his aim 'was to put on record in as brief a space as possible the surprising manifestations of Irish intellect, and to give, in narrative form as much biographical information as could be collected.' Alas, it would appear from this book that agriculture has little call for either the intellect or the ability of the Irishman, whether at home or abroad. For amongst some thousands of 'persons of talent' arranged according to county of birth—a varied collection of soldiers, divines, and statesmen; of authors, antiquaries, poets, and painters; of Chinese administrators and Japanese scholars; of astronomers, theologians, and mezzotint engravers—room can be found for but two agriculturists (though a few more who served agriculture as well or better have been allotted some other classification).

That there was plenty of room can be deduced from O'Donoghue's inclusion of a number of characters with colourful descriptions attached: 'unscrupulous knave'; 'pickpocket'; 'informer'; 'politician and swindler'; 'introducer of Turkish Baths,' etc.

The two agriculturists mentioned (as such) are: The Reverend William Hickey (known to us all as 'Martin Doyle') and John Wynn Baker. No special information is given about either of these gentlemen. Hickey was almost certainly influenced by the work and writings of Albrect Thaer. Von Thaer combined many rôles: he was possibly a good physician; he kept George III happy by discussing turnips; his works on agriculture are masterpieces of German thoroughness; but it was in his capacity as head of an agricultural school near Berlin that he attracted Hickey's attention. 'A system of long and laborious educational discipline among the peasantry—such as we have noticed to prevail in Germany—would necessarily produce good results in Ireland, where husbandry is generally so defective,' Hickey writes in his *Cyclopædia of Practical Husbandry*. This, and *An Address to the Landlords of Ireland*, are the best, though perhaps not the best known, of his works.

As for John Wynn Baker, it is very doubtful whether he was born in Ireland, but he certainly laboured here. His agricultural experiments gained him a Fellowship of the Royal Society, some financial support from the Royal Dublin Society, whose protégé he was, and

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the regard of Arthur Young, otherwise little but sorrow. Young felt that the latter society had treated Baker badly.

One puts down O'Donoghue's *magnum opus*, published in 1906, with a sense of disappointment. One suspects that he thought any fool could farm and that fools mostly did. Yet thirty years earlier an Irishman had written: 'The value of land, as an instrument of production, depends like that of a tool largely on those who handle it. This commonplace fact—well known to farmers, though not perhaps reduced to a formulated statement—is also recognized as an economic truth. "Superior mental power," says Cairns, "is as much an instrument of production as superior fertility of soil." Thorold Rogers formed the same opinion, and says: "Fertility is and must be in the soil, but it is still more in the intelligence of the man who handles the soil."' The perusal of a number of books of a somewhat similar type leads to equally disappointing results. In Sophie Bryant's *The Genius of the Gael*, the attention of the reader is focused upon the Irishman in various fields, but agriculture is not one of them. Her view is expressed as follows: 'The Gael makes himself conspicuous in what I have called his moral dialectic'; and later she adds: 'In routine persistence as in doing thoroughly one thing at a time the Teuton—I mean particularly the German—will always score.'

*The Irish in Britain*, by John Denvir, is so much a hotch-potch of political and religious movements that the author can spare only one chapter in which to discuss the occupations of Irishmen in various districts of Great Britain, but it is a chapter which well repays study. Irishmen are introduced to us in mining and manufacturing districts—permanently settled there and at work in all sorts of occupations—but in the agricultural districts they appear almost entirely as migratory labourers travelling over for hay-making, harvesting, and potato picking. We are given glimpses of Irishmen who have risen to positions of importance in the professions and in the world of commerce, but nowhere of successful farmers.

Michael Davitt, J. J. Hogan, and many others have written about the Irishman in Australia, and it seems to be true that in this continent the land called him with a louder voice than elsewhere in the new world.

In Eliot O'Donnell's work *The Irish Abroad* one looks hopefully

for some manifestation of established Irish agricultural tradition—but without result. Soldiers, sailors, lawyers, clergy, actors, musicians, and others are there, but the farmer has no place.

In *The Irishman in Canada*, Nicholas Flood Davin gives us a brief glimpse of a few Irishmen settled on the land, but both in Canada and the U.S.A. they tended to drift to the cities, and where pick-and-shovel work was concerned it was the Erie Canal tradition rather than the Farm Ditch tradition which held them. When the writer lived in Canada many years ago, there were Irishmen here and there farming or ranching, but they were relatively very few, and from all accounts it was the same in the U.S.A., of which I saw much less. The aim seemed to be to drive the city political machine rather than the combine harvester.

It is tempting to dismiss the subject of emigrants by saying that they went overseas with little or no money, but in the pioneering days land was available without a heavy burden in the way of funds or formalities, and in any case those who made money in the cities do not appear to have shown any great zeal to go 'back to the land,' even when there was no agricultural depression and every prospect of making a living.

*Modern Ireland and her Agrarian Problem* appeared after the period with which I am concerned, but it does not seem from what its author (Moritz Bonn) says that he found much evidence of a sound agricultural tradition. 'When the Irish are spoken of as a race of agriculturalists what is really meant is cattle-dealers. The mere fact that to 546,202 occupiers of farms there are 615,833 cattle owners points to this conclusion.'

Bonn wrote this in 1905. At this time the Royal Dublin Society had been in existence for nearly 175 years and the Albert College, in one form or another, for almost sixty-eight years; the Farming Society had come and gone after a life of some twenty-eight years; the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society had managed an independent existence of some forty-five years; an agricultural society in Cork was not far short of its centenary; Plunkett had been labouring for about sixteen years, and the Department of Agriculture was six years old.

Had all these efforts failed to establish a healthy tradition? At Strasbourg forty-seven years later our delegates to the Council of Europe had no doubts about the answer. They outbid one another,

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as it were, for the privilege of lamenting the stagnation of Irish agriculture over the previous century. Continental observers were told that it was all due to Britain's thralldom, and were made to envisage the unshackled slave weeping over his napkin after thirty years of freedom because the twenty-six talents which it contained could not be made use of until six more were added. It was a strange picture; for on this basis the agriculture of Denmark should have lain dormant until once again reactivated by the soil of Holstein.

In looking for the foundation-stones of agricultural tradition certain questions fall to be answered: What endeavours were made to establish an agricultural tradition and by whom? What measure of success followed these efforts? Does the landlord-and-tenant system necessarily entail retrogression where a country's agriculture is concerned? Is the Irish farmer lazy? These are some of the more obvious ones, but appropriate comment upon all of them is impossible within a limited space.

In the youth of our oldest citizens comment would have been considered superfluous. For them it was simply a matter of pointing to alien government in general and evilly disposed landlords in particular, and announcing that no agricultural tradition could take root. But the youth of to-day are less easily satisfied, for they know full well that these vicissitudes have long since disappeared.

They know, too, that their economists tell them that agriculture is a gold-mine waiting for claims to be staked, but they observe that large sections of the national mine are virtually unworked. In particular they will realize that we have never matched the zeal for tillage which was shown continuously in the ten or twelve years following the famine, nor have we matched the 'sudden spurt' as between one year and another which occurred in 1917 when the acreage under crops other than grass in the whole of Ireland increased by 27.1 per cent. over the previous year. (In England and Wales the increase was only 3.4 per cent., and in Scotland only 2.8 per cent.) Both the greatest continuous tillage effort and the greatest 'sudden spurt' took place under 'alien' government.

Efforts to establish agriculture on a sound basis within the period under review derive mainly from the activities of (a) landlords and the larger landowners; (b) the agricultural societies; (c) the Commissioners of National Education; (d) miscellaneous societies for

improving the country's poor or its waste lands, or both; (e) certain public-spirited individuals.

It is regrettable to have to leave out our Universities and Queen's Colleges, but it can hardly be said of them that they gave agriculture their enthusiastic support prior to the close of the nineteenth century. The record of Trinity's management of its not inconsiderable estates is on the whole a dark one. Agriculture served Trinity well enough as a metaphor in the latter's tercentenary ode, but Edinburgh, disdaining metaphor, founded a Chair of Agriculture as far back as 1790, and its graduates have 'ploughed the homely fields' in a more realistic fashion ever since.

The estate management record of the Irish Society and the London Companies in the North of Ireland I have likewise weighed in the balance, and finding it to be wanting, I pass it over. I do not suggest that there were no creditable activities, but the agricultural picture presented by the estates was, at most periods, a sad one.

It would be tedious to recount the doings of all the improving landlords which we find recorded in the pages of Young, Wakefield, Curwen, Finlay Dun, and many other writers, but some of them certainly endeavoured to found an agricultural tradition.

We note from Young's *Journal* that Lord Shelburne brought over men, implements, and livestock—imported 'know-how' as it were; that Lord Courtown was a model farmer; that Lord Chief Baron Foster's agricultural zeal placed him among the elite 'for whom monarchs should decree their honours and nations erect their statues'; that Mr French's enthusiasm for reclaiming bogs would put most of us to shame, even to-day.

Wakefield carries on the story. In his time Co. Cork was particularly fortunate, and we are told that the exertions of Mr Hyde, Mr Aldworth, Mr Freeman, Lord Doneraile, Lord Shannon, and other resident owners would do honour to any country. No praise was too high for the Fitzwilliam Estate in Co. Wicklow from this writer, who tells us that he was 'not inclined to be lavish of compliments.' This tradition of good management was carried on in the county by the 'Big Marquis' (of Downshire), who expended vast sums on his estates. That he was 'a kind and generous landlord' can be no invention of Finlay Dun's, for these very words are engraved on a monument in the village of Blessington.

Curwen tells us of landowners who introduced Longhorns at one

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period and Devons at another; Southdowns here and Merinos there; Suffolk horses and Spanish asses as occasion seemed to require. Sometimes we can follow the good work through succeeding generations, as in the case of the Lord Farnham's estate. Young commends the first earl; Wakefield, the second; Foster (*The Times* Commissioner) tells us of the popularity of a subsequent holder of the title; Mr and Mrs Hall speak of the good work done by resident landlords in Co. Wexford, including the owner of Johnstown Castle.

Alas, the proportion of improving landlords was far too small for the country to derive more than partial benefit from their efforts, so they are mostly forgotten, a fate which has befallen stock-breeders of lesser estate but perhaps even greater importance—such as Johnstone, Wynne, Maher, Holmes, La Touche, and Barnes—what do these names mean to our young farmers of to-day?

The agricultural societies have been rewarded with the kind of cold analytical observation which is typified in Plunkett's view of the Royal Dublin Society: 'With its great prestige, large membership, including most of the leaders of thought in Ireland, its efficient staff, ample funds, and a government subsidy, it is capable of performing well its chief function, namely the advancement of agriculture, and yet its greatest admirers will not claim for it that it has succeeded in affecting any marked or permanent improvement in the methods of the Irish farmer.' A good deal on the same lines might be said of Plunkett's own Co-operative Movement, which in addition enjoys a quasi-monopoly in order to enable it to make butter 'on nationalist principles,' yet a bald statement of this kind takes no account of certain adverse circumstances upon which I have no space to enlarge here.

The agricultural societies achieved a great deal. The enthusiasm which followed the founding of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society in 1841 has never been equalled. Donations and subscriptions poured into its coffers. Even the Board of Trinity College felt compelled to show its interest, and its Provost some activity. The main-spring of the Society in its early years was that remarkable agriculturist William Blacker. No agriculturist in our history has matched him in keenness, in clear thinking, and in ability to put over his ideas to small farmers and show them that these would work in practice. Such tradition as we have established is largely founded upon the work of the agricultural societies.

The Commissioners of National Education gave us a school system, and what was to become the Albert College. Both have done excellent work and each has been tinkered with to its disadvantage. Otherwise they would have accomplished a great deal more.

The miscellaneous societies for improving the countryside, such as the Irish Waste Land Improvement Society which was set up under the chairmanship of the Earl of Devon, did well initially. So did those which aimed to improve the people by means of agricultural schools, of which that prince of agricultural writers, Henry Colman, spoke so highly. But time brought a slackening of enthusiasm or a surrender of the responsibility to others.

Of public-spirited individuals, I feel Earl Spencer calls for special mention. His Small Farm Prize Scheme might have revolutionized Irish agriculture if it had been carried out for a longer period and over a wider area. He had more interest in the small farmer than most of his predecessors (or successors for that matter) in the office of Lord Lieutenant. Plunkett's genius would call for mention under this heading, but his serious work for Irish agriculture belongs to a later period.

A landlord-and-tenant system may be bad or good for the economy of a country. It was Ireland's misfortune to suffer from bad landlords from an early date—probably Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin and Papal Legate in the early years of the thirteenth century, who assembled his farm tenants in order to burn their agreements, was by no means the first. So just as the citizen of a continental state who has been subjected to torture by Gestapo or N.K.V.D. may be pardoned if he regards our Civic Guard Force, of which he knows nothing, with some dismay, in like manner the Irishman with memories of rack-renting and evictions may be forgiven if he finds it difficult to comprehend a good landlord-and-tenant system under which the tenant operator may well be better off than the holder of the fee simple. Yet this has often proved to be the case in Britain.

Burke's observation: 'A tenure of thirty years is evidently no tenure upon which to build, to plant, to raise enclosures, to change the nature of the ground, to make any new experiment which might improve agriculture, or to do anything more than what may answer the immediate and momentary calls of rent to the Landlord, and

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leave subsistence to the tenant and his family'—is, in large measure, nonsense to anyone who is familiar with the fair landlord-and-tenant systems which are found in some countries to-day. It was by no means wholly applicable in Burke's time, for some of the most famous improvers of livestock in England and some of the best farmers in the Lothians of Scotland were tenant operators under tenancies which were no longer, and often not as long.

Unfortunately, our would-be Hardenbergs and Steins replaced a bad landlord-and-tenant system by a bad owner-operator system. A healthier agriculture was not their fundamental interest; they aimed rather to exploit some genuine grievances in the field of land tenure for political ends. Butt, when advocating a greater interest for the tenant in the land which he worked, made it clear that this should be carried out 'at any price.' This is exactly what has happened. In other countries, including the U.S.A. and Scandinavia, wiser men looked for standards of character and agricultural knowledge or insisted that the holding should be maintained in proper repair and that farming methods be acceptable before allowing public funds to be devoted to the cause of turning tenant operator into owner.

But in Ireland there were 'no strings attached.' Transfers of land were made wholesale—after a time not even a down payment was required from the tenant, who could resell the holding vested in him to any person for any purpose. Save for the special areas administered by the old Congested Districts Board—to whom all honour—the earlier Land Acts, at any rate, took little countenance of increased production and so had no effect in establishing an agricultural *esprit de corps*. As a result Eire tolerates wasteful and uncontrolled con-acre and eleven months' 'lettings,' whereby Irish land is mined and under which, in some counties, there are far more 'landlords' to-day than there were when the first of the Land Acts was passed.

I know one man residing in an area where farms do not average much more than thirty acres who contrives to 'rent' six hundred acres. It is more convenient for his numerous 'landlords' to allow him to do what he pleases with their land for a ready-cash payment which, when added to the emigrants' remittances, enables them to live in tolerable comfort; but it is a convenience which takes little account of the national welfare.

No doubt certain followers of Davitt and Parnell, less squeamish



in the matter of violence than their leaders, gained some pleasure in having 'the head of a landlord under one arm and the tail of a cow under the other,' but this gratification was not expressed in any very realistic increase in production. Indeed, there is a heavy touch of irony manifest in the Parnell-Davitt centenary stamp which portrays a man leaning upon a plough; for neither Davitt nor Parnell lived to see an Ireland with an area of cultivation approaching that of the Ireland of their boyhood years when landlords were all-powerful, although by the time Davitt died scores of thousands of holdings had been vested in former tenant operators.

The question, Is the Irishman lazy? is not one which can be dealt with in a few sentences; it must suffice to say that whereas 'well enough' and 'good enough' sometimes do duty for industry and exertion, the writer does not consider that the lack of these two qualities is sufficiently widespread to account for the weakly growth of agricultural tradition in Eire. The Irishman because of his intense individualism does not adopt the social approach to the question: How much is enough? Nor does he apply it to his consideration of the value of time. This explains why he will often work much harder for other people than he will for himself, since in the former case he has to adopt his employer's sense of values.

Where then do we look for the cause of our unconvincing agricultural tradition and that lack of *esprit de corps* in farm work which is so generally noticeable, save for occasional manifestations at ploughing matches? To answer this question I have made use of appropriate phrases from a century-old report on one of our manufactures, blending its language with my own views in order to express the following opinion: Political and religious animosities and dissensions, and increasing agitation, first for one object and then for another, have so destroyed confidence, and shaken the bonds of society—undermined men's principles, and estranged neighbour from neighbour, friend from friend, and class from class—that, in lieu of observing any common effort to improve our agriculture, we find every proposition for this object, emanate from whichever party it may, received with distrust by another; maligned, perverted or destroyed, to gratify the political purposes of a faction or the private ends of some powerful group.

JOHN S. BARRINGTON

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## DENMARK'S DILEMMA

So far the year 1957 has been a time of sharp shocks for the Danes. On the economic front an acute crisis in the balance of payments developed in the first six months of the year, showing the national coffers to be almost empty of foreign currency; and on the international front Denmark as a member of NATO has been exposed to Russian pressure and warned to seek other ways of guaranteeing her security than by continuing to line up with the West. But the Danes cannot have been surprised either by the economic crisis or by the threat contained in Mr Bulganin's letter to the Danish Prime Minister, Hr. Hansen, in April. As far back as last October the nation's economy showed signs that 'the trees do not grow up to the skies' and as soon as the Danes had cancelled the invitation to Mr Bulganin and Mr Krushchev to visit them in the summer they must have known it would not be long before they would be hearing from the piqued and angry Russians.

Needless to say, the Danes bear their troubles lightly. Their easy-going temperament prevents them from being depressed, and the thousands of British visitors who crossed the North Sea this summer to spend their holidays in hospitable Denmark will hardly have noticed any change in this delightful country. There seemed to be nothing rotten about the state of Denmark as they sipped their ices in the Tivoli Gardens or as they went island hopping in Denmark's archipelagos. The Danes would not think of boring their visitors with their economic or political worries. Perhaps they may have let fall a word or two about the increased price of beer, tobacco, or spirits and other 'non-essentials,' but tourists will not have seen any long faces in Denmark. The Danes have very good manners and they know it is in the worst of taste to talk about family worries in the presence of strangers. Besides, tourists have to be encouraged—they bring much-needed foreign currency to Denmark.

The Danes like the good things of life. They talk of their common inheritance with us, but though we may both have the same Viking ancestors, Puritanism never took root in Denmark as deeply as it

did in England. The Danes have always believed in enjoying themselves, and living as they do in an agricultural country they produce the good things of life in abundance. But last June the Finance Minister in the new coalition government told them that they had to retrench, and would have to pay higher taxes. Also, compulsory saving by those with incomes of over £700 was introduced. In a word, an era of austerity has dawned in Denmark. Needless to say, the carefree Danes will neither welcome it nor will they bear it stoically.

The standard of living in Denmark is high. The Social Democrat government, which has now given way to a coalition, spent lavishly—some of its critics say too lavishly—in their attempt to improve living conditions so that Denmark could live up to its description of being a country 'where few have too much and fewer still too little.' The words, which are so often quoted in Denmark, are those of the great Danish educationalist and hymn-writer Bishop Grundvig, who lived a century ago, but his words were never truer than to-day thanks to the extensive but costly welfare schemes introduced by successive Danish governments since early this century.

The new coalition government—which had the unpleasant task of breaking to the Danes the news of austere times ahead—took office shortly after the State visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh last May. The general election was held just before the visit, and it was confidently expected that Hr. Hansen's Social Democrat minority government would be returned with a very few changes. But the political pundits, as so often happens, were proved wrong, and the result was a stalemate, and Denmark was without a government while the Queen and the Duke were the guests of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid.

The surprising result of the general election made it appear likely that Hr. Hansen's Social Democrat government would disappear from power and its place taken by a coalition between the right-wing parties. Both the Liberal Party (*Venstre*), which is supported by most farmers, and the rather eccentric Single Tax Party (inspired by the ideals of the American political economist Henry George) had made important gains at the cost of the Social Democrats, and also of the small Communist Party, which was reduced from eight to six seats in the Folketing as the price of Hungary. But the victorious leader of the *Venstre*, Hr. Erik Eriksen, failed to exploit

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the situation and Hr. Hansen managed to return to power as Prime Minister—but this time as the head, not of a Socialist minority government, but of a coalition comprising the Social Democrats, the small Radical Party, and the Single Tax Party. The outcome was a sensation for Denmark, as up to the day of the election the Single Tax Party was violently attacking Hr. Hansen. But peace was patched up, and Denmark has a majority government at last, as Hr. Hansen can command a majority of twelve against all comers including the Communists. This strong backing is necessary in view of the difficult course which the government is to steer the country if it is to weather the economic storm.

The new government follows the example of its predecessor in adopting a firm attitude towards Russian attempts to prise Denmark out of the NATO alliance. Mr Bulganin's warning letter was answered while Hr. Hansen's minority Socialist government was in power, but the same answer would have been given if it had been delivered after the election. However, the Danes do not underestimate the threat to be read between the lines in Mr Bulganin's letter, and his words will not be forgotten. The Danes are only too well aware of their exposed position on the northern flank of NATO and of the retribution which would come if atomic war started, but neutrality as preached by the Russians has few attractions for them. They were neutral in 1940, and that did not prevent them from being overrun by the Germans.

It is the economic rather than the political situation which comes nearer to the Danes. It would be understandable if they made the British the scapegoat for their critical economic position, since we are Denmark's principal trading partner, but the Danes value their close link with us too much to endanger it by petty bickerings. And the State visit in May—when all political and economic worries were laid aside—showed how keenly the Danes appreciated having our Queen (a cousin of King Frederik) and the Duke of Edinburgh (who is a Prince of Denmark) as their guests, giving them a friendly Danish welcome. But both Queen Elizabeth and King Frederik were mindful of the worsened trade relations between the two countries at the moment, and the Queen's remark at the State banquet at Christiansborg Palace that the trading difficulties between Britain and Denmark were only 'temporary' was particularly welcome to the Danes.

Uppermost in Danish minds when thinking in terms of Anglo-Danish trade is the increased output of our subsidized agriculture and the threat it constitutes to traditional Danish exports both to this country and the continent. The Danes grew very alarmed earlier in the year when we started selling cheap British eggs to Germany and elsewhere, seriously undercutting their own unsubsidized product. But the egg dispute, though it attracted a good deal of attention at the time, is only a symptom of the general malaise caused by British agricultural policy. A year ago we clamped a 10 per cent. duty on Danish bacon. This was a severe blow to farmers in Denmark, where the price we pay for Danish bacon can have the widest repercussions as we are importing about 95 per cent. of the bacon which Denmark exports. In this case the 10 per cent. duty was absorbed in Denmark and not passed on to the British consumer, with the result that the price of pigs fell by £4 after Christmas. There is a population of five million pigs in Denmark, which gives some indication of what this price fall meant—and most of the pigs are produced by smallholders.

The Danish ideal would be to see trade relations between our two countries so simplified that the Danes would exchange our raw materials and manufactured goods for their bacon, butter, cheese, and eggs, which they claim to be able to produce as efficiently and cheaply as any other country in the world, while maintaining the highest standards of quality. But as British farmers continue to produce bumper crops year after year thanks to a generous government, the situation is now arising that the Danes are beginning to fear that they may have to look elsewhere for their ideal trading partner. Some very tempting offers have reached them from behind the Iron Curtain. A measure of Danish anxiety is a suggestion put forward by a group of Danish businessmen vitally interested in Anglo-Danish trade that Denmark should be invited to become a member of the British Commonwealth, and so be brought into the charmed circle of Imperial Preference. The suggestion came from the British Import Union in Copenhagen without any previous consultation with the Danish government and met with violent reactions in official circles—and in royal circles too, as it was pointed out that the position of the King of Denmark would become superfluous if Denmark joined the Commonwealth. The reaction in the Commonwealth itself was not even considered, but one can

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imagine what Australians and New Zealanders would say if they heard that in future Danish butter, cheese, eggs, and bacon would benefit from Imperial Preference on the British market, where they already find it difficult enough to sell all their own produce.

One point is certain, Denmark's economy will have to go through a change of readjustment before equilibrium is found. Many Danes are even looking South and are beginning to wonder if it would not be worth their while to make a complete break with tradition and join the Common Market, severing themselves both from their Scandinavian brothers and their British cousins. It is true that there are very great superficial attractions for the Danes to join the Six. Germany, which at present puts a high import duty on Danish butter, would allow it in free, and it would also prove a very ready buyer of other Danish farm produce. But there are disadvantages too. Would the Six, already desperately short of coal, be able to spare any for Denmark, which gets both her coal and oil from this country? And would there not be political strings attached if Germany became Denmark's principal supplier of industrial goods in place of Britain? At present Germany comes second after the United Kingdom, but the position would almost certainly be reversed if Denmark joined the Common Market.

The Danes would not welcome too close an association with Germany. They may have forgiven—but not forgotten—the rape of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864 (actually the territorial loss acted as a stimulus to Denmark and awoke her from her mid-century lethargy), but the Danes find it hard to forgive Germany, even the present-day Germany of Dr Adenauer, for Hitler's aggression in the last war. They remember with great bitterness the shooting of their resistance leaders, the ruthless economic exploitation of their country by the occupiers, and the suffering and indignities suffered by the population in an occupation which the Danes did nothing to provoke. They still feel resentful though seventeen years have passed since April 9, 1940. On this, the anniversary of the German invasion, the red-and-white Danish flag flies at half mast until midday all over Denmark, when a minute's silence is observed. Then, as the flags mount slowly to the top of the masts, the traffic moves forward again and the Danes continue their daily tasks, but in these sixty seconds they live over again the events of the terrible five years. I was in Copenhagen on April 9

this year, and the sight of the flags flying at half mast and the sudden stopping of the city's pulse at twelve o'clock made a great impression. It was no mere perfunctory commemoration, and having stood in silence on a crowded pavement with the Danes I found it easier to understand a remark made later on to me by a Dane who said that it went against the grain for the Danish navy to co-operate with the German *Bundesmarine* in NATO naval exercises in the Baltic. He remarked with a wry smile: 'There is still too much German smoke in the Danish kitchen.'

The knowledge that if they join the Six they will become an economic province of Germany will restrain the Danes from taking this step unless they absolutely have to. At the moment they are caught in a dilemma. They cannot make a move until they know exactly what British policy is to be *vis-à-vis* Europe. If we join a free trade zone on the Continent, which excludes agriculture, then the Danes would have no alternative. They would be forced into the Common Market of the Six.

On the whole they would much prefer to keep out of all regional groups or common markets, as the Danish principle is to have free trade with the whole world, hoping that their open-door policy will be reciprocated by other nations in allowing free entry to their farm products. Denmark enforces a very low tariff, averaging about 5 per cent., and until the present crisis she imported freely from all over the world. Many factors—the dumping of American farm produce, Britain's subsidized agriculture, competition from the Commonwealth—have militated against this policy, showing how risky it is to depend on agriculture as a basic industry.

In a recent tour of Denmark I saw the very efficient way in which the Danes set about their farming. They like to show their farms to visitors (and incidentally any English visitor interested in agriculture will find the *Landøkonomisk Rejsebureau* in the Axelborg in Copenhagen very co-operative in arranging visits to farms or agricultural institutes). But visitors should not expect old-world farms. Picturesqueness has been sacrificed nearly always to efficiency, and one rarely finds the bucolic scenes associated with a bountiful earth bringing forth her fruits. In the co-operative dairy or bacon factory it is the atmosphere of the laboratory where dedicated men are applying their brains and giving their lives to the

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improvement of a strain of bacon pigs or testing and counter-testing the purity of butter and milk. Denmark's agricultural industry is geared to the last degree of efficiency. Most of the farms I visited in Zeeland and Jutland were new. Trees had not grown up around the white walls and bright red or corrugated iron roofs. In many smallholdings all that had been planted near the entrance to the farmhouse was the traditional flag-staff, without which no Danish home is complete, as Danes like to haul up their flag on every possible occasion, not for nationalist reasons, but to express sheer joy at some festive occasion such as a birthday in the family.

Until May 1 the smallholdings seem deserted as the cows are kept inside (there being no grass for them to graze). And there are no chickens running about idly pecking at grain in ramshackle outhouses. In a smallholding at Ramsomagle in South Zeeland which I visited, belonging to the farmer Hr. Willy Hansen, the chickens were kept in the loft of his farm-house, which was divided into two. On the left of the entrance were the living quarters, spotlessly clean and neatly furnished; and on the right, across a sort of barn still under the same roof, were the living quarters of the animals—nine cows, five head of young cattle, and two sows producing 40 pigs a year for the bacon factories. The farmer also had two gentle-looking horses, but he wanted to exchange these for a tractor, which would improve the efficiency of his farm still further. His smallholding comprised 19 acres, growing five crops in rotation, with grass the first year, then roots, grain undersown with clover, roots, and corn again. He and his wife—'the most important unit on the farm'—did all the work. The 10 per cent. duty on Danish bacon had hit him hard. He had reckoned on being able to pay off the annual mortgage on his farm (built in 1952) with the profit from his pigs, but the fall in price had dashed his hopes. He seemed to bear no resentment and there was nothing sullen about his manner, considering I was English. Danish farmers, like all farmers, have to take good times and bad; and besides the Dane knows how to remain cheerful in the face of adversity, which is an attractive characteristic.

The soil is virtually Denmark's only raw material, and the Danes do not waste any land in their small country. When Horace Marryat travelled through Denmark one hundred years ago and described his experiences in his delightful travel book *A Residence in Jutland*,

*the Danish Isles and Copenhagen* (John Murray, 1860), he speaks of the vast expanse of uncultivated heath and moorland—Ale Mose—which ran through the centre of Jutland 'where the gipsies chiefly herd.' The Ale Mose is now intensely cultivated, dotted with red-roofed farm buildings belonging to smallholders who have settled there in recent years. Towns have grown up where there was only desolation when Marryat knew it in the late 1850's. Herning in Mid-Jutland, which had twenty-one inhabitants in 1840, now has as many thousands. A hundred years ago the women in North Jutland wore a queer costume—described by Marryat—of homespun tartan 'with a shawl tied across their heads and a gag across their mouths as a preventative against flying sand.' Drifting sand was the farmer's deadly foe. West winds swept the whole peninsula and greatly reduced harvests. Now the sand dunes are being reclaimed to grow food for the cows, and the milk is turned into butter for the English market in gleaming, clinically clean co-operative dairies, though in the early spring before the grass and crops have thrust up their delicate green shoots the grains of silver sand can be seen glistening like snow in the folds of the black earth.

The Danish government gives support to the smallholders through a policy of land settlement. Applicants must be thoroughly trained farmers and have saved up capital from their earnings as farm labourers. Their capital is seldom adequate for establishing a new smallholding and the State usually advances money on repayment terms for the erection of buildings and purchase of equipment and livestock. Legally the land remains State owned and the smallholder pays rent, though he has full control over it as any freeholder, and can even sell it, though he must have the Land Law Board's approval, a measure which helps to prevent speculation in farm property. Since partitioning began in 1899 approximately 35,000 smallholdings have been established with State aid.

I spoke to one of the newest settlers in West Jutland. He had a farm of about 30–35 acres. He had two subjects on his mind: the price England would pay for Danish bacon and Mr Bulgandin's letter—in that order.

Danish smallholders in Jutland, as in other parts of the country, employ no hired labour, the wife working beside her husband in the fields. There were usually several small children running in and out of the farms I visited. Would they become farmers too, I asked?

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But I was told that these smallholdings would only support one family, so that when the children grow up only one son will be able to take over his father's farm. In a large family the other sons will have to depend on obtaining a new smallholding from the State or join the drift to the towns. This difficulty of finding a living for countryfolk is another problem which Denmark has to face, and it is aggravated still further by the growing mechanization of all branches of farming in the interests of efficiency. There is in consequence a steady drift of redundant labour to the towns, and in the last two winters the number of unemployed has reached 100,000—a high proportion out of a total population of just under four and a half millions. At the central labour exchange in Copenhagen I saw quite a large crowd of men waiting to draw the dole.

At the top of the scale the large estates are as intensely and professionally run as the smallholdings. But large estates are not at all numerous in Denmark, and their number is decreasing fast due to the land laws which give the State power to carve out smallholdings from estates when the owner dies or has to sell. Gradually more and more land thus belongs to the State, and it is used to develop smallholdings. There are less than a thousand estates of more than 300 acres in Denmark. One of the largest in the country is the 12,000-acre estate belonging to Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvig at Tranekaer on the island of Langeland. It is roughly divided up into dairy farming and growing timber (Langeland is famous for its tall, straight beech trees).

The Count—whose father was Danish Minister at the Court of St James before the Second World War—regards the running of his large estate as an all-time occupation, and starts work in his estate office in the village of Tranekaer early every morning. He has a production of 1,200 pigs a year, and when I visited him he too was feeling the effect of the drop in pig prices. But the advantage of a large estate is that the owner can outride the storm. The Count had turned to felling his timber, waiting for dairy and pig prices to rise. Also he has a profitable side-line of rearing pheasants, selling them on the Swedish market for 13s. a chick.

The Danes in their passion for democracy and equalitarianism speak often very slightly of their 'so-called aristocracy,' dismissing them as if they belonged to an old order which no longer has any *raison d'être* in modern Denmark. Certainly the old

noble families—the few that there are—play very little part in politics. Members of several aristocratic families, it is true, are to be found in the diplomatic service, while some have posts in the royal household, but only one titled family is represented in the Danish parliament, now reduced to a single chamber, the Folketing. Yet Denmark is a monarchy, her kings belonging to the most ancient of royal families, the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderborg-Gluckstein line, which has intermarried in the course of its long history with all the royal and princely Protestant houses of Europe.

The familiar Danish attitude towards their King and Queen is puzzling to a foreigner, especially an Englishman. The Danes appear to ignore them, or at least they do not show any curiosity about their daily activities. There is no Court Circular in the Danish newspapers, not even in the Conservative *Berlingske Tidende*. I always remember the remark made by a Dane who told me he would not bother to cross the room to the window to see the King if he was driving by. Yet the Danish King and Queen and their three young daughters are universally loved, and the idea of a Danish Republic is unthinkable. The very matter-of-fact attitude of the Danes towards their royal family happily allows them to lead almost normal lives. Queen Ingrid can go out shopping in the streets near the Palace without any fuss being made, walking along the crowded pavements with her daughters: and Princess Margrethe, the heir to the throne (since the King has no son), who will be formally declared Crown Princess on April 16, 1958, on her eighteenth birthday and will be given an establishment of her own, attended a high school for girls in Copenhagen for several years on an equal footing with the other pupils, who came from all sections of the population. She is now being educated privately in view of the rôle she will be called upon to play one day as Denmark's Queen Regnant.

The King and Queen and their family spend much of the summer on board their royal yacht *Dannebrog*, cruising in and out of Denmark's many islands, said to number over 500. In doing this they are sharing the Danish pastime of island hopping. All Denmark's islands except the Faroes and Bornholm are close to the shore. Bornholm is far out in the Baltic under the southern lea of Sweden, nearer to the coast of Poland than to Copenhagen. It has been chosen on several occasions as an asylum by the Polish MIG

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pilots, who have escaped this way to freedom. But Bornholm has other claims to fame too. It is a very popular holiday resort, especially for Germans, who, missing their own Baltic beaches (now in the East Zone or in Poland), come year after year in their thousands to 'the Pearl of the Baltic,' as Bornholm is called.

There is a saying that God created Bornholm as an experiment before making the rest of Scandinavia, as one finds all the characteristics of the three Scandinavian countries on the small island—the pasture land and farms of Denmark, the rocks of Norway, and the deep forests of Sweden, which give it an attractive variety. The small tidy port of Ronne is the 'capital,' where there is a pottery works which imports its clay from Devonshire; and Bornholm in return sends us turkeys at Christmas.

Bornholm is famous for its four round churches, Ny Kirke, Ols Kirke, Nylars Kirke, and Osterlars Kirke, massive vaulted edifices built as church militants to serve as fortresses in time of need. And they were needed, too, 700 years ago when Bornholm was continually ravaged from the sea by pirates from Sweden and the northern coast of Germany. At the sight of the pirates the women and children and old men were herded into the centre of the churches, and the able-bodied menfolk mounted the battlements to beat off the invaders. The round-tower-like structures are capped with conical roofs, added later, which give them the appearance of giant oast-houses. A curious feature of these round churches is that the stone belfries, standing apart from the building as often in Denmark, have a striped wood-and-brick upper story.

Bornholm to-day is an outpost of the West, like Berlin, and of great strategic importance though it would be untenable in the event of a war unleashed by Russia. There is a radar station on the hill in the centre of the island, and Danish destroyers keep up a ceaseless patrol off the coast. The Russians know Bornholm well, as they spent eleven months on the island at the end of the war. They landed there after bombing the local German commander into submission. He had refused to surrender to them when the rest of the German troops on other fronts capitulated, only being willing to surrender to the British or Americans. The present Danish Governor of Bornholm, Amtmand v. Stemmann, remained on the island all through the German and Russian occupations. During the former he was cut off from all communication with the Danish

government in Copenhagen and had to act on his own initiative. At one time the Germans had a garrison of 27,000 troops (more than half the population) on Bornholm, which is only 227 square miles in extent. The Russians made do with a mere 8,000 garrison. I asked the Governor if he had ever thought of writing his reminiscences of the two occupations, as I imagined he would have an interesting story to tell. 'They are written,' he replied; 'but they are not for publication and are locked up in the vaults of Christiansborg Castle in Copenhagen.' But he did show me a curious object with a strange history—the souvenir presented to him and his wife by the Russian Commander-in-Chief as a parting present. It was a slab of black Bornholm marble mounted with silver ornaments made by Russian sailors—a naval gun, a mine, a capstan, and an anchor. The Governor's wife was rather at a loss where to put this unusual gift, but eventually a place was found for it temporarily in the drawing-room of the Residency at Ronne. It was still there when a few years later a Russian naval officer made a courtesy call on the Governor. When they showed him their Russian souvenir and explained who had given it to them his eyes lit up with interest. 'You must look after it carefully,' he told his Danish hosts. 'You might find it very useful one day as an alibi.' The souvenir is still in the drawing-room of the Residency.

There are certain cities which demand to be approached by water: Venice is one, Copenhagen another; and appropriately it was by sea that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Copenhagen to start their State visit, sailing down the Sound in *Britannia*, and then anchoring only a little way off shore in Copenhagen harbour. The journey from England—unless one flies—is usually by ship across the North Sea to Esbjerg, and then across Jutland, the island of Funen, and on to the capital. This was the way I had always arrived in Copenhagen until returning from Bornholm, when the ship sailed into the harbour and I could enjoy the view of the shipping, the docks, the seventeenth-century brick warehouses built by King Christian IV, and the green-capped domes and spires of the sea-girt city. The ships entering Copenhagen bring their passengers into its very heart, so that one steps down the gangway into the street. It is quite common when walking in the harbour to turn a corner and see the graceful white hull of a steamer blocking the lower end of a shopping street. The Danes use

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their steamers and ferry-boats as casually as we catch a train at home, crossing over to Sweden for the afternoon or travelling overnight to the large littoral cities of Aarhus and Aalborg.

The tang of the sea air in Copenhagen and the shrill cries of the sea birds flapping their wings against one's bedroom window in the morning remind one of Denmark's strong maritime traditions, going back to the times of the Vikings. The sea-marauding expedition of the Vikings were caused by their need to seek fresh lands to farm, for even in those days Denmark was short of land.

Denmark still partly nurtures herself from the sea. Her ships fly the red-and-white *Dannebrog* into distant oceans and her ship-owners operate valuable fleets of merchantmen and liners earning foreign currency for Denmark. There has been a great boom in ship-building and ship chartering this year—the one bright spot in Denmark's economy. The two largest ship-building firms—Burmeister and Wain in Copenhagen and A. P. Möller of Odense—are both enlarging their yards to be able to build more ships, mainly tankers. Of the 700,000 tons of ships building in Danish yards or abroad for Danish owners nearly half are tankers, and soon the Danes hope to be building giant tankers in the 100,000-ton class.

But in spite of this bright spot and the rapid industrialization of Denmark in other directions there is still not enough opportunity at home, and many young Danes are looking overseas. Emigration has never been so high. Over 5,000 Danes left for Canada, Australia, and the United States last year. This is twice as many as in 1955, and the total is expected to reach 10,000 this year. In Copenhagen main station I saw a notice on which was written in Danish: 'Australian newspapers for sale.' Why Australian newspapers in Copenhagen? The reason was not difficult to grasp. The young Danes want to see what jobs are being offered 'down under.' Rather than wait to see how Denmark will extricate herself from her present troubles they prefer while they are young to make a new start in fresh surroundings. In doing so they are fulfilling a particularly Danish destiny, as the original Danes—the Vikings—set out in their long ships on hazardous voyages. But these young Danes are bent on peaceful missions, bringing their native skill and their crafts as gifts to their new homes across the seas.

REGINALD COLBY



## A PREVENTIVE FRAMEWORK FOR CHILD WELFARE

THE history of child welfare in Britain has been that of the growth of separate services. Each generation added its network of social institutions to meet the needs which concerned them most in the ways which seemed to them best. So long as the State was regarded as a regulator of relations between man and man rather than an initiator or a participant, social welfare was conducted by voluntary bodies. The Philanthropic Society, concerned at the child vagrancy and neglect arising from the transition from a rural to an industrial economy, founded their school in Southwark in the closing years of the 1790's to train boys in the ways of industry. But the Society's log in the early nineteenth century reports boys absconding to the school from the factories in which they had been placed, and whither they were reluctantly returned; it must have been a mild sanctuary from the misery outside. The Philanthropists of the mid-nineteenth century, who moved the school to Redhill, were less sentimental. To them punishment was reforming, and the Reformatory system was born.

The second half of the century saw child welfare as we now know it developing under voluntary auspices, with Mary Carpenter, Dr Barnardo, and Dr Stephenson (of the National Children's Homes) in the lead. The Police Court Missions, from 1876, demonstrated the technique and value of probation. The Salvation Army and other societies interested in moral welfare provided refuges for unmarried mothers and homes for children who had been the victims of immorality. The well-to-do middle classes voluntarily taxed themselves by giving 10 per cent. of their incomes to charity.

In the end the State looked, and saw that it was good—but not good enough. From 1907 the police court missionaries could be paid out of public funds and become probation officers. The twentieth century saw the rapid growth of statutory services alongside the still flourishing voluntary ones. As the latter, so the State-sponsored institutions grew separately and piecemeal, new departments or sub-departments, central and local, being added to meet

the current need with little regard to the existing network. Mesh has been laid upon mesh. Children's officer and probation officer, both under the ægis of the Home Office, walk on different sides of the street—perhaps to visit the same family. Flagrant instances of a dozen or so social workers visiting the same home are not typical; but the existence of a number of social agencies, each created for a special function, means overlapping, waste of professional time and knowledge, and a case-hardening of the client. Meanwhile the voluntary bodies feel snubbed and out of the picture, and sometimes come to words with one of the statutory services. But, ironically, it is still they, with the 'family-groups' of the National Children's Homes and the problem-family work of the Family Service Units, who largely remain the pioneers.

Whether public or voluntary, all these organizations have come into being to meet visible and urgent needs. Their work has been geared to emergency and to patent breakdown—children already delinquent, homeless, or sinned against, families 'problem' or fallen asunder, perhaps beyond repair. The public authority either is not apprised or is hindered by a legal formality from taking action until it is too late. In their more discouraged moments social case-workers talk of 'picking up the bits.' Each year brings its succession of casualties, as monotonous as a mill-race—an endless, statistically inexorable flow of delinquent, maladjusted, deprived, and neglected children. They are not God-made, we know that now; the social causes they spring from are deep, but not unfathomable. Liberated from fatalism, the catchword of this mid-century is prevention. But administratively how? Are we going to lay a preventive mesh of social workers on top of the existing meshes? There are signs of this happening already. Members of the Liverpool police act as 'juvenile liaison officers,' visiting homes and getting the parents on their side to forestall the necessity of prosecution; other constabularies are learning from them. The Working Party on Health Visiting pointed to the need for a social worker in touch with a large number of families who could act as a 'case finder' and be ready to administer the first-aid of mental health. They suggested that the health visitor might fulfil this function; and there is a move by progressive city health departments, rather than wait on the doorstep of existing overcrowded child-guidance clinics, to establish their own mental health services to which the health

visitor could refer cases preventively. Our native genius is in patch-work, and it may be that, rather than risk some grand new fabric of consolidation and unification, we shall dexterously sew a preventive service into the old cloth. It would not be so good that way, but here advocacy is powerless: the realization of a new vision depends upon a conjunction of great men and great offices.

The emphasis upon prevention, and upon re-education once delinquency has taken place, is revealing our present legalistic procedures as too rigid. They stem from a philosophy, or shall we rather say a tribal and instinctive rite, of retribution. Being put on probation, even being committed to an approved school, is not officially punishment; yet to the offender, his parents, his associates, and his neighbours such measures are punishment. It cannot be otherwise so long as the probation or committal is awarded partly at least in relation to the gravity or frequency of offences, or so long as the court has to decide upon the nature of the treatment or re-education. The critical decision—whether or not to remove the child from home—ought to be based more upon its emotional situation within its family than upon the commission of any offence. The liberty of a juvenile, as of an adult, may need to be restricted for the protection of society, but this involves no disputed principle. It is rather that we are torn, legally and administratively, between punishment and treatment. This confusion queers the pitch of a preventive approach, for we have to wait until the young person has committed the requisite number of offences or breaches of undertakings for him and his parents to feel that he has deserved the course of re-education indicated.

The concept of criminal responsibility is the philosophical storm-centre of these divergent attitudes. Progressive thinkers—some would call them sentimentalists—favour a raising of the age of responsibility from 8 to 15 years. If, it is argued, we can be free from legal rigidity and the necessity of matching a finding of guilt with a traditionally appropriate punishment, the re-educative approach has a clear field of operation. The proposal is that below the latter age the delinquent shall be dealt with by a 'welfare' procedure.

On examination, however, it is seen that a Welfare Board as an alternative to the juvenile court runs into more legal, constitutional, and psycho-philosophical difficulties than it aims to solve, quite

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apart from the lack of continuity that it would represent with British tradition. From the age of one or two years any child to whose upbringing any thought at all is given is expected to bear some degree of responsibility for its actions. This is an axiom of social training in our Western society. Nor is there any psychological reality in the idea that at a certain age the human being emerges into responsibility from an irresponsible chrysalis. Even the present age of eight may be too high, as witness the stories of urchins who, caught red-handed, expostulate to the policeman, 'You can't touch me, copper, I'm below age.' How, if the age were raised to fifteen, would we cope with our young academicians, with copies of the Act in their pockets, hiding learnedly behind their supposed embryonic morality? As in the family, so in the world outside, every person, young or otherwise, should be asked to bear whatever responsibility for his actions he is capable of. Furthermore, responsibility does not grow spontaneously; it depends upon wise correction, for without such the young person has no means of knowing what is socially acceptable behaviour. Some social institution there must be with powers of discipline—and there seems little point in making it other than a court, or calling a magistrate by any other name.

The existence of legal penalties also acts as a means of sorting out the normal from the abnormal. Deterrence largely works with the ordinary citizen, who, in so far as he is tempted, can calculate the consequences. We know that the socially maladjusted cannot do this, and often fly in the face of punishment. If we have a reasonable system of deterrence for the temperamentally stable member of society—who may be nevertheless prone to human frailty—we can be reasonably sure that the undeterrable, persistent lawbreaker, old or young, is a socially maladjusted person. Such people are irresponsible, and it is of no use for us to go on trying to cure them by the deterrent remedies which only work for normal, responsible people. As many a desperate parent says to a case-worker about his or her problem-child, 'Punishment only makes him worse.' So it is in society's dealings with a case of emotional breakdown. One cannot study delinquency on the clinical level without realizing that a delinquent act is just one symptom among others. Often mere attendant circumstances—associates in school or street, or a family mishap or quarrel, or even an injury to a

finger—provoke the delinquent symptom. Delinquency consequently calls for no special procedure as compared with other symptoms of juvenile maladjustment. Our emphasis should be on the essential unresponsibility of the unsettled child. The question of an *age* of responsibility blurs this fact, and is likely to involve us in fruitless argument. It is the diagnosis of a young person's adjustment to society upon which the correctness and even the justice of our handling of him depends, and this will give us our measure of responsibility.

Since a fixed age of criminal responsibility has no scientific justification, and cannot even be applied in practice, there is a good case for breaking free altogether from the concept. If, however, somewhat different procedures are needed for young persons, the delimiting age can be decided by administrative convenience. Up to the age at which a boy or girl is entitled to leave school—fifteen for the general run and sixteen for those ascertained as subnormal—the child might well be dealt with in the first place by referral to a welfare agency or board. Such referrals might be by the head of a school or other institute, or voluntarily by the parent. If an offender pleads guilty, the police could make the referral without taking him to court, for there would be no legal issue for the court to decide. A contested charge would need to be argued out with the correct legal procedure for the finding of guilt, but thereafter the court would place him for re-educative treatment under the supervision and care of the welfare agency. This would not be just another name for probation; it would be for the welfare agency to decide, after a thorough appraisal of the situation of the child and its mental, emotional, and moral condition, whether some kind of at-home supervision would meet the case or whether the child needed residential treatment. The advisability of the removal of the child from its home might become apparent only when a more intimate knowledge of its family-situation was gained in the course of re-education, in which case such a decision could be taken, if possible with the consent of the parents, without the need of formal committal through a court. Alternatively, if the welfare agency found itself unable to proceed with the correct treatment owing to lack of co-operation from the child or parents, it could apply to the court, as now under Section 2 of the Children Act, for compulsory powers.

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Under this procedure it will be seen that the functions of the court would be those of law and justice. It would deal, as now, summarily with petty infringements where no question of social maladjustment was involved; it would safeguard the individual's right of legal trial and provide constitutional protection against the over-zealous public official; on the other hand it would act as protector of the public when the individual proved recalcitrant, or of the child if the parents were remiss in their duties. These are the true and traditional functions of a court of law. Because enlightened opinion has in recent years seen the need for the rehabilitation of the young offender rather than his punishment, and only the magistrate was in a position to give effect to this new outlook, the court has found itself saddled with responsibility for deciding treatment. But neither the magistrate nor his legal adviser, the clerk of the court, is trained for such work. The assessment of the young offender's social adjustment and of the chances of improving his relationships within his family, school, and neighbourhood have become technical problems for professionally qualified people to handle. When a bench tries to assume social-case-work functions it is liable to get involved in the dubious legal practice of hearing psychological and social histories which are not divulged to the defendant. Or else highly damaging and confidential facts are dragged into the light of day. If, on the other hand, the bench confines itself to the finding of guilt or the conferring of special powers to the treating agency, these tricky problems disappear, for the facts which are brought before it would be those admissible under the traditional rules of evidence.

What is proposed, therefore, is a clean-cut division of function between the legal work of the court and the rehabilitatory work of some new and locally unified welfare agency. There is thus no question of letting the young offender get off scot free, nor of denying him legal safeguards. Furthermore, the fixing of an age at which proceedings may be taken in respect of a child becomes superfluous: the welfare agency, as now the children's officer, might find it necessary to apply for compulsory powers over a child of six months. Because changes have to be introduced at a rate that the public will accept, the age of 15 or 16 years is suggested as the upper limit for this arrangement. Below that age a child would not be regarded

as criminally irresponsible, but would be *subject to juvenile procedure*. The practical effect of such an age-limit would be that before 15 or 16 years a delinquent child would normally be brought in the first place to the welfare agency, with the court for either party to go to if they wished, whereas beyond that age the young offender would, as now, be charged before a court in the first place.

For those thus 'subject to juvenile procedure' we should have broken free from our present artificial distinction between delinquency and other social maladjustment. A preventive approach would not only become possible, it would be the sensible and economical one. It would no longer be necessary to wait for an offence to be committed. The essence of a preventive approach is to know early and to be free to act appropriately without having to prove anything so long as the patient and his parents co-operate. This implies a re-centring of our procedures, away from those of the law to those of a welfare service.

How, then, can the welfare agency know early? How can it treat early, so as to forestall delinquent breakdown or other crisis?

The first—knowing early—means having the confidence of, and intimate links with, those people who have to deal with children in the ordinary course of their work. If the welfare agency is going to succeed in a preventive approach it must know in detail where the trouble-points lie within the community.

There are two main groups who can act as spotters for the social agency, without themselves necessarily being expert case-workers. For the pre-school child, as the Working Party pointed out, there is the health visitor. Her first concern must obviously be with physical health and care, but she is in a good position to notice early signs of maladjustment or parental mistakes likely to induce such. The health visitor cannot be expected to be an expert in family-life, but she should be in touch with a social case-worker whom she could arrange to bring along on her next visit. For the two to have an easy administrative link with each other implies that the latter would have to work, like the health visitor, on a territorial basis.

For the surveillance of the emotional welfare of the school-child the teacher is the social agency's obvious ally. Delinquent or other anti-social attitudes, insecurity or depression will nearly always be revealed in the child's manner and behaviour, and standard means

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of assessing social adjustment are now available to the teacher. There has been no specific research to show what proportion of delinquent children could have been spotted as unsettled or maladjusted prior to the commission of an offence, but one gets the impression that the school-child who comes before the court is usually already known to his teachers as unsettled in other ways. It is to the head teacher that parents first think of coming when they are worried about their child, yet do not want to initiate any formal procedure. Consequently he or she generally knows a fair amount about the family background, and has often had dealings with the parents over successive brothers and sisters. It is strange that the natural means of contact which head teachers have with parents has not been more used. When a child becomes the subject of official action a report is usually obtained from the school. It is a common complaint that this is of little value: apart from reporting purely formally and uninformatively, heads tend either to 'white-wash' the child out of a sense of loyalty or, if their mood is one of exasperation and rejection, to 'blacken' him. This is the result of a system in which the head instinctively reacts towards the probation officer or the children's officer either as an outsider trying to claim his protégé, or as someone who will take a nuisance off his hands. Nevertheless, if accepted as equal partners in the work of child welfare, the teaching profession could form the front rank of a preventive service.

For preventive action we have to rely still more upon the teacher. A few figures illustrate the disproportion of the problem. The Underwood Committee recommended, *as an ideal to work for*, that there should be one child guidance team for every 45,000 school-children. For the country as a whole this means 840 clinical people. In 1954, however, there were only 306 such in our child guidance clinics. This amounts to one team for every 124,000 children. The same Committee asked for estimates from certain areas of the proportion of children who were sufficiently maladjusted to require some kind of expert attention. The figure varied from 5.4 per cent. in Berkshire to 7.7 in Birmingham and 11.8 in Somerset. The variations are probably chiefly a measure of the differing standards used by the reporting authorities, but  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. may be taken as a middle figure. This means that the child guidance team would have to cope with some 3,400 cases a year under the envisaged ideal

conditions, and 11,600 as things are at present. In fact child guidance teams are by no means free to plough through such heroic caseloads of unsettled children. They are mainly busy in the ascertainment of educational subnormality and other administrative assessment.

It becomes therefore apparent that the main work of prevention will have to fall upon those who have day-to-day dealings with children. This indicates a broad alliance between child welfare and education. A few years back, when delinquency figures were soaring, Sir Philip Morris suggested, as a starting-point for thinking along preventive lines, that each social unit, the family or the school, should aim to cope with its own problems. Maladjustment has, of course, its technicalities, and the parent's or teacher's approach to unsettledness depends upon his or her own traditional background and upon individual temperament. But Sir Philip Morris's seems a socially healthy attitude, and is quite compatible with the very shrewd definition of maladjustment which the Underwood Committee adopted. They restricted the term to cases which cannot without help be handled by the child's parents, teachers, and other adults in ordinary contact with him. This rider has two implications: the first is that there is much unsettledness with which the responsible adults should know how to cope; and the second is that these adults should be helped to do so. The problem would then only rarely be taken entirely out of the hands of the teacher, and very seldom indeed out of the hands of the parent, even if residential treatment is indicated.

For the effectiveness of treatment also, a preventive approach must aim at helping the parent and the teacher to cope with the problem in the first instance internally. It has indeed become a commonplace that it is more important to work upon an unsettled child's environment than upon the child itself. The question is, therefore, how we can influence the parents and the teacher without making the first feel that they are 'on the carpet' or the second that the matter is being taken out of his or her hands. Some experimental work has been done informally in the West Country in recent years in what might be called three-cornered conferences—between parent, head teacher, and case-worker. These gave the opportunity for a businesslike appraisal of the reasons for the maladjustment. The atmosphere was healthily unclinical, yet the people who had

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the means of influencing the child's environment and who formed a large part of it were given insight and, indirectly, guidance. No one lost face, because agreement as to the best course to be followed was arrived at as a joint decision. And—probably most important of all—the head teacher became progressively more able to understand and handle unsettled children without outside help. Naturally it would depend upon the head teacher whether he or she liked to join such a partnership. It may be that many would be content to be on the look-out for symptoms of serious unsettledness and leave the parent and the social worker to discuss things together once the introduction had been made.

It should be possible, by judicious guidance to the parents, to mend many difficult family situations in a way that will make it unnecessary to remove the child. But in others the best form of prevention will be to get the child to a residential school from which he could return home during the holidays. The crux of the issue is that if residential treatment is advisable, it should so far as possible be with the consent and understanding of the child and its parents, for besides starting off with both on a better footing, this is the only reliable means of beginning the re-education early enough. It is not suggested that we renounce the power of compulsory committal or abolish the approved schools. For a consistent and effective policy of prevention, however, we require more residential accommodation to which children could go voluntarily; and a good way of obtaining this would be for some of our under-patronised approved schools to join the ranks of the over-patronised special boarding schools.

Experience of the voluntary residential education of children who are unsettled or whose homes are unsuitable indicates that persuasion usually works. With some of our present approved schools converted into voluntary boarding schools, there would then be available to a 'three-cornered conference' of parent, teacher, and social worker a means of treatment denied to the court, which could be used at an earlier stage without public attention or disgrace.

The case-workers, in the rôle envisaged, would not, as at the present, be employed by various agencies each making contact with families for different purposes, but would work on a territorial basis from a centralized welfare agency. The area might conveniently be

that covered by a large secondary school for each sex and their tributary junior schools, say 3,000 to 4,000 children. When we think of a child-guidance team trying to cope with a school population of 120,000 one is bound to ask where the case-workers are to come from. The plain answer is that of the type required they do not at present exist, for training has lagged far behind the need. It is an anachronism that for the school welfare officer, or the school attendance officer as he used to be called, there is at present no approved diploma or even a scheme of training. Yet these officers, by their contact with the schools, with parents, and with unsettled children, come nearest to what a preventive service should be from an administrative point of view. Working on a territorial basis they know the shaky families and the unhappy or neglected children, in most cases before delinquency ensues; for truancy—when there is no major sporting event 'on the air'—is usually a harbinger of future trouble.

It would make an interesting calculation to see how far our present supply of case-workers in an administrative district would reach if they were wrested from their separate specialities and re-deployed on a territorial basis. Probably the number would not fall far short of what would be required. We should at least be exonerated from the charge of having a succession of social workers calling at the same house. And the case-worker would be able to exercise real continuity of supervision, maintaining contact with the family even if the child has to go away for residential treatment, being in a position to advise when the time is propitious for its return home, and of course closely supervising the first critical months after the return. Even the supervision of foster-children would perhaps be done better by a general case-worker covering quite a small area. The close contact with the child's school would afford a means of finding out if it was happy and settled, for an unhappy foster-child is likely to be restless, lethargic, or possibly hostile in class.

The general practitioners of social welfare would need to be versatile men and women, with a good knowledge of case-work principles, of the facilities for special treatment, and the law relating to children. Because, however, of the width of their range, they would have to rely upon the experience of senior officers and upon specialist help for the difficult case. This implies some sort of

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unified welfare agency within each administrative district. In view of the professional difficulties which would be incurred in amalgamating the present children's and probation departments, child guidance clinics and school welfare service—to mention only the main social agencies employing case-workers—such a unified welfare agency may be discounted as 'not practical politics.' But it is hard to envisage a preventive approach without the social worker's knowing the people of a neighbourhood and having the confidence of its health visitors and teachers—nor how this can obtain unless we have general-purpose social workers on a territorial basis. And this in turn pre-supposes unification of local services. It would certainly prove an economy, in the short run because of the present duplication, in the long run because prevention is cheaper than punishing or treating. After the first shock, the professional bodies involved may begin to see their personal advantage in it. The probation service contains many more capable men and women than there is room for at the top, and as a profession they are poorly paid considering the qualities which the work demands. Amalgamation would give greater opportunities for responsibility. It would be the initial joinery that would be difficult.

The alternative would be to create a shadow service of preventive case-workers based on the health visitor and school welfare services, that would be given flesh and bone when it proved its worth. Bold experiment in a few areas might be the immediate first step, backed by permissive powers under a new Act to spend money judiciously on the purposes of prevention in whatever form that might take. Eventually such experiment might pave the road to unification by demonstrating its value and allowing the embryo of the central agency to grow. Unless we preserve this objective at least as an ideal towards which development is orientated we shall be presenting the next generation with still more intricate administrative tangles.

D. H. STOTT

## SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PROS AND CONS OF ADVERTISING

IT is a far cry from a barker at a fairground with his megaphone to a tasteful half-page spread in the *Times* under the imprint of a major combine, but the function of each is the same—to induce the public to pay for a commodity that they have not before been conscious of needing. In other words it is the art of *selling*, and in between these two extremes lies a vast field of exploitation on which most of the individual products of the country depend for survival or failure. And in its turn, on this survival depends the economic lifeblood of the nation—productivity, employment, and the like. It can thus be seen that advertising has now become an essential part of the industrial machine. But full production means fierce competition and it is not enough to draw attention to any given article. The need for it must be created in the public consciousness and it is the main preoccupation of modern advertising to create this need. It must explore every buying strata of the nation, direct its selling appeal in a dozen different ways, and provide a constant stimulus until the public automatically responds.

One of the most common ways of doing this is to imply that a person's status is lowered by not using a certain commodity: i.e. 'All the best people read . . .', 'The best-dressed women wear a . . .', or '... a man's drink.' Any advertising that loses sight of this fundamental fact is likely to be less effective than that which plans its campaign round this approach, however it may dress it up. There are products, of course, where mass appeal is simple: beauty preparations, work-savers, panaceas, and the like. There are others where the appeal must be much more subtle because it is aimed at a more sophisticated market—luxury products or products with a cultural selling-point. And there are the snob-appeal commodities—cars, expensive and exclusive clothes, etc. But whatever the brand of commodity, advertising has one relation to it—to sell it in the largest possible way and to the greatest number of people; and however the profession may amuse itself with claims of aesthetic

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effectiveness, at bottom it knows as well as anyone that all of its methods have one object and one object only—to sell.

It is obvious that the cost of advertising must add considerably to the selling price of an article. In fact, the difference in the cost at which it is produced and the price at which it is sold is often so great as to raise serious doubts as to whether marketing at such a cost is of any real benefit. However, the answer does not sit solely in the public pocket. In spite of modern-scale advertising now being a capital charge on industry, it must be admitted that it has also become a vital part of our economic structure without which productivity would be lessened and a much smaller labour force absorbed. There are of course many major manufactures that stand outside this argument, but since it affects so much of industry it may be as well to examine its closest link with industry at source.

When the production of any new commodity is under consideration the first things to be ascertained before any capital is expended are: what market is there for it; where is the market; and what are the possibilities of getting into that market. And this is a highly technical advisory service that only the advertising business can provide. Its findings have to be not only completely realistic but right up to date, for competition is probably fiercer in this sphere than in any other. Having accepted the value of the product as a commercial commodity, it must decide whether a potential market exists already and is open to exploitation; whether the market may have to be created; or whether it is already overcrowded and exploited to capacity. This service is particularly important, for on it depends the outlay of capital, the building of new plant, and the organization of a labour force. Of course many popular brands of commodities have come into being as by-products of other manufactures and the initial outlay is not so great, but the argument still applies. This initial advisory function of advertising is one of its most important as a profession, and one of which the public is least aware. It is the ballast to the more flamboyant branches which impinge on public awareness. It is formulated out of a continuous and intensive study of the nation's buying trends; it draws on a vast corpus of practical experience; it involves a hard-headed understanding of mass psychology; and it has enough professional precedent to draw on to be reasonably sure of its findings. When this assessment is favourable the second function of the



advertising agency comes into operation—in what form to market the product. Here again professional skill is applied almost as a science. The gratified customer, pleased with his purchase, probably never gives a thought to the intensive preparation of name, shape, size, colour, smell, taste, feel, and packaging that has gone to produce the article and, by its precise anticipation of his needs, has induced him to buy it. It is a skilful and highly conscious operation, and this particular branch of the business can well claim that public taste has been improved because it has been trained to connect a good-looking article with good value. We need not mention that it is also possible, on these grounds, that it has been trained to reject a good article because it has been badly produced or, at least, marketed in the belief that its merits will speak for themselves.

Once these things are decided and production begun the third stage is worked out—the launching of the advertising campaign proper. This is the public part of advertising and, because of its social effects, is the part that comes in for most criticism, and it is in this sphere of advertising that some defence is necessary. At its worst it is vulgar, blatant, ill-mannered, near-salacious, and reprehensible in its every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost attitudes. And yet by its nature it has to be so. It is opportunist and smart; its technique is in many ways reminiscent of the old revivalist method of conversion. It tries to convince its audience that they are, so to speak, individually miserable sinners, before offering them salvation. But on this point it must not be forgotten that most of the claims made are not false. Any product that can claim national advertising is prepared to do what it claims to do. But because of the general noise of advertising, exaggeration is what gains the ear and, fortunately, often induces a back-kick of disbelief: and the thought often occurs as to whether advertising men, enthusiastic over a bright idea or a new gimmick, fully realize the cynical resistance created, say, in a woman who wants a good shampoo but has no illusions about that little bit extra—its ability to convert her into the belle of the ball. Some of its greatest failures have been due to this ingrown, hot-house awareness and cult of itself, that has entirely missed out on the market. In the sphere of popular products too, of course, there is not the same danger of extravagance and exaggeration reflecting adversely on the name of the manufacturer, for it is the product name that is always kept in

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the public consciousness—and for a very good reason too; it is obviously of major importance to persuade the public to ask for a product by its name.

Very few new products now have an open market, and it must be acknowledged that, because of this, advertising cannot afford to be modest or over-subtle. The hoarding is its natural outlet and all newspaper advertising is, in essence, a modification or an adaptation of this. It must shout either pictorially or typographically. The launching campaign must be as bold as it is possible to be; it must imply that here is something new and unique; that other things may be good but here is something better; and it must take place on a national scale. The follow-up campaign must maintain this insistence until the required sales momentum is reached and then it is the turn of reminder advertising to sustain the demand. But because success is imperative, it is often thought advisable to experiment with a 'guinea-pig' campaign centred on a town that is considered to be a concentrated and typical sample of the national market. All the selling aids are called in to saturate this town. The press, both editorial and advertising columns, are used to the maximum; hoardings, cinema screens, indoor posters, counter stands, give-away gimmicks such as balloons and models, wall posters and banners, window displays, showcards and door-to-door handbill distribution—all are used in a high-pressure attempt to gauge the public response. And by the sales over the counter is the effectiveness of the campaign assessed. And so, after all this intensive preparation, often lasting for more than a year, a product is launched.

The infinite variety of advertising modified and adapted to cover a fantastic range of goods is everyone's knowledge, for it cannot be avoided, and no press medium is considered too obscure not to be a way in to a responsive public. Of course the mass-circulation newspapers get the bulk of advertising, but the specialist market is not altogether neglected. There is, however, another method of advertising which is not generally regarded as being so—the propaganda method. It is as well never to forget that a large part of any population still believes a thing as being true because 'I saw it in the paper.' And there is no more effective way of achieving the proper climate for a campaign than by publishing carefully prepared material in the form of news items. This method is usually

put under the heading of publicity or public relations, but it is still advertising. It is used with great effect in women's magazines, where the pages of household hints or shopping guides, written under a name and sometimes using the presumed photograph of the writer, mentions in the course of a medley of snippets of advice and menus five or six branded products. This may or may not carry the word advertisement in smallest italics in an obscure corner. The same idea is used in a far worthier way in some of the leading newspapers, but although it is set in the same type as the news columns, it is made quite clear that it is an advertisement. Usually this 'copy' is so good that, by refusing to 'display' it, it becomes the best kind of prestige advertisement. But the most frequent operatives in this field of propaganda advertising are those responsible for film publicity. It would be interesting to check on our popular newspapers over a week to see how many column inches are given to this kind of publicity. What makes it so attractive to the publicist is that it is free, and is read by people who would slide over it in an advertisement. Film stars, of course, are always news and not all items of news concerning them are arranged. But when an unfavourable report is in circulation the cynical maxim operates: better bad publicity than no publicity. A sufficiently astute and powerful advertising organization can usually manage to control anything really damning. The important question of 'angle' can usually be fixed to under-play a really deleterious story. An interesting aspect arises out of this kind of publicity—the use of photographs. Under the guise of glamour, pornographic poses are distributed to the press and published in numbers quite unrealized except by those whose business it is to scan daily a wide section of the nation's press.

At the other end of the scale there are few national organizations who do not realize the immense value of this kind of propaganda and employ competent agencies to disseminate their message through the press. Its moral dangers are only too apparent, but such is the pressure of modern commercial necessity that, as a method of selling—whether of ideas or goods—it must be used.

If this were a compressed history of advertising it would be necessary to survey its development as a craft. All that can be done is to emphasize that, in spite of its complexity and development to-day, the basic law established when the historic and revolutionary

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caption first appeared 'They laughed when I sat down to play' is still operative. The message must be direct, compressed, and as short as possible. Think of some of the famous captions: 'Eat more fruit,' 'Buy British,' 'Guinness is good for you,' etc. A moment's reflection will show that all the most powerful advertising appeals have used this method. It can be entirely factual. It can be humorous. It can use alliteration, euphony, and even the pun. It can be given a humorous or romantic slant by a picture. It can pose a question. But it must be direct and unambiguous. It is of course an ideal not always attained, for there always seems to be an inspirational element about the best. The trend to-day is to be too intricate, and to aim at artistic impression rather than basic effectiveness. No one can deny the skill in the use of words of the good copy-writer, the proliferation of his ideas, his ability to apply his craft to any subject, his wit and felicity of expressiveness, nor under-rate the quality of artists who apply their talent to commercial ends, nor the taste of the lay-out men who in their inventiveness are on good terms with aesthetic standards. On the other hand advertising carries so much that is ineffective, obvious, and synthetic. This is a puzzling fact because it is the verbal content or 'message' of the advertisement that comes in for the most scathing criticism. Why is it that a profession that is so realistic in most other aspects falls down by the fluffiness and puerility of so much of its copy ideas and technique? Or why does it seem to be working by standards, to say the least of it, that will offend as many as they convince? Let us look at a few examples.

There is the convention of women's 'copy.' It must be conversational and intimate and heart-to-heart. It automatically becomes affected and ladylike in its pseudo-genteel echo technique: 'it is . . . and *so* easy too,' 'and *so* good too,' 'and *so* healthy too,' and so on ad nauseam. Does this really convince? And yet the use of the emphatic *so* seems pretty general. What simple-minded feminine audience are they aiming at? Then there is the super superlative. It is appreciated that the necessity always to go one better than a rival must ignore the obvious fact that there is a point in quality beyond which it is impossible to go, and that certain standards of excellence are ultimate; and yet how often have we seen it proclaimed that '...whiteness is whiter than any other' or that '...cleans cleanest'? Then there is the domestic absurdity that

'daddy got his directorship because mummy served his boss a large helping of . . . peas.' This is puerility that would not be tolerated in any other context. While this can be laughed at as ridiculous there is a much more questionable type—the frankly ill-mannered, rude, and what can only be called common. The 'gentleman' offering his seat in the tube to a lady *because she is wearing a hat*. There is the wife on her husband's arm looking round longingly at another man because he is wearing a . . . coat. There are the children at table shouting 'Pass the . . .' There is the happy, unmannerly family at breakfast helping themselves to marmalade out of the jar (name label prominent) *with their own knives*. And of course there is the good male, barrack-room fun over corsetry. Do these establish and fix false standards, vulgarity, and ill-manners? Or is it only Advertising? They shout at us from our newspapers; they grin at us from the hoardings; they leer at us from the tube escalators; and they jingle at us from our—or our neighbour's—television sets.

There is also the false use of language that needs to be challenged. The style of 'copy' that raises uneasy thoughts as to how much the public has been bludgeoned into unthinkingness by the weight of the advertising that has been poured on it. Take one of the latest examples of this—the egg advertisement using 'farm-fresh' as its key phrase. There may be three reasons for the use of this key phrase. It may be deliberately used to counteract protests against the methods of marketing, which are so slow that most eggs in the shops are stale. It may be an unwritten law in the text-book of advertising that the use of the word 'farm' conjures up to the town-dweller visions of health and wholesomeness and good fresh air and glowing sunshine. It may be used to imply that a farm-fresh egg is the best of its kind. But what does it really mean? There can be no doubt that this catch-phrase is either very clever or very silly, so a little analysis will do no harm. And since it is an article of food it might be as well to be quite clear on the subject. What exactly is a farm-fresh egg? It can be fresh from the farm but it need not necessarily be a fresh egg. It could even be nest-fresh and still not be a fresh egg. We can conclude then that it was deliberately used to establish the impression of freshness. If the copy-writer equates a 'farm-fresh' egg with a new-laid egg it is just plain silly. And the salient point to keep in mind is that the average egg on

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sale in the shops is not fresh. Fresh eggs and new-laid eggs have long been delectable phrases in our culinary language. 'Farm-fresh eggs' implies both these things without saying so. The double adjective is an old trick, but happily it is always soon jeered out of the 'copy.'

This may be taking too seriously what is by its nature ephemeral, but language is a precious thing and there lies a danger in its perverted use, for much real writing talent is attracted to the advertising business because of the financial rewards, and it is imperative that superficial and surface-skimming use of words must not pass for style.

On the other hand to do it full justice the advertising business often plays the part of patron. Having promised a writer good remuneration it forces him to discipline his thoughts, to express himself cleanly and clearly, and to apply his ideas to the achievement of a predetermined object. In fact, if the opportunity is used sensibly it is as good a training for the professional writer as any. It also provides the artist with a livelihood and, as far as he is concerned, is by no means restrictive. It is not too much to claim that the best commercial art will certainly have its place in art history, for the real artist will always transcend his patron—and patronage has never been a deterrent.

In spite of all these arguments for and against it is a pleasant note on which to conclude to proclaim that one thing remains certain and is unaffected by advertising. The greatest selling factor of any commodity is person-to-person recommendation and it is this—without decrying serious advertising—that keeps the balance between the consumer and the barker with the megaphone. However exaggerated the selling idea may be, however raucous its presentation, the commodity must have value in itself, otherwise it merely has an initial curiosity sale. However criticized advertising may be, whatever restraints may have to be put on it, if it brings to the public notice the things the consumer needs it is not only effective, it is beneficial.

JOHN GIBBINS

## WHAT IS A 'STANDARD OF LIVING'?

FUTURE historians of this age will certainly devote no little thought to the appraisal and comparison of what are known as 'standards of living.' How much has the conflict of these standards, the envy of those with the lower of those with the upper, and the urge to balance the scale by force when any other method seems hopeless, had to do with wars of aggression and internecine revolts? If there is any truth in the theory that the root-causes of all wars are to be found in economic considerations, economic confusion, and economic aspirations, then the question of just what constitutes a 'standard of living' is all-important.

The claim to a 'high standard,' or perhaps to the 'highest,' is one of the commonest boasts of history. Every leading nation has made it from the beginning. And not only leading nations, inasmuch as it is quite possible, indeed has often happened, that a people without political power or prestige, perhaps not even aspiring to them, have enjoyed a higher living-standard than what are known as first-class Powers. In some cases it might be shown that the very cost of maintaining that status kept the standard below that of a second-class Power which was neither able nor anxious to sustain the weight of political aggrandizement. What then is the value of political greatness, even world-leadership, in their bearing upon the 'standard of living'?

This, I think, introduces the question, just what *is* a standard of living? Simplified, but certainly not over-simplified, that question becomes this: Is a standard of living primarily a material thing, or is it largely a cultural thing, or is it a combination of the two?

The tendency is far too noticeable to make it the first. But what? Is the nation—or, so far as that goes, the individual—that has the best food to eat and the most of it, that travels in the swiftest, the costliest motor-cars, and that knows no concern in respect of economic considerations, for those reasons alone the possessor of the highest standard of general living?

If so, then of what use is anything at all—education, except in so far as it is a means to material aggrandizement; art in any of its



manifestations; knowledge except in its material usage; cultural development? Nothing is of value unless it contributes to the main objective, to large possessions, to good living, to material opulence. Such a standard would not seem to be a very long way above that of the animals. Yet it is, irrefutably, the standard of a great portion of the people, if not the larger portion.

But let us examine the position in those countries, among those people, who not only claim the 'highest living-standard,' but who shout that claim from the house-tops at any and every opportunity and to any and every listener. Let us discover, if we can, just what they mean—or think they mean—and whether any distinction has ever occurred to them between the material and the cultural in living-standards.

Ask the next ten people you encounter if they even make such a distinction. It will be passing strange if one of the ten is able to answer convincingly or even intelligently. And if you pursue the subject it is long odds that you will be met with impatience and a demand to know what a living-standard is if it is not 'good-living.'

Is the 'good life,' then, the life of material abundance primarily? If it is, then we are in a bad way indeed, culturally speaking. Perhaps, even, we are in a bad way materially as well. For, falling back upon a well-worn but none-the-less potent platitude, neither men nor nations live upon bread alone, and a surfeit of bread can, in the long run, be as harmful physically as culturally.

Now, then, it is inescapable that the people who boast most loudly about their living-standards are the Americans. 'The highest in the world, perhaps of all time,' is the usual form of the boast. But even from a material point of view, this is definitely not the fact. The living-standards, considering the material factor alone, of several countries are as high and probably higher. Such countries are New Zealand, Australia, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian group.

But in so asserting—and this is based upon a world-traveller's observations and investigations in all of them through a number of years—it must be understood that the reference is to all the people, to the populace as a whole. There is no doubt that a small segment of the American people, somewhere between 5 and 10 per cent., live to-day upon a scale unknown to a similar proportion of the people of any land at any time in history. With these abun-

dance is almost immeasurable, extravagance bordering upon waste and sometimes profligacy.

On the other hand, what of the populace as a whole? The official statistics show that at least 50 per cent. of American families possess an income of but three thousand dollars a year or less, 30 per cent. under two thousand. This is not sufficient even for a reasonable measure of economic security, to say nothing of a 'high' living-scale.

Clearly a living-standard has no value, is no measure of the condition of a whole people, unless it applies, up or down, to the whole of that people. To claim for a nation a high standard that really relates to a relatively small segment of that people is only idle braggadocio.

Moreover, any country in any period of history in which there is one rich man to ten who are not rich and of whom five at least are poor is not a country enjoying a 'high living-standard' by any measurement that means anything at all. Moreover, again, in such a country there must inevitably be a great deal of the envy that breeds discontent. There must be, there inevitably is and always has been, a striving by one sector of the populace, from the lowest, to attain to a level with the next above. This also not only breeds discontent but it also invariably results in spending beyond the capacity of the would-be emulators. And in America to-day, in measure probably never known before throughout history, it also results in a 'mortgaging of the future' by the purchase of what cannot immediately be paid for and must be, it is hoped, paid for more or less indefinitely in the future. The outcome of this in America, even in the past decade, has been that, according to irrefutable statistics, in the neighbourhood of four-fifths of the income of the American people is 'hypothecated,' so to speak, in respect of purchases, most of them luxury or semi-luxury, made on the deferred-payment plan.

Is this a 'high standard of living,' even from a sheerly material point of view? Is it not a dangerously *low* one? Is it not fraught with all manner of economic, not to say moral, ills, both immediate and imminent? Does it not imperil the whole economic structure? Does it not make for worry and uncertainty, and thus impair efficiency in any concernment? Does it not, finally, undermine the stability of a people economically, morally, and culturally?

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If such constitutes a high living-standard, then that height is achieved as the height of a balloon is achieved, by pumping in air. Or, in this case, by the inflation of the currency. It is a process that has its distinct and well-defined limits. The balloon can be inflated to certain proportions. Or else—as the Americans put it.

But perhaps the most ominous thing about the American standard of values is the conviction that money, if in sufficient quantity, will buy anything, by no means excluding what the average American understands by the term 'culture.' It will buy pictures, libraries, symphony orchestras, and the services of the greatest artists. It will also endow universities and put in them the most eminent teachers. It will purchase foreign travel, which the average American still describes as 'so broadening.' It will provide such instructors as shall endeavour to instil into his children an understanding of all these things, sometimes successfully, sometimes not.

Thus the average American's idea of what really constitutes this thing so vaguely known as 'culture' is very nebulous. Whatever it is, he aspires to it, no doubt at all of that. All forms of artistic endeavour are generously supported. Concerts are booked weeks in advance. So is opera and the theatre, although little in the latter to-day can by any acceptance of the word be deemed cultural. Lectures by authorities on anything are well attended, although half the audiences may have no idea what is being discussed.

Nor is this by any means due, as some critics insist, to the fact that custom decrees it, that it is 'done.' There is really a very earnest desire on the part of thousands of Americans to understand what good music means, the significance of great pictures, the lesson of deathless literature. Large sums are paid authorities to enlighten as to these things. 'Classes' are held on them throughout the land. Women's clubs debate them. There is something almost childlike about the general desire for 'culture,' yet only the vaguest idea of what that quality actually is. But the conviction is quite as general that, whatever it is, enough money can buy it.

Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the tremendous, truly the appalling, significance of money in America to-day. It goes without saying that the staggering increase in crime is largely due to it. Statistics show that 50 per cent. of all that crime is committed by youth, that is, under the age of twenty-one. And although there are no actual figures on this point, it is quite safe to state that

three-fourths of it derive from the money-craving. 'You've simply got to have it,' one is told. 'If you haven't it' (or, in the quaint American vernacular, 'don't have it') 'you are down and out, no good.' The American subscribes to the maxim, 'If you're smart you'll make money, so if you don't make money it proves you are not smart.'

This is obviously a dangerous doctrine and it ultimates in the crimes that 'make the headlines' in each day's press. An executive of the nation-wide Teamsters' Union is accused of having purloined half a million of the Union's funds for the purpose of, according to undisputed testimony at his trial, wearing one-hundred-dollar silk shirts and fifty-dollar neckties. Bank employees dip into the institution's funds and attorneys embezzle the possessions of their clients. 'Get money,' says one sardonic commentator, 'honestly if you can, but *get* it anyway!'

In no age of recorded history is it probable that money, material possessions, have attained the inordinate value that attaches to them in America to-day. Clearly, if a 'standard of living' is a material thing, as is generally believed, then in one way or another that which maintains it must be procured.

And yet there could be few greater or more dangerous mistakes than this. Just what constitutes the 'good life' has of course been debated through the ages and never yet been determined either to the general satisfaction or the general comprehension. But that it is only partially the material advantage will hardly be questioned by any thoughtful person.

It is only repeating a truism to remind that a spreading, dominating materialism will gradually submerge spiritual, cultural values until at length they are entirely lost. That this process is under way in America is too obvious even to be debated. Just how far it has advanced is not easy to determine. The latter values are still held precious by many, as explained above. This is further established by the resurgence of interest in religion, most of all the great acclaim which greets the 'Billy' Graham 'revivals.' Cynical opinion, of course, insists that this is only one form of 'escapism,' not differing much in actual import from the craving to 'get away from it all' on a South Sea island. That is perhaps partly true, but only partly. Nor is it by no means the fact, as scoffers declare, that it is the 'have-nots' rather than the 'haves' that make up the bulk

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of revival audiences. On the contrary, many well-known 'haves' not only attend but actively participate in them, also contribute generously to their funding.

All this is part of the struggle to bulwark cultural values in the face of the swelling tide of materialism by the minority—for it is a minority, although still a large one—who insist upon believing that a 'living-standard' is something much more than a material yard-stick. But it is impossible to reject altogether the sombre view that the struggle begins to partake of an increasingly desperate rearguard action. For it has indubitably come to pass, and now is, that both occupational and social prestige rest largely upon material possessions and that without those you are, as noted above, 'nobody.' As against this, cultural attainments, unless of the highest character, carry little weight.

When the American insists that 'money will buy anything' he customarily qualifies that by adding 'anything worth while.' But were the question put to him, 'Just what is "worth while"?' he would be hard-pressed to answer. Or he might evade by submitting, 'the good things of life.' And then if, waxing Socratic for a moment, you were to persist with 'But just what are those "good things"?' the reply would probably be, 'Why, a decent car, good table, good clothes, foreign travel, and—well, er, music, maybe, and books.' What kind of music, and which books?' But by this time he would be thoroughly out of patience with you and, like Callicles, walk contemptuously away.

Lately the eminent Mr Gallup, he of the all-encompassing 'polls,' has gone some little way into this matter of values, material versus cultural. And he has discovered, and duly set forth in the daily press, that only 17 out of every 100 Americans are presently reading 'a book.' No more than 39 out of each 100 have read any book at all during the past year. This against, as a result of the said Mr Gallup's investigations in England, the discovery that 55 out of every 100 there are reading a book.

This, to a good many Americans, is a little appalling, especially as there is sound reason for concluding that, out of the 17 who are presently reading a book, the latter is not one conducing to cultural development. Probably quite the contrary, considering the character of current American fiction.

How can all this be explained, great as is its significance in

respect of the conflict of values between materialistic and cultural, and the debate as to what really constitutes a 'standard of living.'

The first conclusion is that the 'TV,' the visual wireless, is mainly responsible. It is partly so, beyond doubt, but by no means mainly. The real factor is the increasing desire of the Americans to 'go places and do things,' as the vernacular has it. Out of favour with the majority is the ancient custom of spending an occasional hour with a worth-while book or in serious and possible constructive conversation. If a moment of inactivity comes and there is nothing immediately forward, someone of the family, in the average American home of comfortably-off people, will say, 'What are we sitting here for? Come on, let's *do* something!'

To 'do something,' to keep moving, active, never to relax (though the word is constantly on the American tongue) from the all-pervading national tension, is the common tendency, and it is slowly but probably surely dissipating spiritual values and uprooting cultural standards. It is true enough that the craving, conscious or unconscious, for temporary release from the strain of the high-pressured American life of the present time is natural enough and, withal, reasonable. The danger lies in the character of the release commonly sought. It is almost always material, very rarely cultural.

Entertainment of a nature that demands no intellectual effort, no exercise of the mental faculties, is the general quest. It is found to-day first of all in the aforesaid TV, illustrated wireless. This offers chiefly two things, portrayal of sport and a form of entertainment similar to the cinema but generally more crude. Violence plays a prominent part in it, with as much of an admixture of sex as is likely to be permitted by the supervising authorities. It is all pitched to the scale of the fourteen-year-old mentality. And at intervals of from three to five minutes the 'sponsor,' or agent of the advertiser, breaks in to extoll the merits of cigarettes, motor-cars, razor-blades, breakfast foods, and chemical beer.

The heads of the cinema industry are viewing all this with alarm. Already it has so cut into their attendance as to force closing of movie-theatres in small communities four or five days out of the week. As for the legitimate theatre, that only exists at all for regular performances in a dozen of the larger cities. When Mr Shaw said, at the inception of the talking-picture, 'I'm afraid the poor old theatre is done for,' he little thought what may well give it a death-blow.

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Another manner of 'escape' is the use of the motor-car at its highest speed. This appeals especially to youth, half of whom are unfitted to drive at all. But tests are very easy in America. There are also ways to evade them. This contributes largely to the fifty thousand deaths annually in motor-car accidents, three-quarters of them involving 'teen-agers. The favourite diversions of the latter are 'hot-rods' and 'drag' racing. The former means cars so altered in their machinery as to 'speed them up,' not infrequently to one hundred miles an hour, terrorizing the highways and endangering the lives of those in the cars and everywhere else within reach. 'Drag' means to start a car from scratch at its highest speed-rate, throwing on full power at once, making what is called a 'torpedo start.' Needless to say, this shortens the life of a car by probably 50 per cent. But what is that to American youth, whose fathers are paying for it anyway?

To that youth all this is, of course, high living, a high living-standard, the good and exciting life. But far and away worse is the form of 'release' that flouts sex inhibitions. Not a few psychologists in America term it the 'emancipation of sex.' In simpler language this means nothing more nor less than promiscuity, and sex-promiscuity is, in the view of many religious and lay readers, the greatest of all present menaces in America.

It induces a measure of illegitimacy that has brought an increase of 36 per cent. throughout the country in the past six years. It is a condition by no means confined to the lower orders, but pervading all social ranks. A nation-wide medical congress meeting at Portland, Oregon, was told that the whole country was in the grip of a 'sex-hysteria.' In Cleveland, Ohio, seventh largest city in America, 176 cases of pregnancy showed an average of the expectant mothers of fourteen and a half years!

Statistics reveal that 40 per cent. of unmarried mothers throughout the country are girls under twenty. In a school in one large city there were fifty cases of pregnancy in a year. In another, 60 per cent. of all the students, boys and girls, were found to be 'non-virgins.' 'Clubs' bearing that title are common throughout the country, not a few of them with the names of certain notorious loose women of the movies whose lives are, it appears, the envy of many an American 'teen-ager.

Deplorable as all this is morally, it is not less alarming prac-



tically. That is to say, there are at the moment VD epidemics in no less than nineteen of the States, and medical authorities assert that so great is the increase of syphilis that the latest antibiotics, supposed to be 'miracle cures,' are unable to keep up with it.

Miss Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist and student of social relations, says that nothing is of more immediate concern to thoughtful people than the growing conviction that marriage is easily 'terminable.' In other words, why not try it? If it doesn't work out, it's only two or three hours by plane to Reno or Mexico. Thus the whole concept of marriage is flouted and its stability undermined.

Is this a 'high standard of living'? If it is, wherein is the difference, culturally speaking at least, from a 'low standard'?

It is, of course, not all of the picture. With the Americans, paradoxical as it may sound, materialism is by no means synonymous with stinginess. The Americans are miserly neither among themselves nor with the world. Few cavil at the large sums devoted to foreign aid, Point Four Programmes, philanthropy on a global scale. It is true, as the well-known writer, Joseph Wood Krutch, points out, that the American 'likes to do good.' 'Generous materialism' seems to him a sufficient philosophy of life. And tell him, Mr Krutch further notes, that man does not live by bread alone and 'he will accuse you of trying to find an excuse for denying somebody that bread.'

He is intensely and unabashedly practical. He talks much of 'long-haired idealists' and 'starry-eyed dreamers.' He believes, not only that anything can be secured for money, but also that nothing can be secured without it. From this it would appear to follow that money is the main consideration, if not the highest good.

It is clear that anything properly called a 'standard of living' must comprehend a good deal more than this, though the average American is yet to be convinced. He boasts that 'our standard of living is continually rising.' He does not, or rarely, give a thought to the grave and ominous decline in cultural standards, as above outlined. He is, in the main, indifferent to this, and for that very reason he has, nationally, the European reputation of being a 'materialist.' He replies, in defence, that material well-being is a *sine qua non* for any other kind. To simplify, he would assert that you cannot have culture—or what he understands as culture—without a

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material foundation. In this he is very much at odds with one of his famous countrymen, Henry David Thoreau, who held that 'money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.' But he would unhesitatingly include the hermit of Walden Pond among the 'starry-eyed dreamers.'

Moreover, a standard of living must include, apart from the things that are entirely and some that are to a large extent practical, such as interest in one's work, reasonable economic security, i.e. freedom from constant financial worry, relatively comfortable living, i.e. avoidance of overcrowding and its manifold annoyances and irritation. There must be, too, a certain amount of leisure, with some inner resources, that the mind may be something more than a vacuum to be filled only by diversion, 'escapism.'

It is not a fair charge that the American loves money for its own sake. This is rarely the case. He would insist that he seeks it for what it will buy, not only for himself but for those in any way dependent upon him. He would be quite sincere in this. That, in the main, is his object in seeking it.

He is labouring under the handicap of a competition that is not only bitter, but becoming more and more ruthless. In that competition he finds little time for consideration of the other aspects of the thing called a living-standard. 'His nose,' he would say, and in millions of cases he would be right, 'is to the grindstone all the time.' He averages probably two hours less sleep out of the twenty-four than does the Englishman, and he lives and works under a mental strain and a nervous pressure almost unknown in England. This destroys day by day men in their fifties who should have at least twenty years more of 'good life' before them.

At such a cost is the 'highest living-standard in the world' attained and maintained, and yet the components of a sounder 'standard' are not included in the bargain. This is becoming more and more apparent to many Americans and you hear everywhere, from press, pulpit, civic leaders, pleas to 'slow up the pace' and to leaven the loaf of materialism with the salt of spirituality, using that much-abused word in its broadest acceptance. But there is little evidence so far that the pleas are finding many listeners.

MARC T. GREENE

## PROBLEMS OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH AFRICA

MISUNDERSTANDING and misrepresentation of the many intricate problems connected with the native policies and recent measures of the governments of the Union of South Africa and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland often tend to cause unnecessary racial difficulties and animosities; this article is an attempt to review some of these problems, most of which hinge on race relations and the respective interests of European and Bantu.

The two policies framed in South and Central Africa to meet these important problems are 'apartheid,' or segregation, in the former and partnership with social segregation in the latter. There are various grades among the followers of apartheid, the most extreme desiring that it should be territorial and absolute and others, seeing that both the races require each other, demanding political, residential, and social segregation with economic integration. The Federation's partnership policy also contains residential and social segregation.

The only other policy that has been suggested is that of complete integration with universal suffrage, favoured by the British government in complete contradiction of their traditional policy of apartheid, which brought about the creation of the protectorates and native reserves, designed exclusively for native habitation and often comprising the best agricultural land.

A false theory that does much harm is that a country belongs to the race or people who were its first or original inhabitants and that consequently Africa, south of the Zambesi, belongs to the Bantu. If this theory were true, when applied to other countries, then Australia belongs to the aborigines, New Zealand to the Maori, U.S.A. and Canada to the Red Indians, Spanish America to its Indians, and South and Central Africa to Bushmen and Hottentots.

But as regards Africa the theory is doubly false. As they have no written history, calligraphy or architecture, it is impossible to fix exactly the date when the Bantu first crossed the Zambesi into Rhodesia from the Congo and Nile valleys. From Arab and Portuguese historians it is possible to form the opinion that this probably

took place in the fourteenth century and was followed by a series of migratory invasions of Bantu, who gradually followed each other southwards, exterminating the Bushmen and Hottentots who inhabited the land before them. What is quite historically certain is that the Bantu did not arrive in the Cape or Natal until after the settling of those colonies by the Dutch and English.

It is impossible to study the native questions of South and Central Africa without some knowledge of tribal influences and the background, based on centuries or millennia of breeding, of tradition, of the supernatural (spells, sorceries and magic, often leading to murder), which intruded and still intrude into every aspect of the Bantu's life. Alexander Steward, who lived most of his life in Africa and grew up among the Zulus, says of them: 'Whatever happened to him he attributed ultimately to the spirits or other magical powers. If his crops failed it was because the "medicine" with which he treated his fields was not strong enough; if he was sick it was because the spirits were displeased with him or because a mortal enemy had bewitched him. . . . It may be asked whether in view of these vast differences that separate white from black, there is in reality any hope of living together harmoniously in the same land. The answer is yes, but success will never be achieved by disguising the differences or pretending that they are not there.'

Here is the very core of the mistake made by untravelled sentimentalists and some scientists in England. They wish to impose an equality on two unequal peoples, neither of whom desires it at present, even if it be attainable in the future. If it be believed that this equality is attainable, the theories of integration and universal suffrage can also be believed, but only at the cost of discarding the sciences of heredity, breeding, and character. But if it be not believed, as it is not believed in Africa, then the segregation proposed by South Africa or the partnership with social segregation in the Federation become logical and humanitarian, allowing the Bantu to follow a development suitable to his nature and traditions under the guidance and support of the European.

Well-intentioned white people in South and Central Africa desire the advance, education, and progress of the black peoples in the same way as they do of their own white and backward brothers. The slogans of 'colour bar' and 'race tension' are often both mis-

leading and exaggerated; the real 'bar' is one of civilization, of which the skin colour is usually the external indication.

Where there is much untidy and misleading thinking is the inability to discriminate between economic and social separation. We have touched on the economic phase, but as far as social integration is concerned there is no reason to believe it to be either necessary or feasible; the examples of the U.S.A. and South Africa are outstanding evidence of this. Most people of all classes throughout the world prefer to pass their lives and have their being among people of their own class, background, and tastes, and it is the same in Africa. If, as some people hold, the charter of the United Nations condemns all differences and attempts to impose identity or equality by legislation on all men, it must certainly wreck itself for its attempt to impose a species of social slavery, which people do not want; it is a negation of the dignity and free will of the individual and in free countries must fail, as did the legislation to impose prohibition in the U.S.A.

The questions of the rights and equality of man in the sight of God and the law are open to many interpretations, which cause considerable confusion, but one thing is certain, that the equality of men is not a doctrine of Our Lord or of the Gospels, which continually treat human inequalities as natural, but teach equality of treatment by God and by the law. Innumerable illustrations abound with the parable of the talents and the doctrine of the existence of higher and lower places in the foreground, and the catechism of the Church of England confirms this.

At the core of the advocacy of segregation there lies the fear among people of European descent with their civilization and light skins, that social integration with uncivilized people of dark skins will result eventually in the complete deterioration of European racial and cultural standards. The evils of miscegenation are self-evident to the average person, who takes care about the schools for his children and about the breeding and habits of those with whom he mixes socially, which is an analogous and natural form of segregation.

Though only God could say at what future period the Bantu will have acquired the responsibilities and civilization necessary to enable him to govern himself, he most certainly has not done so yet; the sentimentalists, the political clerics, and societies such as

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Capricorn Africa are doing him and mankind a great disservice in encouraging him to think he has already reached that goal, and are in fact increasing racial antagonisms. He is going through a phase of social, economic, and political evolution too rapidly, whereas wisdom would recommend an advance by such gradual steps as are required for his true welfare.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of and much misunderstanding in England of the South African policy of apartheid, there is much to be said in its favour if applied in moderation. The great Smuts said of it: 'In South Africa these distinctions can in fact not be abolished without jeopardising the development, if not the survival, of the races concerned, especially of the less advanced races. The effect of the abolition of all distinctions would be, amongst others, to throw open to European and Indian penetration all the native reserves in the Union and South-West Africa, where economically less powerful racial groups are to-day protected against acquisition by Europeans and Indians.'

The fundamental problem for South and Central Africa is whether the goal should be the minority control by the European and his culture, civilization, and religion, or the majority control by the Bantu, and which goal is most likely to preserve law, order, justice, and the welfare of the inhabitants. The European residents favour the first and the uninstructed sentimentalists, who have no stake to lose, the second. Such a controversy would be logical in a multi-racial country, in which there existed a choice between two cultures and civilizations, but the Bantu has so far throughout his history developed neither; under tutelage and example he may do so, but it must be a slow process.

The idea of social integration and its inevitable consequences shows a slavish adherence to the doctrine of equality without consideration of those consequences or of the facts of natural law or the differences of character, habits, and smell imposed by the Creator.

It is, however, a formidable body of opinion that has ranged itself on the side of black domination in Africa, for it comprises the intelligentsia of England, political clerics and authors, the Communists, the British Socialists, and the United Nations. It is a formidable army, whose benefit to the welfare of peoples is hard to discover.

The controversy is a deep one and its different aspects can be studied in detail in the published correspondence of Miss Perham and Mrs Huxley, the one from the academical and doctrinal point of view and the other empirical and humanitarian.

The people of both the Federation and the Union, and not only their governments, view with ridicule and fear the colonial policy set forth in the Labour Party's *The Plural Society*. The expressed objects of *The Plural Society* are to help the economy so as to raise the standard of living, to improve the education and welfare of the native, and to stimulate his growth in institutions of self-government, objects which are identical with the objects of the governments and people of the Union and the Federation, who have been and are carrying them out with remarkable efficiency. It is the method by which the Socialist Party designs to carry out their objects that appears to residents in Africa as foolish and bound to defeat the very objects it professes to desire. Their chief method is that of universal manhood suffrage, which only madness or great ignorance would possibly attempt with backward and primitive peoples, as long as their welfare and happiness are desired. Manhood suffrage instead of law, order, and justice as the goal in Africa can only result in its return to its immemorial darkness.

By reason of these conflicts the republican movement has been born in the Union, and there occurs the sighing of the Federation to be independent of Whitehall and the desire of both countries to be free from the interference of the United Nations in their internal affairs.

It was the case in the past that the direction of policy in the Empire used ultimately to depend entirely on Whitehall, but with the weakening of the ties of Empire and the growing up of the colonies this is no longer the case, nor is it possible to envisage any British government prepared to enforce its will on its colonies by force of arms, should those colonies decide to defy them.

Some people would have the world believe that the Bantu in Central and South Africa is oppressed; the Communists, Dr Nkrumah, and some political clerics find it an idea that it is profitable to exploit. It is not true, as any fair investigator will find out if he will study the friendly relations existing between whites and blacks and see the efforts and expense in education, social

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welfare, health, etc., that have been incurred for the benefit of the Bantu, of which the budgets and legislation of both countries give ample proof. As an example, the expenditure in the Union on Bantu education was £4,250,000 in 1948 and £8,500,000 in 1955.

There are of course cases of injustice in Africa, as elsewhere in the world, but to talk of a non-existent oppression in South and Central Africa and to keep silent about the true oppression and slavery in Russia is great innocence or hypocrisy.

Most employers, both on account of their humane intentions and of their own economic advantage, desire that as the native shows ability and a sense of responsibility he should advance economically, but they are often frustrated by the white trades unions and by the lack on the part of the natives themselves of any appreciation of either responsibility or gratitude.

This does not mean to indicate that there has been no advance in the period during which the Bantu has been under the guiding hand of the European; in many ways his advance in the urban areas (his clothes, his bicycle, and his work) and in rural areas in his agriculture (production and productivity) is considerable under European guidance, but most expert authorities state that, at present, the advance is superficial and would disappear as soon as the guiding hand were lifted. In the meantime the discrimination in shops, hotels, etc., in its present form tends to disappear and may soon become similar to what it is in England, based on appearance and on pockets and not on colour.

A discouraging feature has been the intransigence and failure to co-operate on the part of the Bantu members of parliament and the leaders of the Bantu African Congress. The members, who are the articulate Bantu leaders, openly walked out of the legislative assemblies of Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, refusing to discuss matters of franchise and citizenship and stating that they desired to take over the government to the exclusion of the European. The Bantu Congress leaders in Nyasaland and on the 'Copper Belt' have also shown themselves averse to co-operation with the Europeans. It is impossible to gauge the extent to which these leaders represent the mass of the natives, who can be said to have no political knowledge or interest in anything but living and are easy meat for the agitator or Communist.

The opinion of most people who have to do with them and their

education is that though an occasional individual is capable of rising to a high standard, the great mass shows little aptitude for culture. In mission schools children of an early age are found to keep pace with those of white parents. In some respects, indeed, they are the higher of the two. However, while the European youth continues to develop his powers, the Bantu youth in most instances is found unable to make further progress. The growth of his mind, which at first promised so much, has ceased just at that stage when the mind of the European begins to display its greatest vigour.

Numerous individuals have arisen above the mass and have shown abilities of no mean extent and it is to be hoped their number will ever increase, but this does not yet make the mass of the Bantu fit for responsibility and trust.

Archbishop Chichester, a great authority who has had twenty-seven years in Central Africa, directing numerous Catholic missions, schools, and churches, and has educated and ordained several Bantu priests, has written that the progress in the ways of life, thought, and education of the African is most encouraging and real, but he warns against the dangers of it being superficial and of over-haste in forming conclusions.

Mr Fenner Brockway should not blame his fellow-countrymen in Africa for their mistrust. He talks of freedom and democracy, but would impose a social dictatorship on people, telling them with whom they are to mix socially—a ukase which surely neither he nor his family would be prepared to obey. Nor can the Capricorn Africa Society expect to be embraced when its president advocates the complete smashing of the British way of life and a majority of Bantu voters on the roll.

The problem of native advancement into civilization or his subsequent relapse into his traditional savagery and which will ultimately prevail, is one that can only be solved in the future. The case of Jomo Kenyatta, resident in England for fifteen years, educated in two universities and his reversion to the bestialities of Mau Mau, is a depressing one, and one of the men hanged for ritual murder in the Union was an Oxford graduate.

In the early days of the competition between Briton and Boer in South Africa history shows the inter-racial tensions planted between them by well-intentioned political missionaries and we have now analogous tensions fomented by the Dutch Reformed Church and

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by people like Father Huddleston, Canon Collins, and the Rev. Michael Scott. The last has become the enemy of South and Central Africa and he supports the black man against the white in the councils of the United Nations and more lately in Accra. It may or may not be significant that Accra is now a rival of Addis Ababa as the African centre of Communist propaganda, for recently the ex-Chief of Police of Southern Rhodesia declared in the Salisbury press that Scott had been refused re-entry into Rhodesia and South Africa and deported from Nyasaland and Portuguese East Africa on account of his Communist tendencies.

Communism and near-Communism are not considered a bogey but are taken seriously in Africa, where the primitive Bantu provides an all-too-fertile soil for ill-intentioned doctrines of all sorts and active agencies work from Cairo, Addis Ababa, and Accra.

The constitutional set-up of the Federation was the inevitable fruit of a compromise between the views of Whitehall and the desire for freedom and dominion status on the part of the Rhodesias, for which Lord Malvern negotiated unsuccessfully. It resulted in an extravagant and irrational system under which this comparatively small federation has four parliaments, three governors, and a governor-general. Such a system must tend to overlapping and dispute.

The constitution stipulates that it cannot be reviewed until 1960; this has been accepted in their speeches by both Lord Malvern and Sir Roy Welensky and political activities and party policies are being framed for that event.

The demand for full independence or dominion status for the Federation would appear to be very difficult of realization as long as Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are attached to the Colonial Office in the manner they are to-day; it can only become realizable when those territories receive their freedom from Colonial Office control to become like Southern Rhodesia, which the European populations desire but the Bantu 'politicos' reject, with the support of the Socialists of England. A hopeful feature is that both the British and Federal governments have declared that the Federation is not to be dissolved and, if order, prosperity, racial harmony and advancement, and a fair franchise are the conditions, and not some half-baked doctrine of universal suffrage, it would seem logical that the northern territories should eventually identify their native

policies with that of Southern Rhodesia. There are, however, at present the difficulties to overcome of the British Parliament, the protectorate-status of the northern territories, and the determination of the Bantu politicians not to exchange their status of protected persons for that of British subjects with its implications of loyalty to the Crown and the Federation; they probably think that the more they oppose federation and partnership the sooner the Colonial Office will allow them to rule their own black state without European guidance.

Important legislation is taking place in both the Federal and Southern Rhodesian territorial parliaments. The citizenship bill was passed in the Federal parliament early in the year; it follows the pattern of citizenship bills in other Commonwealth countries and invites the protected persons of the Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesian protectorates to become citizens and consequently British subjects, if they desire to do so.

Franchise bills have been presented in the parliaments and the problem of arriving at a common formula acceptable to all of them is necessary but difficult. The last elections for the Federal and Southern Rhodesian territorial parliaments were held on the existing non-racial common roll of Southern Rhodesia based on an educational and earning qualification. Though not entirely in agreement, the new franchise bills in the Federal and Southern Rhodesian parliaments are both based on the fundamental principles that only civilized and responsible people shall be admitted to the franchise and that the roll or rolls shall be unracial and common ones. Both the new bills propose dual rolls, also unracial, but having higher or lower voting power according to the qualifications of the voter. Both systems are framed to impose qualifications that will guarantee that the more educated and mature of the electorate will not be swamped by the illiterate or barely civilized, while at the same time giving a stimulus to native voters and their gradual participation in government. The franchise bills are under discussion when this article is written and will not be decided until after its publication; at the time of writing there is a public dispute between the prime ministers of the Federation and of Southern Rhodesia as to whether the federal or territorial franchise proposals should prevail.

The greatest difficulties of all will be encountered in finding a

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compromise to adjust franchise legislation in the northern territories with that of Southern Rhodesia and the Federation, for in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland the legislative councils are partly nominated and partly elected and the voters' rolls are almost entirely composed of Europeans who are British subjects. The natives are all British-protected persons and have no voice or vote except in their native councils. Sir Roy Welensky has told the British Government that protected persons will be allowed a vote on the common conditions and will not be obliged to become British subjects, but it would seem that such a stipulation implies a dual allegiance to the British and Federal states.

In the Southern Rhodesian territorial parliament, in whose hands rest all native affairs, there has been considerable activity and the following legislation has been introduced:

The Industrial Conciliation Bill, legalising native trades unions.

The Native Councils Bill to develop further the councils in the native reserves.

The Amended Liquor Bill, allowing natives to buy European beer and wines.

The Land Apportionment Act, allowing natives exclusive and permanent occupation of lands where they are settled.

In the Federal Parliament a Constitution Amendment Act is being discussed when this article is being written and provides for the increase in the number of M.Ps. from 36 to 59 and provides a formula for the ultimate elimination of representation on a racial basis. The present ratio of European to native M.Ps. will be maintained, but all of them will be elected under the existing franchise, except four Africans and two Europeans from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, representing native interests under the present constitution. This Act has its opponents among the extreme anti-Europeans and the extreme anti-natives, but is a clear effort to forward the policy of partnership on which the Federation is based.

Sir Roy Welensky has stated that the Federation is following a liberal, rational, and civilized policy with responsibility and has not discriminated in the slightest against any one race, but that it has not and will not lower the standards required of a civilized community, and he pointed to the grave danger of allowing the native to be guided by others and to look over his shoulder to

London for protection instead of to the Federal government. An indication of this policy has been that the Federal civil service has been thrown open to all races and that commissions in the army will be given to suitable natives.

Southern Rhodesia has, like other countries, learnt by experience that state-controlled concerns are wasteful and uneconomic and has now turned over to private enterprise the nationalized concerns of iron, steel, cotton, and sugar.

At the moment (July) there is considerable political movement taking place, of which the results will only be clear in some months. In the Federation there exist the majority Federal Party and the minority Dominion Party; in Southern Rhodesia there are the pre-Federation United Rhodesia Party and also the Federal and Dominion Parties, but the members of the Federal and United Rhodesia Parties are the same people and a movement is on foot to amalgamate them.

There is small difference in principle between the Federal and United Rhodesia Parties on the one hand and the opposition Dominion Party on the other; both are united in their determination that the prosperity and civilization that they or their ancestors have given to Africa should not be thrown away through half-baked socialist policies and they are equally united in fostering the advance of the native and the continuation of the sixty years' policy of his education, hygiene, agriculture, and social welfare.

European immigration is being actively and officially fomented in the realization that the increase in numbers of white people is a vital feature for the preservation of white civilization and of what has been done to civilize the Bantu and a savage country. Residents have in their minds the seizure or abandonment of what generations of Europeans had built in India, Indonesia, Burma, and the Chinese Concessions and are not prepared for a similar happening to themselves.

The prosperity boom in the Federation, especially in Salisbury, with its new skyscrapers, banks, building societies, and fantastic increase in land values, with its prosperous tobacco farmers, its university, picture gallery, and Federal bank, continues. A great deal of this has come owing to the prosperity of the copper industry in Northern Rhodesia, as well as to the influx of capital and business from Britain. Salaries and wages for Europeans are high

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and those of the natives are increasing rapidly, while on the Copper Belt many grades of work formerly reserved to the European have been thrown open to the native on the basis of equal pay for equal work. Labour conditions throughout the Federation and the Union have been generally friendly and good, though some strikes took place on the Copper Belt and the new revolutionary feature of bus boycotts took place in Johannesburg and other places chiefly, if not entirely, as the result of Communist agitation.

Agriculture, copper, gold, and tobacco are the great founts of prosperity in both countries and costly schemes are on foot to improve native agriculture by subsidies, conservation, and non-erosion policies.

There are those who ask themselves if the Salisbury boom has reached saturation point and are afraid of the lavish expenditure, both private and public, of the past few years, of the effect of the copper slump on government income and the small European population incapable at present of providing an industrial consumption market to absorb the enormous power production of the Kariba Dam as it becomes available; they think the government and country may have overreached itself in the golden time of high copper prices. On the other hand, there is outstanding evidence of the confidence in the future of the Federation, both short- and long-term, in the continued influx of foreign capital and its investment in the ever-growing number of huge blocks of office buildings and flats by insurance companies, building societies, and private capitalists, all of whom are long-term investors.

On February 28, 1957, the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland opened its doors to fifty white and ten black students, with the expectation of increasing within the next three years to 200/300 students. The Queen Mother laid the foundation stone in 1953 and she became President of the College on her visit in July. The Principal of the College is Dr Walter Adams.

A donation of £1,400,000 by the British Government had the string attached to it that the university must be multi-racial and it was feared at first that European Rhodesians would refuse to enter. The result shows that this is not so, but it was realized owing to the wise policy of Dr Adams in causing Europeans and natives to live in separate hostels, though they attend lectures and other activities together.



As regards entrance into the university, the Council laid down that no criteria would be accepted except academic qualifications and good character and that race would not count.

It is partly ignorance of local conditions and the confusion of the different issues in the Union and partly the world-spread and able propaganda of Communism that has raised an hostility, almost amounting to persecution, throughout the world and especially in the United Nations towards all that concerns the Union of South Africa. The politics and actions of the extreme Boer section of the population, of which the Nationalist Party consists, is the chief cause of this hostility in Britain; that extreme section is the one that controls at present the Union Parliament and Government, is inspired by the narrow doctrines of the Calvinist Dutch Reformed Church, and consists of the irreconcilable and anti-British Boers, still saturated with the traditions and spirit that caused three wars, a spirit which was believed to have been eliminated by the Act of Union and the statesmanship of Generals Smuts and Botha.

Far from this being the case, this extreme section, though a minority of the European population, have captured the machinery of government and administration to the extent that they have been able, by tortuous but none the less legal means, to nullify the entrenched clauses in the Union of South Africa Act. They have been able to do this chiefly owing to the lack of unity and good leadership among their political opponents, of which the chief is the United Party. That party at the beginning of the year dropped Mr Strauss as its leader and elected Sir de Villiers Graaff, of whom great hopes are expressed. The names of these two provide a reputation of the common fallacy abroad that the dividing line between the United and Nationalist parties is identical with that between Briton and Boer. It is nothing of the sort, for the United Party is the inheritance of Smuts as the Nationalist Party is the inheritance of Hertzog and Malan.

There are certain types of Boer and Briton who abhor each other, but more who are good friends, like each other, and have similar political tenets. This is a cause of strife between Boer and Boer, between the extreme nationalists who have suppressed the Union Jack and 'God Save the Queen,' who desire to substitute Afrikaans for English and to replace the Dominion with a Republic, and those

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who wish to respect the rights and traditions of the English and remain loyal to the Crown.

Illustrative of the confused political alignments of the Union was the revolt against the Nationalist Party by Dr Wassenaar, the leader of the party in the Transvaal Provincial Council, on the grounds of the anti-British policies of the party; as his name denotes he is an Afrikaner and he voiced what many are thinking, that hatred and intolerance between the white races can only lead South Africa to ruin.

In February the government indicated their intention to introduce legislation to prevent the two multi-racial universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand from admitting non-European students as and when the building of other universities exclusively for non-Europeans should become available. This example of extreme apartheid favoured by some Nationalists drew fierce protests from the universities and prominent citizens, not only British but Afrikaans. This government intervention was considered to be an infringement of that sacred principle of academic freedom jealously maintained by universities all over the world. The critics of the Union have not so far mentioned that the conditions imposed on the Rhodesian University by the British donation also implied government intervention.

A matter that is likely to become an acute subject of political controversy is the transfer to the Union of the protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland. The eventual transfer was visualized in Section 151 of the South Africa Act and nearly fifty years have passed since the Act, but it embodied certain safeguards which have to be observed for that transfer, so as to protect the inhabitants of the protectorates against arbitrary laws. The unpopularity in England of the Nationalist Party and much of their extreme apartheid policy will undoubtedly militate against any consent by the British Parliament to the incorporation of the protectorates in the Union. This was illustrated by the failure of the Prime Minister, Mr Strydom, when he attended the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in July 1956 and made a request to the British Government to agree to the territorial transfer of the protectorates foreshadowed in Section 151 of the South Africa Act.

A further bone of contention that has added to the unpopularity of the Nationalist government has been a clause in the new Native

Laws Amendment Act enabling the Minister to prevent natives from attending a church service in a white area. This has been considered by the churches as an attack on religious freedom and has called forth strong protests, though the Minister, Dr Verwoerd, denies this, saying that the law will only be operated so as to avoid inconvenience to the congregations. It is significant that the Transvaal Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, which is so much identified with the extreme Nationalists, has also protested against the measure, and this may indicate a weakening in extreme Nationalist policy.

The unhealthy atmosphere abroad around the name of the Union for all these reasons is seriously threatening the prosperity of this wealthy and prosperous country, as has been seen in the drying up of foreign capital investments during the past year.

South Africa's almost complete withdrawal from the United Nations has the approval of most people in Africa as a protest against interference in their internal affairs, and it will have the sympathy of the Western world tired of Left-wing and pro-Russian policies followed by that institution from its inception and recently so forcibly illustrated in Egypt.

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## SOME RECENT BOOKS

*The English Cathedral through the Centuries.* G. H. Cook.

*The Tichborne Claimant.* Douglas Woodruff.

*The Delinquent Child and the Community.* Donald Ford.

*Another Window Seat or Life Observed.* R. H. Mottram.

*Bertrand Russell the Passionate Sceptic.* Alan Wood.

*Dante and the Early Astronomers.* M. A. Orr.

*The Holstein Papers.* Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher.

*The Academy, 1869-1879.* Diderik Roll-Hansen.

Charles Darwin. Ruth Moore.

*A Short History of Norway.* T. K. Derry.

*General T. Perronet Thompson.* L. G. Johnson.

*Poems of Mr John Milton: the 1645 Edition.* Cleanth Brooks and John E. Hardy.

*The Transformations of Man.* Lewis Mumford.

*Prehistoric Religion.* Dr E. O. James.

*Taine's Notes on England.* Edward Hyams.

*The Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad.* Gérard Jean-Aubry.

*The English Cathedral through the Centuries*, by G. H. Cook (Phoenix House), is emphatically a book to be bought and kept and often enjoyed. The author and publishers justifiably hope that the work will be accepted as the most authoritative single-volume work available on the subject. The first half of the book is given to the general aim, development, planning, and working of the cathedrals from the earliest times and deals with their constitution: the Saxon Bishoprics, Post-Conquest development of the Diocesan System, Henry VIII's Sees of the New Foundation and also Sees of Modern Foundation; the Crypt, Towers, West Fronts, Interior Arrangement, Furniture, Decoration, the Precincts and Buildings in the Close. Then the second half of the book deals with the subject in accordance with the accepted periods in architecture, from Norman to Perpendicular, and in this part the cathedrals are dealt with one by one, showing what they include of these various periods and how it all works into the whole. We thus get a very able survey of cathedral architecture beginning with the Apse and passing through the Chevet, and the period when the Retrochoir and Lady Chapel and other additional parts of the building were carried out at a height less than the main church, all leading up to the later cathedrals when the roof was the same length all through and, as

the author says, 'the final and definitive method of planning the choir-arm of the English cathedral, which for want of a better term can best be described as the aisled rectangle. The choir and its aisles stop dead at the lofty eastern wall, with no Lady Chapel as an eastern annexe nor any other extension.' At the end there are very useful notes about new cathedrals and parish churches which now serve that purpose—information which is difficult to get so concisely elsewhere, but which has real importance. In fact, Liverpool Cathedral rightly has the place of honour in the frontispiece. The whole book is really valuable and written in an attractive, lucid, and instructive way, as was only to be expected from the author.

In the history of British law there has probably been no more extraordinary case than the Tichborne one. A great deal has been written about it—among others by Lord Maugham, a former Lord Chancellor; but Mr Douglas Woodruff, who has studied all the evidence on both sides most carefully, has written still another book, entitled *The Tichborne Claimant* (Hollis and Carter), and succeeds in carrying the interest of the reader through nearly 500 pages. The two trials—the first, the claimant's attempt to get possession of the estates, in which he failed, and the consequent criminal charge for perjury brought against him, and for which he was convicted and sent to prison, covered a period of three years. The second trial alone lasted for nearly 200 days, spread over ten months. The ordinary reader might think that the gross illiteracy of the claimant's letters and his complete ignorance of French would have condemned him without further evidence, as the real Roger Tichborne was a member of a county family of long lineage, educated at Stonyhurst and largely brought up, when young, in Paris, thus talking fluent French; but even these striking points were partly negated by the extraordinarily conflicting evidence, and the strong support which the claimant received from many respectable people. It is difficult to say whether his knowledge of facts and events in the Tichborne family history or his ignorance of other facts and events in the same history, which Roger Tichborne must have known, is the more striking. Even after his conviction the claimant still had many supporters in the country and, on his release, for a time had rather a triumphal progress through the country speaking about his cause, and evidently there are some

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who still feel that the mystery is unsolved. Mr Woodruff takes his readers very carefully and thoroughly through the evidence on both sides and the result is really bewildering, though the curious features of both the prosecution and the defence are very striking. The reader is left to form his own conclusions as to whether the claimant really was Roger Tichborne or Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher; though it is perhaps difficult to believe that justice was not done and that he was not an impostor. Mr Woodruff gives an interesting account of what happened to witnesses and others interested on both sides after the trial; but the book is subtitled 'A Victorian Mystery,' which, perhaps, is the best description it can have.

The use of the word delinquent as applied to children is a dangerous word to have come into the hands of people whose profession makes them generalize and tabulate. Happily Mr Donald Ford in his new book *The Delinquent Child and the Community* (Constable) has had far too much experience of children themselves in his work as Vice-Chairman and Chairman of the L.C.C. Children's Committee and as Vice-Chairman of the General Purposes Committee to present the problem as one of general degeneracy. He never loses sight of the fact that 'delinquents' are individuals and that mass tendencies, however superficially outrageous they might appear, need not necessarily, and in many instances should not, come into conflict with the law. He writes, 'the problem of delinquency is concerned as much with sociology as with psychology. Indeed any review of the problem of delinquency, especially juvenile delinquency, emphasizes, almost to the point of monotony, the importance of the quality of the home.' This should be the starting text of all such works. He divides his book into two parts, Part I being an explanation of the corrective means used to deal with delinquents, courts, detention centres, attendance centres, schools, etc.; and Part II, of the problems of delinquency itself. It is good to feel that such serious attention is being given to the general problem, though one feels a little uneasy at times about the ready use of punitive measures and a certain automatic application of them. Children are always imitative and surely a generation that has been allowed to attend indiscriminately such purveyors of cheap and dangerous standards as the cinema, or to read newspapers and magazines or equivalent worthlessness, are not in need of punish-

ment as much as the people or conditions responsible for the children being thrown under such influences. But by anyone, professionals or parents, indeed by all whose work brings them into contact with large numbers of children, this progressive and wise practical book should certainly be read.

*Another Window Seat or Life Observed*, by R. H. Mottram (Hutchinsons), is the sequel to his earlier book, *The Window Seat*, and carries his story on from 1919 to 1953. In the former year as a demobilized territorial officer he returned to his office stool at Barclays Bank in Norwich; 1953 found him as Lord Mayor of Norwich. He had been writing for several years before he produced his famous book, *The Spanish Farm*, which started the successful literary career which enabled him to give up his work for the bank and live by his pen as he always wanted, and he has a striking list of high-class books to his credit now. In this new volume in thirty chapters he deals with various events and developments in his home life and literary career. He tells much about his family and public activities that he has undertaken. All is based on the city of Norwich, where he has lived the whole of his life. Naturally, a survey of his home life has to be filled in to a certain extent with affairs in the greater world, such as the General Strike, Munich, the Second World War, etc.; but the whole forms a Norwich pattern. Mr Mottram also tells us of his various journeys abroad. It is remarkable that he still lives in the house that he built for himself when he was a bank clerk. Needless to say, he writes with distinction and a literary taste, and the result is a very interesting picture of life and activities in one of England's most famous cities.

*Bertrand Russell the Passionate Sceptic*, by Alan Wood (George Allen and Unwin), is a clever and discerning study of a remarkable man with many varied characteristics. Beatrice Webb wrote of him: 'In morals, he is a puritan; in personal habits almost an ascetic, except that he lives for efficiency and, therefore, expects to be kept in the best physical condition. But, intellectually, he is audacious—an iconoclast, detesting religious or social convention, suspecting sentiment. . . . He indulges in the wildest paradox and in the broadest jokes, the latter always too abstrusely intellectual in their form to be vulgarly coarse. He is a delightful talker.' The author also explains the difficulty of dealing with a man who is a dozen characters at once standing in the same pair of shoes. Not only is

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he a scientist and philosopher but traveller, sociologist, and lecturer. He is an exponent of free love and is a convinced atheist, and the morals that he upholds may be puritan in some ways but are entirely unconventional. He has been married four times and has had varied experiences ranging from popularity and admiration to intense unpopularity. He was a pacifist in the First World War and went to prison for it. He seems to have great personal attraction, but also seems to have ended in quarrelling with many of his former friends. It is remarkable that a man with this background should now hold the highly distinguished Order of Merit; but that is due to his great position in philosophy, quite apart from his views on morality. In his old age (for he is well over eighty) he is now a venerated figure. Whether Mr Wood has succeeded in making him an attractive one or not is for the reader to decide. In any case, we think that many people would find him very difficult to live with. However, they can salute him as a philosopher at a distance.

An unusual book, fascinating both in subject matter and treatment, is M. A. Orr's *Dante and the Early Astronomers* (Allan Wingate). Originally published in 1913, this revised edition of the book (prepared and introduced by Dr Barbara Reynolds of the Cambridge University Italian Department) once again brings the mind of a professional astronomer to bear upon Dante's cosmological ideas, and strikingly reveals the medieval scientific view of the world. In addition there are an improved index and many new bibliographical references. About half the book deals with cosmologies before and since Dante's time and there is an interesting discussion of medieval astrology, more properly termed 'judicial astrology' by J. L. E. Dreyer, 'not to distinguish it from the science of stellar motions, but to show that it was a special branch of the more exalted, philosophical astrology, which sprang from the loftiest views of the Greek thinkers about the unity of the Kosmos and the inter-dependence of all parts thereof...' The importance of Dante's derivation from Arab sources is mentioned, in particular his use of the text-book by Alfraganus (Al Fargani, about A.D. 800). The astronomical ideas presented in the *Divine Comedy* are given here in the form of a concordance of the allusions to Sun, Moon, planets, and stars, and this is followed by a clearly thought-out chronology of the poet's journey in relation to the positions of the heavenly bodies, which is now widely accepted

amongst scholars. The *Divine Comedy* has known many translations and endless commentary; here, apart from the broad historical picture of astronomical thought, may be found the clue to much that was obscure, yet evidently is important to the poet's scheme, and it is absorbing to unravel it.

Volume II of *The Holstein Papers* (Cambridge University Press), edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher, is sub-titled 'Diaries' though, in fact, they consist very largely of letters to a cousin; but perhaps they have been put in that form as the result of Bismarck having advised him not to keep a diary. Holstein is generally known as the 'Grey Eminence' of the German Foreign Office, and he deserved the name. He was a consistent intriguer and a powerful influence though an un-self-advertised one. He does not come out of these volumes as a pleasant character, but that was hardly to be expected. He was very fond of detailing discreditable incidents concerning his old colleagues and he seems to have been unappreciative of the finer side of life. The publishers' notice says that, to the historian and the general reader, the human interest is very great, especially the relations between the Emperor, the Crown Prince Frederick, his wife, and their son, the future Emperor William II, and especially with Bismarck, of whom Holstein gives an intimate but hardly flattering portrait—a tremendous figure in spite of absurd petty failings. The drawback of the work is that it is scrappy and patchy and does not give any connected and balanced account of events. As a work of reference it will be useful as long as readers remember what kind of man Holstein was; but many may wonder whether the large labour of editing such a work, shown by the immense number of footnotes describing people and events, really was worth while, though the editors must certainly be credited with the thoroughness and assiduity with which they have done their work.

*The Academy, 1869-1879*, by Diderik Roll-Hansen, is Volume VIII of *Anglistica*, published by Rosenkilde and Bagger of Copenhagen. The author deals with the first ten years of what, at one time, was a notable periodical, now long defunct. It has an interest for this Review in that the first publisher was John Murray, the son of the founder of the *Quarterly*. The first editor was Charles Edward Appleton, who was a good and experienced scholar, but mere business considerations took altogether second place for him

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as far as the *Academy* was concerned. Also, incidentally, he was somewhat heterodox in his religious views. John Murray was a rigidly orthodox Anglican and also a shrewd and experienced business man who, naturally, did not want to see the money that he was risking over the *Academy* wasted. Hence, there were continual tribulation and exasperation on both sides during the first year. 'During these months publisher and editor carried on a constant war against each other. Heated interviews took place, indignant letters passed between them, and lawyers were called in from time to time to settle the conflict. John Murray wanted the journal to be adapted to the tastes of the public, while Appleton opposed him bravely and successfully, and managed to maintain the original character of the *Academy* as a supreme organ of English scholarship.' After a year it was realized on both sides that the partnership could not go on under such conditions and John Murray dropped out. Appleton carried on for the ten remaining years of his life with varied success and not without further tribulation. The author has interesting chapters on literary periodicals of the nineteenth century and Oxford University in the 1860's; also on the idea of an intellectual élite, and on literary criticism in the *Academy* during the 1870's. The last section of the book is called 'The Degeneration of an Academic Journal,' which deals with the subsequent history of the *Academy*. The author has made a most thorough, praiseworthy study of the subject and the period, and this work should have special appeal to students.

*Charles Darwin*, by Ruth Moore, published in the Stratford Library by Hutchinsons, is a well-written and concise biography which will prove really useful for those who want to know the main facts of Darwin's life and career. It begins with the voyage of the *Beagle* and the visit to the Galapagos Islands, where the idea of evolution first dawned on Darwin. As the author says, after that voyage the twenty-two-year-old amateur collector who had come aboard her with a new designation of naturalist had matured into a thorough and original-minded scientist. Then came the further years of study and experiment leading up to the sensational publication of the *Origin of Species*, which aroused a storm of abuse, which seems strange to us nowadays. Steadily Darwin pursued his theories and finally tackled the chief problem of all—man, in the *Descent of Man*, and another storm was raised; but, as the author

says, 'in combination with the *Origin* this much abused book became one of the most influential ever written: that was the verdict of history.' The author gives a deservedly attractive account of Darwin's character and home-life and shows how unspoilt he was by all the years of fame that succeeded the storms. When he was a young man he would hardly ever have dreamt that he would lie eventually in Westminster Abbey in all the distinguished company there; but that honour was richly deserved.

*A Short History of Norway*, by T. K. Derry (Allen and Unwin), claims to be the first general history of Norway written in modern times by an Englishman. This may seem rather an astonishing lack of enterprise, but is largely due to the fact that after the times of the ruthless Vikings, who made their presence very forcibly felt in this country, there really was not very much association between the countries and, as the author points out, after 1536 Norway's position steadily deteriorated and became merely a province of Denmark. The country seemed to dwindle and vanish both from history and from history books. It only came into prominence again after the Napoleonic wars, when the uneasy position of junior partner in the Swedish monarchy was created and endured, to the distress of Norway, till 1905, when, once again, the country became independent under King Haakon, who, happily, still reigns. Mr Derry gives a very clear and useful account both of the geography and history of the country and its physical features and people and politics: also the part played in the two world wars and the suffering and gallantry of many Norwegians in the second war and, it should be added, the remarkable recovery that the country has made since. Certainly Norway deserves to be better known in this country not only by tourists and sportsmen; and Mr Derry has done his work well.

General Perronet Thompson, comparatively unknown now, was a well-known figure in the Victorian political-radical world. Of Swiss extraction, he was the son of a Hull business man who was also a Methodist, a local preacher, and friend of John Wesley and Wilberforce. Perronet Thompson was reared either to go into his father's business or into the Ministry. He did neither, but chose the navy after taking his B.A. at Cambridge in 1802. His family were united in questioning its seamliness. From the navy he went into the army and it was on an expedition to South America that he first

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came into contact with slavery. From then on he was under the influence of Wilberforce and as a promising young convert was appointed to the Governorship of Sierra Leone by the wishes of Wilberforce and the Clapham Saints. He soon revealed himself both as a man of action and as one not afraid to express his opinions. Because of this he was recalled in 1810 in disgrace, having, as the man on the spot, criticized the instruction of the Clapham theoreticians at home. This experience brought out a strong streak of controversy in him and showed him how to be himself. But he still continued in the army, serving in the Peninsular War, the Persian Gulf, and India. He then took up politics as a reformer and became the friend of Bentham and Mill. He owned and edited the celebrated *Westminster Review*; he represented Bradford and Hull in Parliament; he was a pamphleteer of fighting radical views; and he wrote less controversial papers on geometry and musical acoustics. His interests and activities were astonishing and in *General T. Perronet Thompson* (Allen and Unwin) Mr L. G. Johnson has introduced one more of those appealing, more than life-size figures in which English social history is so rich.

*Poems of Mr John Milton: the 1645 Edition*, edited with essays in analysis by Cleanth Brooks and John E. Hardy (Dennis Dobson), is something of an oddity. The 1645 Edition contained, amongst lesser poems, the 'Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity,' the 'Penseroso,' the 'Allegro,' 'Lycidas,' and 'Comus,' and the editors here subject the text to such a close scrutiny that the poetry seems at times in danger of being assassinated by the meaning. However, much of the comment is most valuable and illuminating, but it is continually marred for one reader at least by the assertion that Milton was a writer of extreme conscious and unconscious verbal subtlety and in pushing this so much to the forefront they teeter at times between absurdity and preciosity. All good poetry has overtones and associations, but much of this comes about in the nature of things. Nevertheless a book that gives Milton his due is very welcome in an age that has wilfully mistaken his dignity for puritan affectation.

The thesis of *The Transformations of Man*, by Lewis Mumford (Allen and Unwin), is that the record of human life is punctuated by a series of major historic transformations and that the time is now at hand for another. These evolutions grow out of changes in

the human personality and consciousness: the acquisition of language and symbols, the supplanting of local religion by a more universal conception of deity, and in our time the mechanization of everyday life. But, as in all his books, Mr Mumford ranges with superb knowledge through history. He is moralist, theologian, sociologist, historian, anthropologist, archæologist by turns, using each as it illuminates his theme. He sees our age as a dangerous one for the human race. 'Our humanity is menaced by a barbarism more elemental than has ever been encountered in historic times. Our defence against this lies in our wisdom in confining our activities to ourselves and to our own planet, thus to realize to the maximum our human potential and not to dissipate it in the nebulous benefits of space travel and planetary explorations. That may come, but it would be better to come as fruition and not divertisement.' This is a stimulating book, pungent, titillating, and full of treasure.

'Since of all the mysterious, disintegrating and critical situations with which man has been confronted throughout the ages death appears to have been the most disturbing and devastating, it is hardly surprising that the earliest traces of religious belief and practice should centre in the cult of the dead!' Thus Dr E. O. James begins his study in prehistoric archæology, *Prehistoric Religion* (Thames and Hudson). There have been many books written on the local significance of the evidence of prehistoric religion, but this is the first work that seeks to interpret and co-ordinate the religious structure of the whole prehistoric world as we know it. It must also be one of the easiest of such books to read. Dr James' collation of evidence takes him over very varied ground. The cult of the dead for instance has infinite variations. The symbolic rituals performed on dead bodies and the final disposal of them open up fascinating speculations as to the real meaning and origin of some of the observances we still keep to-day. What makes Dr James' book so important is its rational approach and its avoidance of the glib mythology which dissipates much similar investigation by projecting into the past our own notions. Dr James sees his prehistorical people grappling with a mystery, seeking to mollify their dread with proper observances, and incorporating it all into a practical and reverent system inside the rigours of their daily life and the living community.

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A most welcome revival is *Taine's Notes on England* (Thames and Hudson), now appearing in a fresh, vivid translation by Edward Hyams. One can see, perhaps, why it was not given the reception it deserves when it was first published here, for there is no attempt to conceal, to prettify. Here is nineteenth-century England in the raw, the ugly as well as the beautiful, recorded by a master both of observation and description. And it makes absorbing reading. Mr Hyams' introduction gives just enough to orientate the newcomer, without pretending to definitive knowledge of Taine's life or thought, and unlike most introductions it stimulates the reader to fill in some of the gaps in the information by his own study. Taine's *Notes* furnish a unique record of an era not far removed but already obscured by the fog of legend. Reading his accounts of the homes, the buildings, the streets, a clearer picture of the origins of much in twentieth-century England emerges. As Mr Hyams says, 'by reading it we may be helped to see whether we are better or worse than we were, whether we are all at sea, or steering a steady course in a desirable direction.' And not least with regard to the mind, for it is not only the outward appearances with which Taine is concerned. Let him speak for himself: 'The Englishman has a natural aptitude for the feeling of the *Beyond* (*l'au delà*). For him there lies beyond human experience... a void, a great unknown...: as to this the most determined sectaries of pure experience are in agreement with religious believers... Man is confronted by a spectacle out of all proportion to himself... and he is disposed to respect, even to awe and wonder... He turns his eyes upon the great, universal motion and the grandeur and obscurity of its government is borne in upon him... Dwelling thus upon it, he... pictures it to himself as a government by a *somebody*, an intelligent and deliberate rule—the work, then, of a power and a mind... Religion ceases to be an official formula recited on occasion, and becomes a living feeling which is experienced as such.' A stimulating observer, Hippolyte Taine!

Joseph Conrad's place amongst English novelists is somewhat specialized. His admirers are extreme and devoted, which is to be understood because he himself only achieved his status as a novelist by grinding hard work and devotion, in the face of poverty and ill health, to his craft. *The Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad*, by Gérard Jean-Aubry (Allen & Unwin), is not in



any sense a critical appraisal of the novelist. It is rather an ultra-serious, slightly hushed, record by a great personal friend to whom Conrad left his private papers. The record has been twenty years in the doing, and this I think possibly accounts for its pedestrian involvement with Conrad and its avoidance of any kind of affectionate freedom with him. The opening chapters dealing with Conrad's childhood and early life are heavy and, as it turns out, oddly uninteresting, maybe because Conrad as a novelist only came into existence once he started writing. His 'formative' years seem to have been his experiences as a sailor and not, as nowadays is too often and too easily accepted, his adolescence. The response in him to the call of adventure made him break with all his early background and, as far as one can discover, without much regret. His own deliberate precipitation into the active life of the world-rover plus the craftsman's status given him by his Master's Certificate crystallized his character. Once this happened his novels could be said to be in being. The difficulty of writing them and the application he forced himself to accept to bring them out offer to any discerning reader one more conundrum of the incalculabilities of the creative writing trade. Mr Jean-Aubry's book is certainly of importance in the Conrad saga but it lacks the vivacity which would bring its authority into the reach of the general reader.

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